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THE BOSPORUS

A JOURNAL

38017

KEPT IN

TURKEY AND GREECE

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IN THE AUTUMN OF 1857 AND THE BEGINNING OF 1858.

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BY

NASSAU W. SENIOR, ESQ.

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PREFACE.

THE following pages contain extracts from a Journal which I kept in Therapia, The Troad, Smyrna, and Athens, in the autumn and winter of 1857—1858. It was written with no view to publication; but, as it throws light on questions of political importance, I think that I ought not, under present circumstances, to withhold it.

The state of affairs in the East is strange, and is imperfectly understood in England. We have had to take part in them, we may have to do so again, and every one must be anxious that our conduct should be governed by as much knowledge as can be obtained.

I believe that the conversations, of which this Journal mainly consists, are faithfully reported. Whenever I had an opportunity, I submitted the reports to the interlocutors themselves. In preparing them for publication, I have added nothing and omitted little,—only, in fact, the portions which I thought that the speakers might not like

to see in print. The reader will therefore find, on many points, great difference of opinion. On a few, such as the rapid decline of the Ottoman Empire in wealth and in population, the corruption of its officials, and the mischief done to it by diplomatic interference, he will find nearly unanimity.

Nor will he find much discrepancy in the different pictures of the Greek Government, or in the description of the means by which a free constitution has been turned into a corrupt despotism. As the Hatt-i-Sherif of Gul Háneh and the Hatt-i-Humáyoon are frequently referred to, I have inserted the substance of their principal clauses.

The following are the most important provisions of the Hatt-i-Sherif of Gul Háneh, promulgated on the 3rd of November, 1839.

"For the last 150 years," says the Sultan, "our former strength and prosperity have been changed into weakness and poverty.

"Relying on the assistance of God, and the intercession of the Prophet, we shall endeavour, by means of new institutions, to give to our empire a good administration.

"The great objects of these institutions are three: —

"A. Security of life, honour, and property.

"B. Regularity of taxation.

"c. Regularity of military service, as to both enlistment and length of service.

"To effect these objects: —

"1. Every Ottoman subject is to be taxed in proportion to his means, and is to be liable to no further taxation.

"2. Military and naval expenditure are to be fixed by law.

"3. Every place is to furnish soldiers according to a regular scale. Nothing is more unjust than to raise men without regard to population; military service ought not to last more than four or six years.

"4. Every accused person shall be tried publicly, with due inquiry and examination. No one can be put to death, by poison, or otherwise, without a regular judicial sentence.

"5. No one is permitted to attack the honour of another.

"6. All property may be enjoyed and disposed of with perfect liberty. The property of a criminal is not subject to confiscation; on his death it descends to his heirs.

"These imperial concessions are granted to all our subjects, of every sect or religion, without any exception. They give to all our subjects perfect security of life, honour, and property.

"The details of carrying out these general principles shall be arranged by our council of justice, increased in number and assisted by our ministers and eminent men. We promise to do nothing inconsistent with this proclamation. It shall be deposited with the relics of the Prophet, and sworn to by us, and by the Ulema and the great men of the empire.

"Every one violating it shall be punished, whatever be his rank, according to the provisions of a penal law to be made for that purpose.

"A rigorous law shall punish the sale of offices and of favor, which is one of the principal causes of the decline of the empire.

"May all who violate these institutions be the objects of Divine wrath, and be deprived of all happiness, and for ever."

The following are the principal provisions of the Hatt-i-Humáyoon, or Imperial Order, issued in Constantinople on the 18th of February, 1856.

1. Every non-Mussulman community is to appoint a committee, which is to draw up a report on its existing franchises, and to propose any alterations which it may think expedient.

2. The ecclesiastical property of every Christian com-

munity is inviolable. It is to be managed by an elected committee, partly lay and partly clerical.

3. Full liberty of worship is guaranteed to every religious profession. No one can be forced to change his religion.

4. No legal documents shall acknowledge any inferiority of one class of Ottoman subjects to another, in consequence of difference in religion, race, or language.

5. All Ottoman subjects, whatever be their nationality, are eligible to every employment.

6. All Ottoman subjects are admissible to the civil and military schools of the Government.

7. Every community may establish schools of every kind. The choice of teachers and the course of instruction being under the superintendence of a mixed council of public instruction, to be appointed by the Government.

8. All civil and criminal proceedings between Mussulmen and non-Mussulmen shall be decided by mixed tribunals, in which the discussion shall be public, in the presence of the parties; and the evidence of all witnesses shall be received. Civil proceedings between persons non-Mussulmen may, at the request of the parties, be decided by their own ecclesiastical officers.

9. The laws and the procedure of the mixed tribunals

shall be immediately codified and published in all the languages of the empire.

10. A reformed code of prison discipline shall be immediately drawn up.

11. All torture is radically abolished.

12. The organisation of the police shall be revised and reformed.

13. Non-Mussulmen being now subject to conscription, a law respecting their military duties shall be immediately drawn up. Redemption and substitution shall be admitted.

14. A reform shall be made in the composition of the provincial and communal councils, so as to secure freedom of election, freedom of vote, and authentication of decisions.

15. All foreigners may possess landed property, obeying the laws, and paying the taxes; for this purpose, arrangements shall be made with foreign powers.

16. All persons, without distinction of class or religion, shall pay the same taxes. The abuses in the exaction of taxes, particularly of the tithes, shall be reformed. Direct payment into the exchequer shall be substituted for the system of farms.

17. Whilst farms exist they shall be granted publicly to the highest bidder, and official persons, particularly the medjils, are prohibited from becoming farmers.

18. Local taxation shall be arranged so as not to interfere with production or with internal trade.

19. Provision shall be made out of the public revenue, and from local sources for public works, particularly communications by sea and by land.

20. The budget of public receipts and expenditure shall be fixed and published every year.

21. All salaries shall be revised.

22. The chiefs of each religious persuasion, and a delegate from each, to be appointed by the Government, shall take part in the deliberations of the Supreme Council of Justice. They shall be convoked by the Grand Vizier. The delegates shall hold their places for a year. Perfect freedom of speech and of vote is guaranteed to them.

23. The laws against corruption shall be applied to all Ottoman subjects whatever be their religion or race.

24. Banks and similar institutions shall be created as means to reform the monetary and financial systems of the empire, and to create capital and wealth.

25. Roads and canals shall be made. All restrictions on commerce and on agriculture shall be abolished, and the sciences, arts, and capitals of Europe made use of for the increase of the wealth of the empire.

26. The Grand Vizier is charged with the publication of this firman, and with its full and punctual execution.

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A JOURNAL

KEPT IN

TURKEY AND GREECE.

THERAPIA.

At about 2 P.M. on *Saturday, September 12th,* 1857, we embarked on board the Austrian Lloyd's steamer, the "Pluto." Her tonnage is 1100, of which half goes to engine room. Her power is 400. She was built by Green in London, and cost *55,000l.* Her speed, under favourable circumstances, is twelve and a half knots an hour; with a head wind and a heavy sea, nine or nine and a half. She is the steadiest vessel that I ever steamed in. She pitches little even in a gale, and rolls only when there is a high wind on her stern.

During Saturday afternoon and all Sunday we ran along the coasts of Croatia and Dalmatia, which looked cultivated and populous. When I got up on Monday the 14th, we were coasting Albania. It is desolate and barren; evidences, perhaps, of Turkish rule.

At about 9 A.M. we passed the "infames scopulos Acroceraunia," and sighted Corfu, which rose to us as it did to Ulysses, "like a shield on the dark blue sea."

At ten we were in its capacious harbour, in front of the promontory crowned with two peaks, on which the citadel, the "Aëriæ Phæacum arces" of Virgil, has stood from the times of Alcinous. We remained at anchor until two; but, as is usually the case with packets, there was an uncertainty about our stay, and we did not venture to do more than wander over the dirty town, look at the inn, Carter's, which seems to be a tolerable one, and climb to the Fort Neuf, which crowns an eminence to the west of the town.

The view of the green hills of Corfu, of the Albanian mountains beyond, and of the land-locked channel between them, which appears to be a great lake, is very fine.

In the middle of the harbour rises a rock with the outline of an ancient galley, which probably suggested the legend of the Phæacean ship turned by Neptune into stone.

At about half-past eleven at night we were running through the narrow channel which separates Ithaca from Cephalonia. Bathy, the port of Ithaca, must be about 100 miles from Corfu, a distance which the Phæacean galley carrying Ulysses traversed in less than twelve hours, starting at sunset and arriving at daybreak.

There can be little doubt, I think, that Malta or Gozo, was Calypso's island. It took Ulysses ten days to drift thither from Scylla. When he was returning, Calypso directed him to keep the Great Bear always on his left,

that is to steer north-east; doing so he saw the hills of Corfu on the eighteenth day. The distance from the Faro of Messina to Gozo is about 200 miles. That from Gozo to Corfu is about 350 miles. His boat, which he made in four days, and which, as Homer tells us, was very broad, was probably a bad sailer.

Tuesday, September 15th.—At six this morning, we were running down the coast of the Morea. The first interesting object that we saw, was Navarino. Its port is protected by the island of Sphacteria, the scene of perhaps the most remarkable events of the Peloponnesian war; the old town was the sandy Pylos of Nestor, over which rises the castle in which he received Telemachus.

A few miles lower, we passed Modon, the ancient Μεθωνη, which, from our deck, looked considerable; but, I believe, is almost uninhabited.

The coast of the Morea, so far as we approached it, is high and naked. On the plateaus, and in the valleys of the interior, we could see villages, among plantations of olives and vines, in which the most remarkable buildings were square towers. These are the habitations of the gentry, whom the prevalence of private war and of hereditary feuds forces to lead a life of seclusion and of constant vigilance. It is said, that there are families that have not ventured to quit their towers for years.

We passed the three southern capes of Greece, Acritas, Tænarus, and Malea, at about noon, leaving the barren rocky island of Cerigo (Cythera) to the south.

It was dark before we reached the Cyclades, and midnight when we anchored in the harbour of Syra.

Wednesday, September 16th. — We remained in the harbour until eight this morning. The town is considerable and looks flourishing, much building seems to be going on, and the new houses are large. We could just see the low island of Delos, nearly touching that of Rhenea, in which the inhabitants of Delos were born and died.

We passed near the barren rocks of Gyarus, and through the narrow channel that separates Tino and Andro. Both are bare, and apparently uninhabited near the coast, but may contain fertile slopes and valleys within. The next land that we saw was Scio, but it was distant; and it was dark before we began to coast Mytilene. By this time, the north wind had risen to a gale, and I went to bed.

Thursday, September 17th. — At six this morning we had just left Gallipoli. For about nine hours we steamed up the sea of Marmora, passing no island except the apparently uninhabited one of Marmora, and at about three saw faintly the distant minarets of Constantinople. Gradually the old town, Stamboul, displayed itself. First we saw the Castle of the Seven Towers, which occupies the western angle of the large triangle formed by the town. Then we steamed along the old sea walls, passed the gardens and the point of the Seraglio, over which tower the minarets of Santa Sophia and the Achmedyeh, and anchored at about four in the Golden Horn.

At this season, all who can afford it live in villas on the shores of the Bosporus; so, instead of establishing ourselves in Pera, where we should have been alone, we resolved to

inhabit Therapia, about ten miles from Constantinople, and three from the Black Sea.

It is too late to reach it to-night, so we remain on board.

We could not be better placed to form a general idea of Constantinople. On our right, as we look up the Golden Horn, are the suburbs of Galata and Pera. The former at the bottom, the latter at the top, of a hill rising from the sea. Here alone foreigners are allowed to reside.

Galata, a frightful collection of stone hovels, mixed with the old Genoese palaces, is the town of business. Pera contains the one good inn, Miseres's, and the palaces of the ambassadors. Two of them, those of England and Russia, were pointed out to me. Great square modern buildings, towering over the low irregular wooden town beneath.

In front of us runs up the Golden Horn, intersected by a floating bridge, and containing a large commercial fleet below it, and a military fleet above. On our left are the long, fantastic buildings of the Seraglio, their domes and minarets peeping out among planes, stone pines, and cypresses. On all sides, where there is land, the horizon seems to end in a forest of cypresses. They mark the burial-grounds which surround the city. The candles and lamps in the windows of the houses are the only lights, and they are almost confined to Galata and Pera. Now, at half-past ten in the evening, Stamboul is in utter darkness. Galata is nearly so. Even Pera, which at about eight o'clock looked brilliant, is now nearly dark.

The sounds are few, and differ from those of an European

city. There are no carriages or carts; all transport is by water or on men's shoulders. The dogs are never quite silent, and from time to time the call to prayer is sounded from all the minarets. These, and the splash of oars, have been the only sounds, and by this time the prayers are over, and the boatmen are asleep, so that the dogs alone show that there is something living in the great city.

Friday, September 18th, Hôtel d'Angleterre, Therapia. — We sent up our luggage and servants by a caique, a long, narrow, flat-bottomed boat, rowed by sculls. We intended to follow by the steamboat.

The number that ply on the Bosporus is considerable; but, like everything in Turkey, they are subject to a monopoly, and are inadequate to the demand. We found the boat therefore crowded, and as the majority of the passengers were filthy, and all were smoking, we left it, and hired a caique. In these boats you do not sit, but lie down in the bottom, your head just above the gunwale,— a position not favourable to sight-seeing; nor must you move, — a slight change of balance might overset your light conveyance. The day is dull; and though it is true that the Bosporus, with its narrow channel and its rapid current, resembles a magnificent river, that its banks are lined with palaces, and that the hills that rise above them are covered with grand groves of cypresses, stone pines, and oriental plane trees, still, after all that I have heard of it, I have been rather disappointed. As far as the merely natural features of the scenery are concerned, — that is, the sea, and hills, and the woods, leaving out the buildings and the associations, — they did not appear to me very

ARTHUR B. HAWES, SEPT 1867.

M & N. HANHART, LITH.

THERAPIA.

the side of the Bay.

superior to those of the channel, Kyle Rhea and Loch Aish, between Skye and Invernesshire.

The Hôtel d'Angleterre rises from the sea on three sides of a little promontory. Our rooms look to the north and to the east, and to the south, with the sea on every side.

The custom officers stopped our luggage-boat on the water, and opened several of the trunks, but were appeased by backshish. After breakfast I wandered over Therapia.

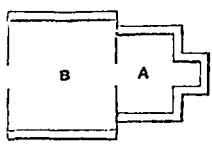
It will be seen from the drawing that the port is surrounded by the town, in which about 3000 Greeks are packed in about 200 miserable houses, intersected by the horrible flint lanes, which are the curse of every town and village under Turkish rule. On each side of the town, along the shore, are fine houses, built in the Turkish style, the upper stories projecting far over the lower ones, and surrounded, except where they abut on the sea, by terraced gardens, planted in avenues of cypress, stone pine, and oriental plane. The finest of them is the sultan's kiosk, next to it, that of Mr. Baltazzi, a Greek merchant, said to be one of the richest men in Turkey. Then came the summer palaces of the French and English embassies.

Immediately above Therapia, the Bosporus turns suddenly to the north-east, and opens straight, without any further bend, to the Black Sea. This renders Therapia the coldest, and for some constitutions the healthiest, place on the Bosporus. At this season it is constantly fanned by the bracing winds of Scythia.

The inn is clean, and the cooking seems to be good. But there are no fire-places, and, at present, we cannot get a salon.

Saturday, September 19th.—We dined with Lord Stratford, and met, among many other guests, the Austrian Minister, Baron Prokesch, and the French Secretary, M. de l'Allemand. The French Minister, M. Thouvenel, is shooting in the island of Marmora.

The house is not large, but very agreeable. There are two good drawing-rooms in the Turkish style. The room A is entered only through the room B. It has windows and divans all round it, and the projecting portion hangs over the water and looks straight up the Bosporus to the Black Sea. Room B has divans and windows over them where I have put double lines.



To-day has been fine, but I hear bitter complaints of the weather of the last three months. So bad a summer, they say, was never known; the fruit has not ripened (which I know from experience), there has been scarcely any sun, and sometimes a week of rain. We ought now, and for the next month, to have warm, clear, still weather, but they see no signs of its approaching.

Sunday, September 20th.—I met on board the Trieste steamer a Mr. Binel, an intelligent French advocate. He was the Crimean correspondent of the "Journal des Débats" during the war, and when it ceased he remained in Constantinople, practising as an advocate in the Consular courts. He finds this a profitable business, and can make without difficulty 200*l.* a month. He lives with two young English merchants, Messrs. Ede, at Candilli, a village on the Asiatic shore, just below the Sweet Waters of Asia.

I crossed to Candilli in a caique this morning, and after breakfast Mr. Binel and I took the steamer to the first or new bridge, which joins Galata to Stamboul, near the Seraglio, then a caique to the Stamboul end of the old bridge, where we found horses waiting to be hired.

They asked a hundred piastres (the piastre is worth nearly twopence) for the use of two during the morning. We agreed to give forty, and five to the guide, who walked by their side. They carried us quickly and safely over the stony lanes.

We rode first along the shore of the Golden Horn, through the long narrow street called the Fanar, the residence, till within the last ten years, of the richer Greeks.

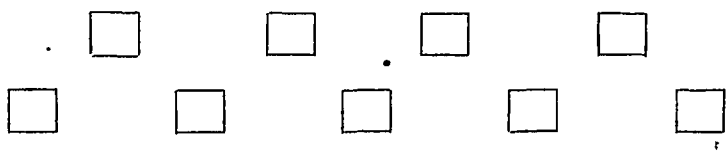
We passed many large stone houses, built round a court, with one strong door in the middle, and every window grated, each a small fortress. Such precautions were necessary during the rule of the janissaries, when the wealthy, especially the Christian wealthy, were always in danger.

Then we rode through the Jews' quarter,—in European towns always the dirtiest,—but clean compared to anything Greek. We passed the gates and rode to the mosque and cemetery of Eyub. Here we saw Turkish tombs, apparently of persons of the higher classes, protected by railings, covered with gilding and paint. One of the commonest ornaments was a Fez proper (gules and azure), on a short pillar. All the unoccupied ground was covered by cypresses and flowers, and flowers were painted on all the upright slabs. Mussulmen try to surround death with cheerful associations. We met a funeral. The bearers

were running quickly, almost the only time that I have seen a Turk run.

We then turned our backs on the Golden Horn, and rode on the outside of the city walls, between them and a forest of cypresses, for nearly five miles, until at the Castle of the Seven Towers, we reached the sea of Marmora.

The walls of Constantinople are, I suppose, the finest military ruins in the world. Before them is a broad ditch, now cultivated as garden ground. Above this rise three tiers of walls, each about twenty feet higher than the one immediately below it. The two interior walls are guarded by large towers, square or octagon, standing chequer wise,



so as to flank one another. In some parts, where rising ground towards the country affords facilities of attack, the towers are planted closely; but in general they are about fifty yards apart, perhaps a bow-shot. None appear to have fallen; many are quite perfect. Stone pines, planes, wych elms, and chestnuts, rise from the green platform that divide the different tiers. There is little ivy, so that the outline is never concealed. A triple line of this magnitude, extending for four miles and a half, and sometimes advancing and receding to suit the accidents of the ground, must consist of more masonry than is to be found in all

the ruined castles in Great Britain put together. The only work which I can compare to them is the wall of Rome; but that wall is single, and being still used for purposes of defence is kept free from trees. It is far inferior in grandeur and beauty to the towered terraces and abundant vegetation of the Constantinopolitan wall. The Castle of the Seven Towers has been restored, and looked more modern than the walls. Some of the towers are round.

The gate by which we entered the town is hung on columns of red porphyry, stolen from some temple, and over it are the shafts of similar columns, built into the wall when it was last repaired by the Turks.

Stamboul is superior to its suburbs. The streets are in some parts tolerably wide, and not quite so atrociously paved; some of them too are clean.

We rode nearly parallel to the sea, until we reached the Atmeidan, the most interesting spot in Constantinople. It is an oblong of about 250 yards by 150, a portion of the old Hippodrome, of which the remainder has become the site of Sultan Achmed's mosque.

We saw the Egyptian monolithe obelisk, not tall; but with fine well-preserved hieroglyphics, supported by a base of marble, with bas-reliefs of the 4th century; the Greek obelisk, built of courses of marble, a mere skeleton now that its metallic covering has been removed; and the bronze twisted pillar, which, if it came from Delphi, must be one of the oldest bronzes in the world.

From the Atmeidan we rode past Santa Sophia, now inaccessible without a firman. The outside has no merit;

the low flat dome is lost among the cupolas and buttresses which surround it, and its four minarets are poor, both in design and execution.

We entered the Seraglio by the Sublime Porte, a lofty rather narrow archway, leading to a large oblong court, containing fountains overshadowed by gigantic plane trees, far older than the Ottoman conquest.

On each side of this gate are capacious niches, in which the heads of those who had been decapitated in the morning used to be exposed during the day.

We entered the next court by a similar gate on foot. It is smaller than the first court, and square. On one side of it is a kiosk, with the projecting eaves and filagree windows of the earlier Turkish architecture, called the Hall of Desires. Behind it is the long low range of buildings which were the old harem, on one side of which is the gate leading to the third court, containing the rooms which were occupied by the sultan.

In the Hall of Desires, the ladies whom the sultan had summoned from the harem, used to wait until they were conducted through the third gate into his apartments. This gate was burned down about a year ago, and has been rebuilt in a showy pagoda-like style, and covered with gold and bad architectural frescoes. We were not allowed to pass through it, so we returned to the first court, remounted our horses, and rodé down the steep road which leads through a portion of the Seraglio gardens, among cypresses, planes, and stone pines, by a beautiful solitary kiosk, by the long building in which are the divans of the different ministers, and by the marble and red porphyry

tombs of the Greek emperors, until we at last left the Seraglio by the stony lane which leads to the Galata bridge. Here we dismissed our horses, and were carried back by a steamer to Candilli.

The poop in these steamers supports a covered saloon, in which the first-class passengers sit. Behind, close to the helm, is the portion of the vessel set apart for Turkish women; it has no roof or awning. This evening it rained heavily. Several women were in this enclosure, thinly dressed, without umbrellas. There they remained in the rain during the two hours that the passage lasted. There was plenty of room for them in the saloon, but both their own prejudices and those of the men rendered their entering it impossible. Indeed their veils of thin muslin are a slight covering. The veils of the Arabs and of the Egyptians effectually conceal the face. Those of the Constantinopolitans are scarcely thicker than an European veil.

I dined at Candilli, and intended to return at night to Therapia; but there are no steamers across the Bosporus, and the caique men refuse to go out in the rain, so I sleep here.

Monday, September 21st.—The rain continued all the morning.

I took a steamer to Galata and stayed there until I found one for Therapia.

During the interval, I hobbled and climbed up and down some of the rough stony lanes of Galata.

I visited the Ottoman Bank; three or four miserable rooms, for which the bank paid, when it was first esta-

blished, 500*l.* a year. The rent is now, I believe, rather lower.

The greatest objection to residence in Turkey is the state of the pavements of the towns. It is such as to render the use of carriages almost impossible, and walking painful, indeed dangerous. In Stamboul, which is comparatively flat, you can get about on the sure-footed Turkish horses, but Galata and Pera are too steep for horses; there are no asses, so that walking is the only resource, and there is so much torture and risk in it, that no one moves from place to place, unless absolutely forced to do so.

Tuesday, September 22nd.—I went with Mr. Alison, the Secretary of Legation, in one of the embassy boats, to dine with Achmed Vefic Effendi, the minister of justice, who lives at Rumeli Hissari, a Turkish town on the European side of the narrowest reach of the Bosporus.

The other guest was Prince Ghika, a Moldavian, the Turkish governor of Samos.*

Samos contains about 320 square miles. It is eminently fertile. Its inhabitants are Greeks, and it manages its own affairs under the superintendence of a Christian governor sent to it from Turkey. In ancient times, when its religion was pagan, when it was cursed with slavery, when it was constantly at war, sometimes governed by an usurper, oftener by a foreign master, Athens, Sparta, or Persia, it was rich and powerful. Its population exceeded 300,000 persons. Its capital was one of the finest towns in Greece, it produced great statesmen, philosophers, and

* Now minister of the interior in Moldavia.

artists. Now its population is reduced to 60,000, its towns are wretched, it has neither wealth nor literature. It is strange that its present state should be so inferior to its ancient one, though the race continues the same, and though the principal differences, Christianity and the absence of slavery, are eminently favourable to civilisation.

The Prince is agreeable and unassuming.

Achmed Vefic Effendi is a man of about forty-five, speaking perfect French and reading English. His library, a respectable one, contains many English books. On his table lay Lane's Arabian Nights. He has been much in Persia, talked of Herodotus and Ctesias, and would pass in Europe for a remarkably well-informed man.

On our arrival, at about half-past five, we had pipes and coffee, and aniseed and water, which I thought strong, but which our host maintained to be very weak.

At dinner we sat round a large silver disk, placed on a round table. First came soup, for which we had spoons, but no plates. Then came half a roasted sheep, in which our host made some incisions with his knife, and we tore out with our hands morsels which were excellent. Mutton chops stewed with abundance of vegetables, a pillau, and stews of artichokes and of mushrooms followed, but only one dish at a time. We had excellent Bordeaux wine, of which our host took his share.

After dinner we returned to the library and resumed our pipes, the Effendi enjoying a hookah.

He complained that the two hours after dinner were his worst time.

"We all of us," he said, "eat too much, and I own that

I am somewhat of a boa constrictor. My natural state after dinner is kief."

"What precisely," I asked, "is kief?"

"Kief," he answered, "is best described by negatives. You are not unconscious, yet you do not think. You are not awake, yet you are not asleep. Appearances float slowly before your eyes, which you know to be imaginary, but cannot either call up or dismiss. They have a charm about them which does not accompany anything real. No music is so sweet as that which you hear in kief; no women are so charming as those who visit you in kief."

But notwithstanding we interrupted his kief, our host was gay and amusing.

We talked of pictures.

"That is an expense," he said, "in which we do not indulge, but I will show you our substitutes."

And he brought out three or four manuscript books, small folios written on vellum in very black ink, and adorned with arabesques in gold.

"These," he said, "are written by some of our old masters in calligraphy, men whose names and whose works are as well known as those of Raffaelle or Titian. They belong to the great 16th century, the golden age of calligraphy. You will observe that there is not in any of them a single erasure or interlineation, and I can assure you that there is not a single fault."

"I suppose," I said, "that when a fault had been made, the leaf was cancelled?"

"A great writer," he answered, "never makes a fault."

We talked about the state of the country. "What we

most want," he said, "are roads. We have nothing but tracks filled with stones in our towns, so that it takes you an hour to walk a mile, and, in the country, rocky, stony, or boggy, according to the ground. Except in the immediate neighbourhood of our towns, the land is not half cultivated, because the peasant cannot carry the produce to market. He produces, therefore, only for his own consumption. He is truly a proletaire; he contributes to the population of the country, but not to its wealth."

"It seems to me," I said, "that you neglect the great sea-road which nature has given you. You have scarcely any steamers across the Bosporus, and those which ply laterally are not half enough for the demand, even at their extravagant prices."

"That is quite true," he answered. "A company has the monopoly, and finds it more profitable to have a few steamers overcrowded at high fares, than many at moderate ones. The monopoly has still some years to run."

"And will it be renewed?" I asked.

"That will depend," he answered, "on what the monopolists are able or willing to pay, and who is in office. With us government is supposed to exist for the benefit, not of the governed, but of the governors. When the question of renewing the monopoly has to be discussed, the only party unrepresented will be the public."

"I was struck," I said, "when I walked the deck of the steamer off Stamboul, between ten and eleven at night, by the repose of the town. I scarcely saw a light, and scarcely heard a sound, except the barking of dogs."

"And yet," said Vefic, "in this great, populous, un-

lighted, and scarcely-watched town, there is little crime, not a tenth of what prevails in the Frank quarters of Galata and Pera. Stamboul is divided into districts; the principal inhabitants of each district form a sort of senate. They admit into the districts as residents only those whom they approve. They turn out those whose conduct is objectionable. We have not in Stamboul the professionally criminal population, which renders many great towns unsafe. Our classes dangereuses are the dogs; if it were not for them, you might walk through Stamboul at any hour of the night."

Friday, September 25th. — We walked with A. B. through Therapia, and then along the coast as far as Kallender, passing in half an hour's walk a couple of the Sultan's palaces.

A. B. has resided on the Bosporus for about a year. He formerly inhabited Tripoli.

"Of course," he said, "the society is much better here than in Tripoli; and so are the climate, the soil, and the scenery. Tripoli has scarcely any society; is hot, and has marshes in its neighbourhood; whereas here we have a large and good society, and a country of which the beauty, the healthiness, and the climate are unequalled. But for my own personal comfort I prefer Tripoli. There is a much better native population. The Arab is intelligent and refined. Though he detests and despises Christians collectively, he can estimate an individual among us, and feel towards him gratitude and attachment. Turks and Greeks are a mixture of the hateful and the disgusting; the hateful element predominating in the

Turk, and the disgusting one in the Greek. We have just picked our way through a Greek town, by no means a bad specimen. Did you ever see streets so rocky, or so dirty, houses so ruinous, rooms so much more resembling dens than human habitations?"

"The mud huts," I said, "in the suburbs of Cairo are still ruder habitations."

"Ruder," he said, "but far cleaner, and you must recollect the difference in climate. The Cairenes enjoy perpetual summer; they scarcely want a house. It is cold here for six months, and very cold for two or three. Yet not a Greek or a Turkish house in Therapia has a fireplace except for cooking. Where have you ever met with so uncivil a population, a population so regardless of others? A Turk rides at full speed through the streets, and over the crowded bridges of Constantinople, and along this narrow path, utterly careless whom he rides down. A man driving a loaded mule, with baskets projecting on each side, will rather drive him against you than out of your way. If you walk over the downs above us, and a shepherd's dogs attack you, their master will not call them off. For this, however, he thinks that he has an excuse: He believes that their spirit would be cowed if they were prevented from worrying strangers. And they are as dishonest as they are ill-natured. I went the other day with a lady to buy amber rosaries. They asked for a set of them 7000 piastres. She offered 1000, and got them for 3000. Among the Arabs there is some kindness and some self-respect."

"Is the Arab," I asked, "improveable?"

"I fear not," he answered; "at least, while he remains a Mussulman. Polygamy, wanton divorce, the seclusion of women, fatalism, indifference to all knowledge, and to all literature, except the nonsense of the Koran, and contempt and hatred of Christians; all these are parts of his religion; they are instilled into him from his birth, and they are all opposed to improvement. But he is already far more civilised than the Turks ever will be. Like them he is stationary, but at a much higher level. His house is twice as comfortable as any Turkish house; he has roads, he has a police. You may travel in safety through all the vast regency of Tripoli. Here you are not safe five miles from the city; nor, indeed, in the city itself at night, or in its remoter districts."

"Is the government of Tripoli," I asked, "more or less corrupt than that of Constantinople?"

"It cannot be more so," he answered, "and I do not think that it is less so. Some years ago I was intimate with a man who was defterdar, or minister of finance. He showed me two books. 'This,' he said, 'is a faithful account of every sum which ought to be paid, and of every sum which has been paid. I keep it for my own use; the other is the one which I transmit to the Turkish Government. Every sum is reduced to one-half.'"

"What," I asked, "was the total amount of the receipts acknowledged in the true book?"

"About 50,000 purses," he answered, "250,000*l.* sterling."

"Do you mean," I said, "that he retained for himself 125,000*l.* every year?"

"He defrauded," answered A. B., "the Turkish Government of 125,000*l.* every year, but he probably did not retain for himself more than 50,000*l.* The rest he had to distribute as hush-money among the other officials. 'I should like,' he said to me, 'to be honest, strange as such conduct would be in this country. But I could not retain my place for a month if I did not bribe all the people around me, and a certain portion of the people at Constantinople. Those bribes are what they live on. If I were to discontinue them I should soon be calumniated, dismissed, plundered, perhaps bastinadoed. Then I must make a little purse for the time when I shall lose my office. I shall have to bribe in order to get another. How could I do all this out of my salary?'"

"What is the extent and population of the regency of Tripoli?" I asked.

"The population," he answered, "is about two millions, on a vague estimate. The extent is enormous: as large as France or Spain."

"Then 125,000*l.* a year," I said, "cannot pay the local expenses."

"Certainly not," he answered; "the Turkish Government has to remit to Tripoli every year a considerable sum."

"And what does it get from Tripoli?" I asked.

"Nothing whatever," he answered; "Tripoli, like many other of the outlying pashalics, is a mere encumbrance to the government. But individuals get something. The bulk of all the official incomes in Constantinople consists of bribes, and the bribes from Tripoli are worth having.

Another of my friends," he continued, "was the Cadi, the head of the law. He is sent from Constantinople, and generally is allowed to retain his place for three years, but must be annually confirmed. My friend was a good man, and, if he had known Arabic, which he did not, would have made a good judge. He told me that in his first year he received 10,000 purses, or 50,000*l.*, from the inferior judges whom he appointed or confirmed."

"And how," I asked, "did *they* make their money?"

"By fees," he answered, "and by taking bribes from the suitors. *He* sold his patronage, *they* sold their decisions."

"Is Tripoli," I asked, "better or worse governed than when the beyship was hereditary?"

"Better," he answered, "in this respect, that there is now an appeal to the Sultan, and a very bad Bey may be recalled. Worse in this respect, that the Bey takes no interest in his temporary subjects, and thinks only of squeezing money out of them. On the whole, perhaps, there is little difference."

We passed a fine house in partial decay. "It was built," said A. B., "by an Armenian named Jesiarli. Its magnificence excited the envy of the Turks, and also pointed him out as a fit subject for plunder. An accusation was got up against him of having defrauded the government. The fact was probably true. Everyone who has anything to do with this government defrauds it more or less, that is, in proportion, not to his conscience, but to his opportunities. He was exiled, his property confiscated, and this house, nearly completed, was suffered to fall into ruin."

"When did this happen?" I asked.

"About three years ago," he answered. "It was Jesiarli's own fault. He ought to have known that if, not enjoying foreign protection, he ventured to be rich, it was his duty to conceal his wealth. One of the objections," he continued, "to this country, is the difficulty of obtaining a habitation. You are not allowed to buy, and the Turks will let only from year to year. If you let your house fall into decay, you may perhaps retain it at the same rent; but if you keep it up, and, still more, if you improve it, your landlord raises the rent on every renewal. Mr. Cumberbatch, the British consul at Pera, pays twice as much now as he did a few years ago, and the rent will be raised higher and higher in proportion as the owner thinks that it would be inconvenient to Cumberbatch to move."

"The Hatt-i-Humáyoon," I said, "declares that foreigners may purchase land and houses."

"Yes," he answered, "but with this reserve, that the details are to be arranged between the Sultan and the foreign governments. That means that, in return for the permission, the capitulations by which we are exempt from the jurisdiction of the Mussulman courts, and subject only to that of the consuls, are to be surrendered. I would not pay such a price for land if nothing else were asked for it. Nothing would tempt me to expose my property, and perhaps my person, to the fraud, the injustice, the venality, and the brutality of a Turkish court. The capitulations alone make existence in Turkey endurable or even possible."

"And yet," I said, "I see Englishmen holding land; Mr. Hanson has a property at Candilli."

"Such transactions," answered A. B., "are fraudulent and illegal. Mr. Hanson, or rather Mr. Hanson's agent, for his name was carefully kept out of sight, purchased in the name of his wife, describing her by her Christian name of Marian, a Christian rajah, the daughter of Anna, a Christian rajah. During Lord Stratford's reign Mr. Hanson is perfectly safe, but if there were a war, or if we had an ambassador less energetic, or less careful of British interests, I would not give much for his chance of keeping his property. It would suit some pacha. Jesiarli, among his ostentations, had some fine mangals—silver tripods for holding embers—the way in which these people warm their rooms. A great man heard of them, sent his servants and porters, and had them removed from Jesiarli's house to his own."

Saturday, September 26th.—I called on C. D. We talked of the expensiveness of Constantinople.

"I believe," he said, "that house rent is higher in Pera than in any town in Europe. Two English ladies have established a school. Such a thing is much wanted, and theirs is a good one, so that I am anxious for its success. But the expense of house rent makes it a losing concern, and unless we can assist them by a subscription, it must be given up. They have about forty-five boarders; and for a house which will hold them, they have to pay 530*l.* a year."

"I wonder," I said, "that they do not remove to Stamboul, where house rent is much lower, and which is a more

agreeable, or rather a less disagreeable, town than Pera. The Hatt-i-Humáyoon has abolished the law which confined Christians to peculiar residences."

"The Hatt-i-Humáyoon," he answered, "is a dead letter, and will remain so, unless the foreign governments enforce it. The six Powers who signed the Treaty of Paris might insist on its execution; even England and France, if they would pull together, could do so. The policy of England," he continued, "is perfectly pure. Its only object is the welfare of Turkey. We want nothing from her; our trade takes care of itself; we ask no peculiar privileges; indeed, she could grant none, for her treaties with every European Power contain a stipulation that it shall be put upon the footing of the most favoured nation. We would not accept an inch of her territory. All that we wish is to avert, or at least to delay, the war which, when she does fall to pieces, will inevitably arise for her spoils. Never, perhaps, did one nation give to another support so thoroughly disinterested.

"I wish that I could say the same for that of France, but her policy is warped by her old traditions. She wants Egypt, if not to possess it, at least to be dominant there, in order to keep us out. She wants to be mistress in Syria. She is always intriguing with the Druses and Maronites. She wishes her influence here not only to be felt, but to be obvious, to be notorious. France and England have both apparently the same objects; they both wish Turkey to make the reforms which are necessary to her prosperity, and even to her existence; but all that *we* wish is that those reforms should be made. France wishes

them to be made at her dictation. She would not be satisfied if the sick man were to recover, unless she herself prescribed the medicine, and compounded it, and forced it down his throat, and that it were known that she did so."

"What," I asked, "is her object in pressing for the union of the Principalities? Is it merely in order to please Russia?"

"No," he answered. "She declared herself favourable to the union before the wishes of Russia were known."

"Russia," I said, "I suppose, desires the union, because Austria opposes it."

"That is one motive," he answered, "and perhaps a strong one; but a stronger is her belief that it will weaken Turkey. As for Austria, I must say that all her propositions respecting the Principalities, provided they be kept separate, have been kind, and sensible, and liberal."

"I am told," I said, "that the clause in the Treaty of Paris, which provides that in the matter of union or separation the wishes and the interests of the inhabitants shall be consulted, was borrowed from one of the protocols of the Conference of Vienna. It seems to me to go far in deciding the question."

"As respects Wallachia," he answered, "*they*, as the stronger people, desire the union; it gives them rather subjects than fellow-citizens. But, as to the Moldavians, though they have not ventured to refuse their votes, I doubt whether it has their wishes. They think themselves, I believe with truth, more civilised than the Wallachians, and dread them as masters. Certainly, at first sight, the union appears to be plausible; but when you consider,

in the first place, the difficulty of arranging the details: in the second place the probable inability of Turkey to maintain her authority over so powerful a vassal as the governor of the united provinces; and. thirdly, the example which the Principalities, if virtually independent, would set to her other provinces; you must own that the objections to the union are very grave; so grave, that I believe that when they are seriously examined, they will preponderate. Turkey resembles some parts of our southern coast. A strong current sets against her, and threatens to break through her sea-wall; the loss of the Principalities would make a frightful breach in it."

Soon after I left C. D., E. F. called on us.

"What impression," he said, "does the East produce on you?"

"The East," I said, "is not quite new to me, as I have passed some months in Egypt."

"Egypt," he answered, "is not a fair specimen. The government of Egypt is as superior to the Mahomedan government as the docile laborious Fellah is to the brutal Turk."

"I have had time," I said, "only to look at the exterior. I see a capital, the streets of which are impassable to wheels, and scarcely to be traversed on foot; I see a country without a road; I see a palace of the Sultan's on every promontory of the Bosporus; I see vast tracts of unoccupied land, and more dogs than human beings; these appearances are not favourable to the government or to the people."

"If you have the misfortune," he answered, "as I have had, to live among Turks for between two and three years,

your opinions will be still less favourable. In government and in religion Turkey is a detritus. All that gave her strength, all that gave her consistency, has gone, what remains is crumbling into powder. The worst parts of her detestable religion, hatred of improvement, and hatred of the unbeliever; the worst parts of her detestable government, violence, extortion, treachery and fraud, are all that she has retained. Never was there a country that more required to be conquered. Our support merely delays her submission to that violent remedy."

"You think then," I said, "that it must come to that?"

"I can see," he answered, "no other solution."

"The Turk is utterly unimproveable. He hates change, and therefore he hates civilisation; he hates Europeans, he hates and fears all that they propose. There is not a word in the Hatt-i-Humâyoon that does not disgust, or irritate, or alarm him. Nothing but force will oblige him to give to it even the appearance of execution. And what is the value of apparent reforms in a people without an aristocracy, without a middle class, without a public opinion, without the means of communication, without newspapers, without even a post-office; accustomed for 400 years to plunder and oppress Rayahs, and to be oppressed and plundered by sultans, pashas, cadis, and janissaries?"

"Suppose," I said, "the Sultan to retire to Asia, could European Turkey govern itself?"

"The Principalities and Servia," he answered, "might do so. But Bulgaria and Roumelia and Bosnia are composed of discordant materials. They would fall into civil war or anarchy."

"We might give them," I said, "an European sovereign, and a subsidiary force."

"That," he answered, "would be conquest, and I can only repeat, that to conquest it must come at last."

Here I was interrupted by some visitors, and I lost the rest of his Anti-Turkish invective.

Sunday, September 27th. — G. H., a Frenchman settled in Galata, breakfasted with us, and we walked over the downs, which rise perhaps 1000 feet above the sea. The Bosporus lay at our feet, and our view was bounded to the north by the Black Sea, and to the south by the Bithynian Mount Olympus, rising on the other side of the Sea of Marmora, above Broussa, its top and sides white with snow.

I mentioned to him the substance of my conversations yesterday with C. D. and E. F. "I quite agree," he said, "with C. D. in believing that unless Turkey can be improved she is lost, and that nothing but pressure from without will force her to improve. I believe, further, that *that* pressure could be applied by England and France, and, further still, that it is the want of agreement between the two governments, or rather between the two embassies, that prevents their combined action. But it seems to me that C. D. has told only part of the truth. It is true that the French embassy is jealous and interfering, always striving to influence and to domineer, but so is the Russian, so is the Austrian, and so, eminently so, is the British. If we wish for a canal, England opposes. If you wish for a telegraph, France opposes. If France and Russia wish the Principalities to be united, England and Austria

require them to be separated. If you support Reschid Pasha, we support Fuad Pasha. If Russia builds at Pera a palace big enough for a king, so do we, and so do you. We are going to pull down our palace here, and to erect a new one as large as one of the Sultan's. I have no doubt that you will follow our example, and on your system of rivalry for influence you ought to do so; for the Turks estimate the power of a nation by its outward show. At a great expense of talents, diligence, paper, ink and diplomacy, we produce only negative effects. We neutralise one another, and our influence, instead of raising Turkey, tends to sink her still lower. There is no folly, or injustice, or bigotry, in which some ambassador will not support her."

"And now," I said, "for E. F.'s views."

"I think them," said G. H., "rash and superficial. Instead of untying the knot he cuts it. By conquest he must mean partition; and how can there be a partition without a general war? Who is to have Constantinople? E. F.'s plan is merely to submit to the calamity which France and England have spent 200,000 lives to avert. It is a mere repetition of Nicholas's scheme."

"What then," I said, "is your own plan?"

"My own plan," he answered, "is comparatively simple. I wish France and England to insist on the clause of the Hatt-i-Humáyoon, which provides that foreigners shall be allowed to purchase land in Turkey."

"But the Turks," I said, "make it a condition that we shall surrender the capitulations, which cannot be done."

"I would reply," he answered, "to that demand by promising to give up the capitulations as soon as the Turks shall have established tribunals to which Europeans may resort with safety, tribunals in which the judges shall be learned and upright. Even a Turk must admit the reasonableness of this condition, and no one knows better than a Turk does, that it cannot at present be performed. In the meantime, we have a right to insist that the Hatt-i-Humáyoon shall be executed; that it shall not be rendered illusory by being made dependent on our giving up our subjects to Turkish courts, such as Turkish courts now are."

"And how," I said, "is the possessing of Turkish land by foreigners to regenerate the Turks?"

"My object," he answered, "is not to regenerate the Turks, but to regenerate the Rayahs. Land is so fertile, and so cheap in Bulgaria and Roumelia, that emigrants would pour in, not from France or from England, but from the Sclavonic provinces of Austria, from Russia, perhaps from Poland. These men, protected by their capitulations, would form an aristocracy. Round them the Christians of Turkey in Europe, four times as numerous as the Turks, would rally. The Turkish power more than any other depends on prestige. It is the domination of the ruder over the more civilised people. Four centuries of oppression have made the Bulgarian believe that the Turk is naturally a master. Let him see this master resisted and defied by the protected immigrant, and he will begin to think of resisting himself. That was

shown when the allies were in force in Constantinople. The Greeks saw the French soldiers brow-beating the Turks. At first they were astonished; but when the example had been set to them for a few months, they began to copy it. They assumed airs of equality, indeed of superiority, and at last at Galata and Pera the Turks were actually cowed. So it would be in Bulgaria and Roumelia, if the immigration were large enough, as I think that it would be, to form a nucleus of resistance against Turkish robbery and oppression. The Turks of Europe are not producers; they are a parasitical population, which lives only by plundering the Christians. Let this be made impossible, or even difficult, and they will emigrate or die out. The Turkish power in Bulgaria and Roumelia might thus fall of itself without conquest, as it has already done virtually in Servia, and in the Principalities."

"And what," I said, "do you propose to do with them, when they have ceased to be Turkish?"

"I would unite them," he said, "as a kingdom or a confederacy to Servia and the Principalities. They would form a respectable community of about ten millions of souls. Macedonia and Thessaly must of course be restored to Greece, from which they ought never to have been divided. In fact, they would give themselves to Greece. Nothing but force separates them from their fellow-countrymen on the other side of the absurd frontier line which the protecting Powers drew across Greece."

"What would you do with Bosnia?" I asked.

"That is a more difficult question," he answered, "for

there the Turks are as numerous as the Christians. It might, perhaps, be left in its present state, nominally dependent on Turkey, but with little real subjection. It is a small population, in a semi-barbarous corner of Europe."

"Your policy," I said, "is the reverse of that avowed by the cabinets of Europe. Their object, at least what they proclaim to be their object, is the integrity of the Ottoman Empire. Your object is its dissolution?"

"Certainly," he answered; "but you must remember that what you call objects are merely means to an end. That end, on which all agree, being the prevention of a general war for the partition of Turkey. I wish the Turkish Empire to be peacefully dissolved by the independence, not by the conquest and appropriation, of its different provinces. I should like to see Egypt an independent country, Tripoli another, the Principalities another, Servia another, Roumelia another, and Bulgaria another, with Constantinople for its capital. Syria ought to be joined to Egypt, as it would have been but for your interference.

"Asia Minor the Turks may keep, until the Christians become too strong for them, and they have to go back to Tartary, which they ought never to have left."

Monday, September 28th.—I walked with Mr. Calvert along the coast until we reached the long broad valley which separates the hills of Therapia from those of Buyucdereh, and runs up to the forest of Belgrade. At its entrance, about a hundred yards from the sea, stands the great plane, under which Godfrey de Bouillon is said to

have pitched his camp in the 13th century. It consists of nine large trees, six of which rise from the same low stem and may be considered as the gigantic branches of a single tree. The three others are more detached from the great trunk, but may have been once united; the whole is about sixty paces in circumference. It may well be older than the first crusade.

Mr. Calvert belongs to a consular family. His brother is the well-known British consul at the Dardanelles; he himself was born at Malta, and has passed nearly all his life in European or Asiatic Turkey. We talked of the feelings of the different populations of Turkey in Europe.

"They all," he said, "without any exception, hate Russia, and look for support and protection to England."

"I thought," I said, "that they looked rather to France. France played a more important part during the war than England."

"It is true," he said, "that her armies were larger, but the Turks think more of fleets than of armies; they know, too, that we were able, and, indeed, anxious to continue the war when France would have withdrawn from it, before any of its objects had been attained,—did, in fact, terminate it when those objects were imperfectly obtained, and if we had not interfered, would have surrendered, by the definitive treaty, half of the advantages which were promised by the preliminaries. Our diplomacy, too, has been managed by a much firmer and abler hand than any of those to which French interests have been entrusted. It has been not only more energetic, and more successful, but also far more

disinterested. The French protectorate of the Latins prevents their Turkish policy from being frank and consistent, and is opposed to the prejudices and wishes of all the Mussulman population, and to those of nine-tenths of the Christians."

"The Bulgarians," he added, "hate not only the Russians, but the Greeks, and so do the Roumelians, until you reach Thessaly, where the Greek race prevails, and a desire for union with their brethren in the war of independence is naturally felt."

"What is the feeling," I asked, "of Servia, Bosnia, and the Principalities?"

"A general hatred," he answered, "of all their neighbours. They hate the Russians, the Austrians, the Greeks, and the Turks. What they really wish for is independence, at least the virtual independence which has been gained by Servia."

"Could they form," I asked, "an independent confederacy?"

"Not a confederacy," he answered, "they are too uncivilised. You never could trust them for any combined action. If the rest of the world would let them alone, they would like to remain semi-barbarous aristocracies, enjoying rude plenty, contributing little to the wealth of Europe, and nothing to its security."

Tuesday, September 29th.—Miss Canning took us in the great Embassy caïque, rowed by ten men, to Stamboul, to visit the bazaars. Assisted by the strong current, we ran down, from Therapia to the Galata bridge in about an hour, the guards at all the forts presenting arms as we passed.

With infinite toil and bargaining we managed in about three hours to buy some Otto of roses, some thin woollens, manufactured in Vienna for the harems, and to be bought only in Constantinople, and some sandal wood rosaries. Our return against the stream was of course slower, but perhaps still more agreeable, as we could observe better the details of the fantastic architecture, and of the magnificent vegetation of its terraced gardens.

Wednesday, September 30th. — We were to have dined again with Achmed Vefic Effendi, but since I saw him he has lost his office. Under such circumstances it would be indecent in a Turk to give a dinner.

He is supposed to be overwhelmed with grief. I hear different opinions as to whether he was turned out or resigned. But it is admitted that he has ceased to be a judge, because he dared to be an impartial one.

I walked over the hills to Roumeli Hissari to visit him, guided by Alison, for there was no road, and seldom a path, and scarcely any cultivation, though within ten miles of the capital. We found the disgraced minister in very good spirits, reading Captain Slade's "Turkey," of which he praised the fidelity.

But before our first pipe was out, we had to leave him to catch the only remaining steamer.

Friday, October 2nd. — We started this morning with Lord Stratford, Miss Canning, and Madame Von Zuylen, the wife of the Dutch minister at Athens, in the Embassy caïque, to visit the Sweet Waters of Asia. Lord Stratford, however, left us as we passed the palace of Aali Pasha, the

Minister of Foreign Affairs, with whom he wished for a conference, which he expected to be short.

The Sweet Waters of Asia are a stream which runs into the Bosporus, under the walls of the old castle of Anadoli Hissari, about half a mile above Candilli. At its mouth is a meadow a quarter of a mile each way, in which is a grove of ancient planes and ashes surrounding a fountain. Along the shore were hundreds of caïques, which had brought thither the female *beau monde* of the Bosporus and of Stamboul. The greater part of them had established themselves on mattrasses, with carpets and cushions, on which they were squatting, carefully concealing their feet, eating fruit, bread, and sweetmeats, and drinking the water of the fountain. Others were in vehicles drawn by cows with high red fantastic trappings, or by horses, or more frequently by a single horse. One or two of these vehicles were English broughams or britzkas, more were the small gaudy arabas of the country, in which four persons can be crammed and unmercifully jolted; many were carts, holding parties of nine or ten women and children, followed by a harper and a fiddler on foot: the veils of the women consisted of two pieces of muslin, drawn, one across the eyes and forehead, the other across the mouth and chin, but too thin to conceal the features, or even the complexion. These thin veils, I am told, were introduced during the occupation by the allies, and, before it was over, had become as thin as those worn in Europe. But when the armies went, the police ordered them to be doubled, and took all ladies in single muslin to the watch-house. Many of the younger women were painted: their eyelids and eyebrows with

khol, their faces with rouge and white paint. I was not struck by their beauty; but when they walk, notwithstanding their shuffling gait, there is a delicacy and timidity among the girls of the higher ranks which is engaging. We left them as we found them, squatting in groups under the trees, or driving at a foot's pace round and round the meadow.

Lord Stratford's conference lasted until we took him up on our return.

Saturday, October 3rd.—We went with some of our hotel friends, under the guidance of Mr. Zohrab, an Armenian, for many years Turkish Consul in London, to the bazaars of Stamboul.

We bought Damascus silks, thin woollens, slippers, and amber. When we had done, tired with the crowds, the sharp stones, the bustle and the wrangle, we returned to rest ourselves at the most fashionable restaurateur's in Stamboul. His establishment consisted of a room below, open to the kitchen. He stood before a hot plate, with little charcoal fires, over which he was turning small square bits of mutton on iron skewers. These are called cabobs.

We mounted a rickety staircase to a room above, where we found a table, and about a dozen chairs with the bottoms out. We sat down, and ordered a plate of cabobs, and found it and the bread and water so good that we disposed of it, and then of another, and then of a third, until we began to fear that we were making a dinner. The cost was about a shilling a head.

We walked back to the bridge from whence the steamers start, through the Atmeidan and a part of the Seraglio.

In one of the large niches, on each side of the Sublime Porte, destined to receive heads, Zohrab told me that he remembered seeing the heads of Ali Pasha of Janina, and of his sons and grandchildren.

At half-past nine in the evening, my room on the second floor shook violently for a few seconds. It was an earthquake. The third that has occurred since we have been on the Bosporus, but the first that I have noticed.

Sunday, October 4th. — I crossed the Bosporus, and breakfasted with the Edes at Candilli. I found there my French friend G. H.

After breakfast I visited Mehmet Kuprisli Pasha, an old London acquaintance, at his charming house on the shore, close to the Sweet Waters. He was educated in France, and speaks French perfectly. He has been minister in Berlin and in London, and was acting Grand Vizier when Aali Pacha was in Paris at the conferences. He talked gaily of London and London people, and begged that Mrs. Senior would visit his wife. We talked of the late war.

"Though it was enormously expensive to the government," he said, "which raised 300,000 men, Turkey profited by it, and was the only country that did so. Thirty millions sterling, perhaps more, were spent in Constantinople; and, if we had had the means of transport, we might have sold to the armies two or three times as much as we actually did."

"By means of transport," I said, "your Highness probably means roads."

"Certainly I do," he answered. "We have not in Turkey a single real road, except a bit about five miles long which the French made for us. One of our difficulties is the unwillingness of the Rayahs to contribute to the expense; they expect everything to be done for them by the government: but the government, even if it could undertake so gigantic an operation as the intersecting this vast, thinly-peopled empire with roads, would make them badly and expensively."

"I hope," I said, "that when the government thinks of roads it will not forget pavements."

"We have been thinking of them," he answered, "for many years. There is even a contract for paving Constantinople; money has been raised, and stones have been cut and deposited for use, but nothing more has been done."

After leaving him I walked with G. H. through a cypress wood to a ruined kiosk on a hill, from whence we saw over Constantinople into the Sea of Marmora to the south, and up to the last range of hills that bound the Black Sea to the north. Below us was the Bosporus, as blue as the Lake of Geneva, converted by the projecting headlands into a series of lakes, fringed with palaces, rising from the water's edge, and backed by a forest of cypress, chestnut, ash, plane and stone pine.

"In this kiosk," said G. H., "Sultan Mahmoud died. He had dared to express a hope that in a few years Mussulmen, Christians, and even Jews would enjoy equal political rights. He drank coffee in his palace at Bebec, was taken ill while he was crossing to Candilli, was carried

up to this kiosk, and died during the night with the symptoms of arsenical poisoning.

We walked on over the hills to Mr. Hanson's house, on a crest of land which projects into the sea. From his garden the view is still finer than from the kiosk, as the water on three sides is more immediately below you. A most inadequate notion of the Bosporus is formed by those who see it only from a boat. From the heights you have a magnificent foreground in the bank below, you catch, as you look up it, or down it, reach after reach and wooded promontory after promontory, until the Giant mountain or the Black Sea to the north, and the domes and minarets of Scutari and Constantinople to the south, give dignity and completion to the landscape.

Mr. Hanson talked of the resources of Turkey. "They are enormous," he said; "but the mere want of roads renders them comparatively useless to all except the peasants, who scratch the soil, or as much of it as they think necessary, to feed their families. For the last twenty years we have been imploring the government to make roads. They are promised, they are planned, money is even raised for them; but it is stopped as soon as it reaches official hands. Some time ago a road was to be made from the coast to Broussa; the Pasha kept taxing the inhabitants of the district for years, until the very name of a road was hateful to them, but none has been made."

"Would it not be possible," I said, "to allow individuals or a company to make roads, and to repay themselves by tolls?"

"If an English company," he said, "proposed to do so, M. Thouvenel would warn the government of the danger of letting foreigners acquire a new footing in the country. If it were a French scheme, the English minister, whoever he were, would protest against it. The Turks wish for nothing but to be let alone, and to be allowed to go quietly to ruin. The embassies all join in abusing them for their inactivity; but as soon as one foreign minister proposes anything that is specific and practical, the others combine to oppose it."

In the evening we walked again over the same ground by a bright moonlight. The vast white towers of Rumeli Hissari, surrounded by cypresses, and looking pale and indistinct, like the ghosts of a barbarous fortification, and the lights of the palaces below, reflected in long waving lines from the water, were beautiful and strange; but nothing could supply the bright colouring of an Asiatic sun. We lost the details of the near objects, and the distant ones were misty and confused. Mr. Ede pointed out to us a mountain called the Robber's Mountain, four or five miles from the village.

"There," he said, "about four years ago, a band established itself, which rendered the neighbourhood of Kandilli insecure for many months, until, at last, when the allies came, it was hunted down and destroyed. We could not then have taken this walk. We owe to the allies all the improvements that we have made, and, when they left us, all progress ceased. They committed a fatal error in going before they had forced us to make some real reforms."

"Is not the Hatt-i-Humáyoon," I said, "a real reform?"

"It is waste paper," he answered. "So far from acting on it, the Turks cannot even understand it. It consists of a set of French maxims of government translated into Turkish, with a verb in the imperative mood prefixed to each of them. It is a year and a half old. You cannot point out a single clause to which any effect has been given."

"At least," I said, "it deprives the Turks of one objection to reforms. They cannot say that they are against the laws of the empire. The Hatt-i-Humáyoon may be a collection of generalities, but it is something to have the general rules of good government prescribed by the highest authority. In time, some fruit will come of them."

"No fruit," said G. H., "has come of the Hatt-i-Sherif of Gul Háneh, of which the Hatt-i-Humáyoon is little more than a paraphrase. Unless England and France unite to force real reforms on Turkey, I fear that we have only delayed her subjugation by Russia. We say that we have given Russia a lesson. We have, and she will profit by it. She soon will have railroads. Under the disguise of a commercial fleet, which is to rival and to supplant the Messageries and the Austrian Loyd, she is creating a steam navy which could, in a few hours, transport an army from Odessa to the entrance of the Black Sea, land 30,000 men on each side, march into the batteries, which are all undefended towards the land, and occupy the Bosporus and Constantinople in a week. I do not say that she will do this in ten years, or in twenty years; but if we suffer the decomposition of Turkey to go on, it will

assuredly take place within thirty years. Our statesmen, however, are too old to care about what is to happen thirty years hence. It looks to them an eternity, and 'après nous le déluge.'"

"It is very well," I said, "to talk of forcing reforms in Turkey, but such talk is a generality like those of the Hatt-i-Humáyoon. How can you force a government to make active reforms? You can force them to make negative ones; that is, you can prohibit their doing such and such things, but how can you oblige them to *do* anything?"

"You cannot oblige them," he answered, "to do things themselves, but you can oblige them to let them be done by other people. You can forbid them to impede, though you cannot force them to act. I can only repeat what I said the other day. Force them to abolish the monopolies which interfere with every business and every trade; force them to give effect to the clause in the Hatt-i-Humáyoon, which permits foreigners to buy land. Force them to allow foreign companies to make the roads which they will not make themselves, and to be repaid by tolls. Turkey once opened to European enterprise, industry, and capital, will be a new America, with a better climate and a better soil. Anglo-Saxons and Germans will soon improve these savages off the face of the country. They hold it only by frightening, plundering, and oppressing the civilised races. Even the Greeks and the Slaves, armed with equality of rights, would drive them out. Still more easily, if they had the example and the support of men of more energetic blood.

Monday, October 6th.—M. Binel joined us at breakfast. We talked of the law in Turkey. "Both civil and criminal matters," said M. Binel, "between foreigners are decided exclusively in the Consular courts; the court to which the defendant or the accused belongs having the jurisdiction.

"Civil questions between Turks and foreigners are decided by a mixed tribunal of Turks and foreigners, called the Tidjaret, the law that is applied being the law of the country to which the defendant belongs.

"In this court there are neither attornies nor advocates; but the foreigner has a great advantage. He, being supposed to be ignorant of Turkish, is represented by a dragoman. When the judges deliberate on their judgment the court is cleared of all strangers except the dragoman. He hears their discussions, takes part in them, and, being unopposed, can often influence the decision.

"In criminal matters between Turks and strangers the court of the country to which the accused belongs has jurisdiction. If, therefore, a Frenchman has murdered a Turk, the Turkish minister of foreign affairs gives notice to the French ambassador, who has a police and a prison of his own. The ambassador arrests the accused, and the consul is the *juge d'instruction;* that is, he collects all the evidence, reduces it to writing, and sends the depositions and the accused to Marseilles, whence they are removed to Aix en Provence; the cause is tried before a jury, to whom the depositions are read, and the sentence is given and carried into effect in France.

"If a Turk murders a Frenchman, the French ambassador sends notice to the Turkish minister for foreign

affairs; the minister sets in motion the minister of police, the accused is arrested, and tried and sentenced according to Turkish law.

"I can best explain and illustrate the proceedings by giving you an outline of a cause in which I am now engaged.

"Suleiman, an Algerine Arab, and therefore a French subject, followed in Stamboul two trades, often united, and both very respectable in Turkey, that of a dealer in horses and of a dealer in women. A Frenchman was killed in a coffee-house frequented by Tunisians. The Turkish police were unable or unwilling to detect the assassin. Suleiman, as an Algerine, was acquainted with all the Tunisians, and he uncautiously let out that he knew who was the murderer.

"M. Thouvenel sent for him. He was willing to give private information, but refused to deliver evidence in open court against a Mussulman accused of having killed a Christian. His life, he said, would not be safe. Thouvenel insisted; Suleiman could not disobey his ambassador, and on his evidence the murderer, who turned out to be a near relation of the Bey of Tunis, was convicted. A few days after, a mob, headed by the imaum of his parish, broke into his house, destroyed his furniture, and would have killed him if they had found him there.

"He had recourse to Thouvenel, who forced the parish to pay him 10,000 francs as damages.

"A rich young Turk, named Giaffar, was in love with one of Suleiman's women. They quarrelled, and she re-

fused to see him any more. One evening, about nine months ago, as Suleiman was returning home, he heard cries from his house, and found Giaffar in the act of breaking into it, in order to seize the woman. On his approach Giaffar drew his yataghan, and attempted to kill him. Suleiman, who was very strong, disarmed him, and dragged him to the guard-house of the district. The officer in command, who, like the rest of the inhabitants, detested Suleiman, as the man who had given evidence against a Mussulman, and had caused the parish to be fined, pooh-poohed the affair as a drunken quarrel. Suleiman maintained that it was an attempt at housebreaking and murder, and, as evidence, handed to the officer the yataghan which he had taken from Giaffar.

"'Is this your yataghan?' said the officer to Giaffar, holding it by the blade, with the handle towards him.

"Giaffar seized it, stabbed Suleiman to the heart, and walked away, the guards not interfering to prevent or to detain him. A few hours after, Suleiman's widow came to me. I went to M. Thouvenel, who applied to the Minister of Police, and Giaffar was arrested, and, of course, as the facts admitted of no dispute, convicted.

"So far the story is a simple one, and might have occurred, not perhaps in France, but easily in Spain. But what followed, both in the civil and in the criminal court, could take place only in Turkey.

"Suleiman left an only child, a month old. The bulk of his property consisted of an undivided fourth part of four houses. The Turks proposed to confiscate them, on the

ground that Suleiman, a Frenchman, could not hold landed property in Stamboul. We answered that, as they had allowed the property to be registered in his name, they had admitted his right to hold it, and that it had descended to his heirs, who were his wife, who had become French by her marriage, and his child. The law, perhaps, was against us; but M. Thouvenel supported us, and they submitted, as Turks always must do when an ambassador interferes.

"We next required the houses to be sold; against this the other co-proprietors protested. We answered that one undivided eighth part of them belonged to the child; that, being French, it was entitled to all the rights of a French infant, and that one of those rights was to have any property in which it had an interest, however small, sold, and its share of the purchase-money invested for its benefit."

"Here again," I said, "your law seems to me to have been wrong; landed property ought to follow the *lex loci*."

"Perhaps so," he answered, "but we prevailed; the houses were sold, and one eighth of the purchase-money was invested for the child's benefit."

"So much," I said, "for the civil consequences of Giaffar's crime. Now for the penal ones. We left him in prison convicted of murder."

"There he is," answered Binel, "and there he may remain for nineteen years and three months. At the end of that time he will be hanged, or pay 33,000 piastres (220*l.*), at the option of Suleiman's child.

"According to the Koran, a man convicted of murder is to be hanged or to pay 3000 drams of silver to the heir of the murdered man, at the election of the heir. It is supposed to be a dram of silver for every dram of blood. Some time ago, when the value of the piastre was higher than it is now, the 3000 drams of silver were rated at 33,000 piastres. But, if the heir be an infant, he cannot declare this option until he is of age; that is, until he is twenty years old. Suleiman's child being now nine months old, Giaffar may have, as I said, nineteen years and three months to wait in prison. But, if the child dies, the option is with the murderer, and he may release himself by paying the 220*l.*

"Giaffar, as I said before, is rich. We are in constant fear of his getting the child poisoned, or carried away to some place from whence it will never return. The mother has removed it to Pera, and is living in a Christian house, and as yet has baffled several attempts of the kind."

"Are such things," I said, "done easily?"

"With money," answered M. Binel, "very easily. There is not a slave or a servant whose services for any purpose whatever may not be purchased. The mother herself may be purchased. M. Thouvenel, therefore, has offered Giaffar his release if he will pay for the benefit of the child 200,000 piastres (about 1500*l.*); he offers 60,000 (about 450*l.*), and so the matter rests."

"And in what sort of a prison is he?" I asked.

"In the best that Stamboul can afford," answered Binel; "but it is a horrible one. The Turkish minister of police knows that if Giaffar escapes we shall accuse him of con-

niving, of having been bribed, and perhaps ruin him. So he keeps him in chains, and we send once or twice a fortnight to see that he is safe."

"But," I asked, "is your proposed compromise legal?"

"Of course not, in strictness," he answered; "but anything is legal that an ambassador proposes, especially if it is in favour of a Turk."

"The Turk," I said, "does not think the proposal a favourable one, for he refuses to accept it."

"He hopes," said Binel, "to weary us out into better terms. Voilà comme ils sont faits tous. They will waste thousands on their pleasures or their vanities; but they will submit to any suffering to avoid paying a fine or a debt. This man is young and rich and expensive. He has suffered himself to be kept for eight months in a horrible, crowded, unventilated prison, among the lowest ruffians, in chains, covered with vermin, frozen in winter and melted in summer, in the hope of saving at the very utmost 1000*l.*, for that is the difference between the 200,000 piastres that we ask and the 60,000 that he offers.

"The absurdities," he continued, "of the Turkish criminal law are not to be compared to those of their civil law. For instance, the costs are all paid by the successful party."

"Are they considerable?" I asked.

"They are three per cent.," he answered, "on the sum in dispute."

"How," I asked, "happens it that they always bear the same proportion to the disputed sum?"

"Because," he answered, "there are no advocates, no

attorneys, no procedure, no fees of court, nothing is paid for the expenses of witnesses. You tell your story, the defendant tells his; and the witnesses, if any are summoned, come at their own expense. You have often to bribe them, as you have always to bribe the court; but those are expenses that are not included in the term costs. The costs consist of one per cent. on the sum in dispute, which you pay to the greffier, or scribe, who writes down and sends to you the oral decision of the court; and two per cent. on the sum in dispute, which you pay to the huissier, or officer of the court who brings you the decision. These sums were probably an abusive extension of the backshish, which everybody in the East claims from everybody on every possible pretence; and they are exacted from the winner because he wants the decree, and can be made to pay for it by the threat of its being withheld."

"It follows," I said, "that a man who wishes to spite his neighbour has only to demand from him a million of piastres, and that without any expense to himself he can force him to pay to the greffier and huissier 30,000 piastres."

"Certainly," answered Binel.

"It follows, too," I said, "that if he wishes to gratify his avarice as well as his hate, he may say to his neighbour, 'I intend to bring an action against you for a million piastres. It will cost you 30,000 besides what you will have to pay in bribes: give me 20,000 piastres and I will not molest you.'"

"He certainly can do so," said Binel and Ede.

"Then how," I said, "does any man remain rich, if he can be so easily plundered?"

"A poor man," they answered, "would not venture to play such a game. The rich man would have him poisoned or beaten to death; persons are easily found to perform such services. If a rich man, one who could purchase the means of protection, were to attempt it, he would be restrained by public opinion. That such things are done, particularly by Turks against Rayahs, there is no doubt; but no one ventures to make an *industrie* of it,—to do it repeatedly, and on a large scale."

On my return to Therapia, I walked with Zohrab in the avenues of his garden overlooking the Bosporus and the town.

"How," I said to him, "is an English subject who has committed a murder punished?"

"He is not punished," he answered; "we do not allow the Turks to try him, unless the murdered man be a Turkish subject, and then the consul gets him off. The consul cannot try him, and if he is sent, as has sometimes been done, to Malta for trial, the witnesses can seldom be sent, and, even if they go, a Maltese jury acquits him."

"The occurrence," I said, "is, I suppose, rare?"

"By no means rare," he answered. "There is not a worse set of ruffians than the Ionians and Maltese who wander over the East, and bully and defraud and assassinate under British protection."

M. Thouvenel met us as we left Zohrab's garden, and walked with us over the pleasure-grounds of the Embassy. They run up the hill in avenues of cypresses and planes,

and end in a lofty and broad platform projecting over the Bosporus, planted with a grove of high and spreading stone-pines, and looking straight up to the Black Sea.

"I repaired the house," he said, "put the garden in order, and rebuilt the quay in front, at an expense of only 2000*l.* If I had employed the workmen of the country it would have cost 8000*l.* But I did it with our soldiers. The French soldier is like the Roman, he goes habitually from the gun to the spade. The work keeps him in health, it keeps him out of mischief, and even the eight sous a day which he is allowed when on Government work is an enormous addition to his comfort. It more than doubles his pocket-money. He is anxious for work, and his officers always wish to set him to work. Wherever there has been a French army you see public works. We made a few roads here, the only ones in Turkey. We made one from the Piræus to Athens, which, I believe, is the only one in Greece."

Tuesday, October 6th.—Yesterday was an anxious day at our Embassy. Lord Stratford has been instructed to request the Sultan to order Said Pasha, to allow the passage of British forces to India through Egypt. I suspect that it was on that matter that he visited Aali Pasha, the minister of foreign affairs, on Friday. The ministers consented, but it seems that they seldom see the Sultan. They sent on Saturday to the Sultan a recommendation that the order should be given, and a warrant for the Sultan's signature, authorising the grand-vizier to issue it. He is supposed to have been drunk when it

reached him, and rose late yesterday morning, not in a very fit humour for business.

A dragoman was sent to the palace with orders to watch for the warrant, to follow it to the grand-vizier's, and to obtain from him the order; and the Osprey, the British despatch-boat, was kept the whole morning with her steam up. It was not, however, until the afternoon that the warrant reached the grand-vizier, or until the evening that the order signed by the grand-vizier was carried by the dragoman to the Embassy. As soon as it had been copied, the Osprey steamed out towards Alexandria with the original.

This afternoon I went with Mr. Sarell, the second dragoman of the Embassy, to dine with Reschid Pasha, at his palace between Stenia and Rumeli Hissari, about six miles by water from Therapia.

Mr. Sarell was the dragoman employed yesterday, and he complained that the pipes and the anxiety of the previous day had disordered him.

"I had to see," he said, "the sultan's private secretary, and to explain to him over a pipe, the urgency of the business. Then while I was waiting at the sultan's, and afterwards at the grand-vizier's, it was not in a naked apartment, like the waiting-room at an English government office. I had to sit with my feet under me on a divan, and talk to my friends who came in and out, and to smoke pipe after pipe with them, and to drink coffee after coffee."

Reschid Pasha's palace consists of a long range of buildings, two stories high, rising from the water, and a

garden and pleasure-ground of about fifteen acres, running up the hill, with a kiosk or small palace at the top. He is a short man, apparently about sixty, with very mild, kind, gentlemanlike manners. We reached him at about half-past four, walked with him for an hour over his gardens, smoked for half an hour while he was dressing, and sat down to table at about sunset, the usual dinner hour of a great man in Turkey. His sons, fine young men, about two or three and twenty years old, were presented to us in the garden, but did not dine with us. We were ten at dinner. The greatest man was Abdallah Pasha, the son and the probable successor of the Sheriffe of Mecca. He is a handsome young man, of about thirty, grave and dignified. I asked why, being a sheriffe, he did not wear the green turban.

"I wear it sometimes," he answered, "but our pedigree is too well known to need a badge."

He sat on Reschid Pasha's right hand; next to him was a man whose name I forget, of great learning, who aspires to be in time Sheick-ul-Islam, or head of the Ulema. There were two other men in turbans and fur pelisses, whose names and characters I did not hear. I sat on Reschid's left, next to me was Mr. Sarell, then sat Reschid's physician, then another man, who said little, in a fez. Reschid whispered something to Abdallah, which I found was a request that he might be permitted to give us wine. So Sarell and I and the physician had a bottle of excellent Bordeaux. No one else touched it. The dinner was good, consisting principally of stews of meat and vegetables and a magnificent pillaw. The service was

altogether European, except that the servants were unusually numerous, and that they glided about noiselessly, their slippers being thin and the floor thickly matted. After we had dined and washed, we moved to a large drawingroom, furnished with chairs and sofas, and a high divan of yellow silk running along one side. On this divan the Sheriffe squatted, his feet concealed by his pelisse, and he was honoured with a long nargilly. The rest of us sat on chairs and had pipes. A dervise, a great traveller and somewhat of a buffoon, came in, and squatted on the floor. He talked of India, of Egypt, of Germany, and of England, where, as he affirmed, Queen Victoria made him a present of 400*l.*

The conversation, in compliment I suppose to the Sheriffe, took a religious turn. As it was carried on chiefly in Turkish, I could follow only its general drift. First they talked of the Trinity, and compared the Buddhist, the Brahminical, and the Christian Trinities. Reschid, who apparently is not deep in ecclesiastical history, asked me about the differences between the Greek and Latin churches.

"Qu'est que c'est," he said, "que la Procession du St. Esprit? Qu'est que veut dire le mot Procédant?"

I answered that I had not the slightest notion; and that I thought it probable that if the same question were asked of beings with intellects capable of comprehending such mysteries, they would answer that the words "Procession and Procédant," as used by men in theological controversy, had no meaning whatever.

"And yet," he said, "those words separate the Christian world into two hostile camps."

"Just," I said, "as the question, Who was the lawful successor of the Prophet, separates into two hostile camps the Mussulman world."

"You Protestants," he replied, "care little about the controversy between the Greeks and the Latins; for you, I believe, are Arians."

"Very few of us," I answered. "Luther was a strong Trinitarian."

"I supposed him," said Reschid, "to have been an Arian, because a reformer is generally a simplifier; and certainly the Arian doctrine, that the Begetter preceded the Begotten, is simpler than the Trinitarian one, that they have been eternally co-existent."

"Were the Wahabees," I asked, "simplifiers?"

"To this extent," he answered; "that they discarded the traditions, to which we attach great importance. In fact the Mussulman creed, that God is one, and that Mahomet was divinely commissioned to reveal that doctrine, is too simple to be simplified. The rules which Mahomet laid down for our domestic habits and for our conduct towards others, and which are preserved in our traditions, and still more the commentaries on those rules, are the complicated parts of our religion. The Wahabees so far simplified it that, as I said before, they rejected tradition, and paid little attention to commentaries."

"Is the Whahaby reform, or heresy," I asked, "extinct?"

"By no means," said one of the party, who spoke French, and joined in our conversation.

"It has extended to India, and is not without followers

in Africa. It is ascetic, and uneducated persons seem to have a craving for asceticism. Somewhere near the site of this palace stood the column on which Simeon the Stylite, and others after him, thought fit to pass their lives." *

It was a warm soft night, and the moon was full. We rose between eight and nine. The Pasha asked how we intended to return.

We answered that we looked forward with great pleasure to a moonlight walk home.

He answered that it was out of the question; that he would send us home in a caique, or on horseback: but that, if we attempted to walk, we must go either through Stenia and the other towns and villages on the coast, in which case we should be devoured by the dogs in the dark unlighted lanes; or over the hills, which no one ventures to traverse at night, except in a strong party, and with arms.

"If this were an exclusively Turkish population," he said, "I should have no fears for you. But Greeks and Bulgarians are not to be trusted."

Sarell and I had talked over the matter before, and he assured me that he had several times walked over the hills at night, and had never been interrupted. So we refused Reschid's horses and his caique, and crossed the hills without meeting, in an hour and a half's walk, a single person.

* This is a mistake of my Turkish acquaintances. The column was in the neighbourhood of Antioch.

"It might not," said Sarell, "be safe for a native to do this. They carry their money on their persons, and the Turkish Government gives itself no trouble about their safety; but every one knows that Englishmen carry little money, and that, if we were attacked, the whole police of Constantinople would be at work to detect the robbers. No one, therefore, from the neighbouring villages would follow and stop us; and no one else knows of our being here. I would not do it, however, every night at a fixed hour. I should probably be waylaid."

We found Zohrab drinking tea with Mrs. Senior. He shook his head at our walk. "I have often," he said, "travelled that road at night, but it has always been on horseback and armed. In your place, I should have accepted the Pasha's horses or boat, or have encountered the dogs of Stenia. The risk, perhaps, was trifling, but it is impossible to deny that there was risk."

Wednesday, October 7th.—We dined with M. Thouvenel, the French Ambassador. The party was very large; among them were the Prince and Princess Sturtzo and M. Condurreotti, the Greek Minister, and his wife. I sat next to her. She is about seven or eight and twenty, from Argos, and never left Greece until she came hither two years ago. She might, however, as far as language and appearance and manner are concerned, have been a Parisian. After dinner, the men, with very few exceptions, retired to smoke. I sat with a Frenchman, who has recently left Moldavia. He described it as more civilised than Wallachia. I asked if it had an aristocracy.

"No," he answered, "there is no hereditary nobility, and there are few families with much hereditary property. The Boyars are named by the Hospodar, but only for life. This Prince Sturtzo calls himself Prince because his father was Kaimakan, or Vice-Hospodar, but his son will have no rank beyond that of any other proprietor.

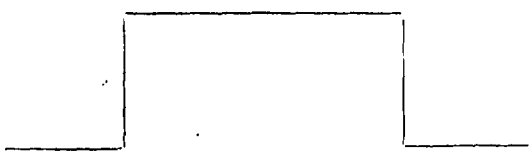
"The Russians," he added, "when in the occupation of the country, strove to reduce the peasants to the condition of serfs. They forbade them to quit the estates or the villages in which they were settled. They assisted their landlords in oppressing them. Most of the peasants in the Principalities hold their lands of the greater proprietors, on the condition of contributing a certain number of days' labour. The Russians taught the proprietors to exact the labour by taskwork, and to exact as a day's labour a task which a man could not perform in a week or a fortnight. They did the same in the portion of Turkish Armenia which they occupied. They have thus acquired popularity among the rich proprietors at the expense of what appears to us cruelty and injustice. But it does not appear so to them. Serfdom seems to a Russian to be the natural and proper state of the bulk of mankind."

Thursday, October 8th.—We left Therapia at a quarter to ten, got to Constantinople at eleven, spent four hours in visiting the Seraglio, Santa Sophia, and the mosque of Sultan Achmed, and returned by the three o'clock boat.

The expense has been exaggerated. The firman cost 250 piastres, and the fees 350, in all 600 piastres, or 4*l.* We enjoyed the protection of Mr. Sarell, who obtained the firman, and of Mr. Zohrab, who accompanied

us and paid the fees. Perhaps if we had been in the hands of a *valet de place*, it would have cost us, as it cost Lord Carlisle, 10*l*.

We entered the Seraglio by a gate near the water, and traversed long solitary avenues of cypress and pine trees which the Mussulmen prefer for their gardens, as affording a permanent screen to their women. The first building that was opened to us was the kiosk of Gul Háneh, near the Point of Stamboul, commanding on three sides the Sea of Marmora, the Bosporus, and the Golden Horn. The main rooms are large, but rather too low for their size and too long for their breadth; but those which project from them in this form—



with a double tier of windows on three sides, the lower oblong, the higher oval—are well proportioned, light, and cheerful. Many of them have fireplaces, high open grates, but little furniture except divans and clocks, of which I counted six in one room. Two rooms, all of marble, were dedicated to the bath. In this kiosk the celebrated Hatt-i Sheriff of Gul Háneh was signed.

From this palace we went through long corridors, the walls of which are covered with coloured prints, principally French, and up a flight of steps, to an older palace, or cluster of pavilions. One of them, wainscoted with china and mother of pearl and surmounted by a beautifully

painted dome, contained a small collection of books, all manuscript. Near these pavilions are the ranges of apartments forming the harem, now tenanted only by a few of the women of the late Sultan, who have to pass a dull widowhood in seclusion.

We still mounted the hill, on the slope of which the buildings intended for residence are placed, till we came to the plateau, on a level with the Hippodrome, in which are the public buildings of the Seraglio, arranged round three courts opening into one another. As we came from the sea we entered by the innermost court, which to those who enter on the land front, by the Sublime Porte, is the last.

Here is the mosque which contains the relics of the Prophet, the treasure chamber in which the regalia are kept, a small square building called the library, containing seven or eight hundred volumes in manuscript, and another small square building, which was the audience chamber. Its only furniture is a large square bedstead, the posts inlaid with precious stones, on which used to be laid the cushions forming the divan on which the Sultan squatted during his formal audiences.

Beyond this court are the two outer courts, which may be entered without a firman, and which I have already described.

We wasted half an hour in going to a set of rooms in one of the kiosks, which contains wax figures of the janissaries in their different uniforms, all ugly and inconvenient. On the whole the Seraglio is well worth visiting. The situation is unrivalled. The gardens, or rather the pleasure-grounds, derive a melancholy grandeur from their tall aged

pines and cypresses, many of the latter sixty or seventy feet high, and from their neglect and solitude, though separated by only a wall from the busy port and city.

The buildings are thrown about without arrangement, often without reference to one another. They are fantastic in their forms and in their decorations; but they all have an air of originality and freedom. The projectors and the architects seem to have revelled in the absence of restraint on their imaginations or on their expenditure; and with the sensibility to beauty, both of colour and of form, which belongs to Orientals, they have produced a collection of fairy palaces strikingly appropriate to the exquisite scenery and noble groves among which they are scattered.

From the Seraglio we went to Santa Sophia.

The only buildings that I have seen which resemble Santa Sophia are the mosques which the Turks have built in imitation of it, such as those of Sultans Achmed and Suleiman in Constantinople, and that of Mehmet Ali in Cairo. It is a square, roofed by one central dome, to the east and west of which are two lower half domes, each of which has a still lower segment of a dome to the north and south.

The central dome, with its semi-domes at each end, covers a space which may be called the nave or the choir. The central dome is 107 feet in diameter, which is therefore the breadth of the nave at its narrowest part. Under the semi-domes the breadth appeared to me to be about 140 feet. The length is about 260 feet. On each side is an aisle about 55 feet broad, in two stories, supported by pillars.

The result is, that, as you enter, you see the whole.

A Gothic cathedral opens gradually. Until you have passed the centre, you do not see the transepts. The choir is richer and often loftier than the nave. Beyond it is the Lady Chapel, sometimes in the centre of a range of smaller chapels. Santa Sophia bursts on you at once. The flatness of the dome adds to its apparent size, as the segments of domes below it add to its height.

During the 900 years that it was a Christian church, its colouring was perhaps as striking as its architecture. The pillars are of porphyry, of syenite, of verde antique, and of other coloured marbles, and so are the lower parts of the walls. All is now dim from dirt and neglect. The roofs and vaults were covered with gold and mosaics, of which only a part remains. The portions which have fallen out have been repaired with yellow paint.

The colossal seraphims worked in mosaic on the spandrils of the great dome have been defaced by the obliteration of their heads, but their vast wings, fifty feet long, remain, and so do some other Christian mosaics. The capitals of the pillars and the ornaments of their architraves are in the Byzantine or Egyptian style, cut into the stone, instead of rising above its surface, as they do in Greek and Roman architecture. They are exceedingly fanciful and rich.

Altogether Santa Sophia is the most beautiful interior that I have seen. It is not so grand as the Great Hall of Karnak or the Pantheon, or so awful as the Duomo of Florence; but it is superior even to them in grace, in elegance, in proportions, and in skill and boldness of con-

ception and execution, and far superior in everything to St. Paul's, and, to my taste, to St. Peter's.

We ended the day by Sulṭan Achmed's mosque, the last built of the great mosques of Constantinople belonging to the beginning of the seventeenth century. It is surrounded by six minarets of great beauty; no other mosque has more than four. The arrangement of the roof is exceedingly beautiful. But the four enormous pillars, thirty-six feet in diameter, which support the central dome, are heavy, and the white walls and domes looked cold to us who came fresh from the gold and mosaics of Santa Sophia.

Friday, October 9th.—We rowed across the Bosporus this morning, to visit the wife of Mehmet Kuprisli Pasha, at his charming villa near the Sweet Waters of Asia. He received us at his water gate, and gave us sweetmeats and sherbet, but no pipes. His youngest daughter, a nice child, four years old, covered with silks and diamonds, came in, saluted us orientally, and kissed our hands with great grace and self-possession. After about half an hour, he took Mrs. Senior into the harem; I wandered over the garden, and then read the only book that I found, Guizot's Gibbon.

The Pasha remained with Mrs. Senior in the harem for about an hour; a very tall black, probably a eunuch, was at the door, and about twenty female slaves, one or two of them black, showed themselves. Not many of them were handsome. The ladies were Kuprisli's wife, a woman of about forty, with fine eyes, an agreeable countenance, and a good brunette complexion, and his daughter, seventeen

years old, married within the last three or four weeks. She has beautiful dark eyes and hair, good features, a pale complexion, and a good figure; she wears stays. They were dressed in splendid silks, the daughter's brocaded with gold; wore a profusion of gold and diamonds, but no paint, or even khol or henna: neither ladies nor slaves were veiled.

Instead of the oriental salute, they shook Mrs. Senior very cordially by the hand, asked about London, and were much amused by her description of the Pasha's gay life there, of the balls that he gave, and of the ladies that he visited.

Mrs. Senior said that she hoped that he would return thither. He answered that he hoped so too—and that when he came next, he should bring his family with him.

"And your wife," said Mrs. Senior, "must receive the English ladies."

"Certainly," he answered.

"And visit them."

"Certainly.

"And go out without a veil."

"No," he replied; "that cannot be done. We can leave off many of our habits, but never the veil."

The wife here said something which the Pasha would not interpret. The daughter played two Turkish airs, and a French one, with good execution. In about an hour coffee came, and the visit was over.

From the Pasha's we went to the Sweet Waters, and found the usual crowd of veiled and painted women and children, on beds and cushions, and in carriages and carts, the dull

monotonous Turkish music, and the slow procession of shabby vehicles round and round the meadow.

We rowed close in to the Asiatic coast on our return. It is far superior to the European coast. The hills are higher, the promontories are bolder, and the vegetation is more luxuriant. There is a little bay called Koorfess, about a mile above the old Castle of Anadoli Hissari, fringed with fantastic kiosks, with green terraced groves above them, and the purple stream below them, more beautiful than any composition that any painter ever invented.

Dr. Dickson, Major Gordon, and Mr. Zohrab drank tea with us. Dr. Dickson is physician to the Embassy, and formerly lived in Tripoli. I repeated Achmed Vefic's statement that there was little crime in Stamboul.

"I dare say," said Dickson, "that little crime is detected in Stamboul, but that does not prove that little is committed. When I was in Tripoli, while we had a sot and a fool for Pasha, the records of the courts of justice showed that there was little crime. When Omar, an excellent man, succeeded him, it seemed suddenly to increase; the fact being that it was detected. When you consider the fierceness and brutality of the people, and the weakness of the repression, it would be wonderful if crime were not prevalent. A week ago, a Greek woman was found murdered near the little coast battery of Telli Tabia, a couple of miles above Bujucdereh. A soldier belonging to that battery had been absent during the previous night. His breast and arms were covered with bites, as if he had had a long struggle with an unarmed person. He could not account

for the whole of his time during the night. There can be little doubt of his guilt. But he will be released; no Mussulman cares about the murder of a Rayah."

"Omar Pasha," he continued, "who was earnest in his endeavours to prevent crime, directed that the body of every one who died in Tripoli should be examined by me. I detected many violent deaths; but no one was punished for them, except that in some cases blood money was paid.

"One of the first men in Tripoli had a brother in Tunis. The brother died, leaving his wife pregnant. The brother-in-law enticed her to Tripoli, and after having remained three months in his house, she died. The Pasha's orders were that no corpse should be dressed and prepared for the grave until I had seen it. After that has been done, a corpse becomes an object of great respect among the Mussulmans—much more so than the living person was. This body, however, was dressed. I desired it to be uncovered, and found in its lap a new-born infant, and marks of violence over the whole person. I could learn nothing in the house; but the neighbours told me that for three months they had heard screams almost every night; that they believed that the brother-in-law had been trying all that time to murder the woman, and at length, when she was helpless from the pains of labour, had succeeded. I reported the facts. The Pasha was indignant; the man was arrested—but he was rich and powerful. He was very soon released, and went to Tunis to take possession of his brother's property."

"I will tell you," he added, "another story, which illus-

trates Mussulman manners and Mussulman law. Abdallah Effendi, one of the richest men in Tripoli, was much respected for the severity of his morals. His wife and his eldest daughter died after short illnesses. It was whispered that he had poisoned them both on suspicion of unchastity. His remaining daughter was exceedingly handsome. Suddenly we heard of her death. I went to visit the body, and found it tied up. I ordered the coverings to be taken off. The father was present, and objected; so I tore off the first covering myself. I found her hands tied by a cord. I took the veil from her neck, and found the livid circle produced by strangulation. A small rope was lying near, which fitted to the marks.

"Your daughter," I said to the father, "has been strangled with this rope."

"He made no answer, and indeed looked on in silence at all my examination of the corpse. I left the house and made my report to the Pasha. The father was arrested, but as soon as the Ulema heard of it, they ordered him to be released.

"It appeared that there had been an intimacy between the girl and a young Turk; that the father had cited the young man before the Ulema; that the Ulema had ordered him to marry her; that he so far obeyed that he signed the fetvah, or declaration of marriage, but that having done so, he instantly required a declaration of divorce to be drawn up, signed it, and left the tribunal, having been married and divorced at the same sitting.

"This was a disgrace which could be wiped out only by

the daughter's death, and the Ulema declared that the father had done only his duty when he inflicted it.

"There are certain classes of crime," he added, "which enjoy almost perfect impunity. Such is the murder of a Rayah by a Turk; such also is the murder of a Turk, or a Rayah, by anybody—an Algerine, or an Ionian, or a Jew from Gibraltar, enjoying consular protection. Every consul seems to make it a point of honour that no one whom he protects shall be punished, whatever be his offence. The only exception is, when one protected person murders another; the consul whose *protégé* has been murdered, generally tries to avenge him, and sometimes, though very rarely, he succeeds."

Major Gordon is here, employed by the Turkish government to improve their prisons.

"I suppose," I said to him, "that they are horrible?"

"Of course they are," he answered. "Everything here is neglected; and to make a prison a hell, you have only to neglect it. One of the best is the Bagnio. It is a long room, in two stories, into which, if well drained and ventilated, *we* might put seventy persons. It has scarcely any apertures for air; an open sewer runs along one side of it, and in it are three hundred persons. There is no internal police. The strong and the healthy bully and tyrannise over the weak and the sick. It is a place that would kill an Englishman in a week."

"And how long," I asked, "does it take to kill a Turk?"

"Apparently," he answered, "a long time. The reports show a less per-centage of deaths there than in our well-managed prisons."

"A Turk," I said, "is sober, and does not fret. Starvation, bullying, all sorts of calamity and oppression, he takes as a matter of course. 'It was written,' he says, 'that he should endure them.' Half of an Englishman's sufferings arise from his indignation when he thinks that he is oppressed."

"I dare say," said Dr. Dickson, "that a Turk's fatalism renders him less sensitive to evil than we are; but you must not trust to the returns. I know that in the prisons of Tripoli, which are about as bad as these, the deaths are forty per cent. per annum. I would venture to bet that they are not much fewer in the Bagnio."

"Two youths," said Zohrab, "sons of one of my tenants, were arrested six weeks ago, when Mr. Colnaghi's room was robbed at the Embassy. I do not believe that they had anything whatever to do with it; but they had been seen near the place, suspicion fell on no one else, and the police thought it absolutely necessary that somebody should be taken hold of. The Embassy made no complaint against them; no evidence inculpating them could be obtained. I kept besieging the offices, in order to get them out, and at length I succeeded. They had been in prison thirty-one days. They came out, pale, thin, haggard, and covered with vermin."

"How long," I asked, "would they have remained, if you had not interfered?"

"No one can tell," he answered; "perhaps six months, perhaps a year, perhaps till the very cause of their imprisonment had been forgotten."

Saturday, October 10th.—I sat for a couple of hours

with a Turkish friend, J. K.; a Frenchman, a M. Noguez, editor of one of the Constantinopolitan journals, joined us.

"I have no patience," said J. K., "with the authors of the Hatt-i-Humâyoon; we were going on rapidly with our reforms, and now comes this silly false move, and, perhaps, spoils the game of the improvers for twenty years."

"The Hatt-i-Humâyoon," I said, "may be impracticable, but how is it to do harm?"

"By the jealousy," he answered, "indeed, the alarm which it excites. I tried to have some of its minor provisions carried out at Broussa. It almost occasioned an insurrection. The people who sent it to us from Paris know nothing of our institutions. It declares, for instance, that foreigners may purchase land in Turkey. They could always do so."

"I thought," I said, "that they were forced to take it in the name of a Turk, or of a Rayah."

"If they consented," he answered, "to be governed by the laws of the country, as every proprietor of land ought to be, they could always take it in their own names. There are English families who have possessed land in Turkey for the last hundred and fifty years; but while they held to their absurd capitulations, of course we could not have a landed proprietary that repudiated our laws; nor shall we permit it now. In this matter, as in many others, the Hatt-i-Humâyoon affects to make an improvement, and does nothing.

"If you wish," he continued, "to see the effect of the capitulations, look at Pera. It is the creature of the capitulations. The foreign ambassadors reign there. You

have streets in which you cannot walk, houses jammed together without a plan, and a population which is *la crême de la canaille.* For one crime that is committed among the 600,000 inhabitants of Stamboul, twenty are committed by the 200,000 in Pera. It is rash to go out there at night, and not very safe by day: I delight in Pera. It shows what is gained by withdrawing people from their natural rulers."

"We had a tragical illustration," said M. Noguez, "of Perote feeling, in my family last week. My mother-in-law went out alone, about noon. Hour after hour passed, and she did not return. We went to look for her, and after long search found her insensible, with her leg broken, in a Mussulman house. It appeared that, in the crowded thoroughfare of the Petits Champs, she had been knocked down by one of the carriages which drive so recklessly about Pera; that she lay in the street, opposite to a coffee-house full of people, for an hour and a half uncared for, until at length some Mussulmen, from a neighbouring poor-house, raised her up, and carried her to an Armenian hospital; that the Armenians refused to take her in; that she was carried about the streets of Pera for some time, no one opening a door to her, until at last she was received in the Mussulman house in which we found her. She died the next day."

"Nothing of the kind," said J. K., "could have happened in Stamboul. Mussulman coachmen are careful of the lives of passers-by; and, if she had been knocked down, all the persons that saw the accident would have flown to her assistance."

"What induces," I asked, "the ambassadors and consuls to inhabit so detestable a place as Pera?"

"The desire," said M. Noguez, "to domineer — to inhabit a place in which they can insult the Turks."

"I hear," said J. K., "that the civil jurisdiction of the consuls is to be extended; but that the European governments, especially that of England, refuse to give to them wider criminal jurisdiction."

"Of the two," I said, "criminal jurisdiction seems the most important. Some tribunal with criminal jurisdiction is essential to the existence of society."

"Those who enjoy the capitulations," said J. K., "can scarcely be said to be under the restraint of a criminal tribunal. If they are sent to England for trial they are acquitted for want of evidence. In France the jury acquits or finds 'des circonstances atténuantes.'"

"'Circonstances atténuantes,'" said Noguez, "are now an element in every conviction. A man thinks that his mother has lived too long; he decoys her into a barn and beats out her brains. The jury find him guilty, 'avec des circonstances atténuantes.' It is the result of a pseudo-philosophical aversion to capital punishment."

"I have no patience," said J. K., "with these sentimentalists. They must know that, for every murderer whom they let escape, ten persons the more are murdered. They had rather that the innocent should be the victims of rapacity or vengeance, than that the guilty should fall under the calm impartial sentence of a judge."

"There seems to be some of this sentimentalism," I said,

"in Turkey, for your executions are rarer, in proportion to your population, than ours."

"The avowed executions," he answered, "are rarer. But there are accidents, which come to the same thing. Two years ago some banditti, who had rendered Smyrna unsafe for years, were caught hold of: they were found drowned on the shore beneath their prison. We are told that they perished in trying to make their escape. So the three chiefs of the Thessalian insurrection died of cholera on their way as prisoners to Constantinople. But the great cause which diminishes capital punishments with us is *le prix du sang*. It is an institution which cannot be defended. It destroys the certainty of punishment, and gives to an individual or a family the prerogative of mercy, to be exercised or not, as avarice or revenge may be stronger. But its object was laudable. It was an attempt to provide an indemnity for a widow and children suddenly deprived of their supporter."

"Its worst fault," I said, "seems to be that it saves the rich offender, and leaves the poor one to suffer."

"No," he answered, "it saves all equally. If a prisoner cannot pay it, his relations or his parish raise it for him. He may offer to pay it by instalments. The instant that it has been accepted he is safe from execution. But it is a mistake to suppose that he is safe from punishment. The court cannot behead him, but it can imprison him according to the gravity of the crime, for five, or ten, or even twenty years. It seldom does so, indeed, because imprisonment is costly, and our prisons are insufficient. A man's

place is wanted. So that, unless he happens to be forgotten, he is rarely imprisoned for more than a year or two."

The "Journal de Constantinople" was brought in.

"I see," said J. K., "that the appointment of ——— Pasha as Pasha of ——— is announced. A few months ago I proposed that he should be hanged."

"What are his claims," I asked, "to the gibbet or to the pashalic?"

"He was Pasha of ———," said J. K., "for a few years. He had nothing when he went thither, and he returned with a colossal fortune. The complaints of the province were such that he was required to answer them before the Council of Justice. They appeared to me to be so well founded that I voted that he should be convicted and punished. But the majority of the judges were pashas past or expectant. They did not like to set the bad precedent of punishing a pasha for merely using to excess the ordinary privileges of his office. So they whitewashed him. And now he is sent to govern ———."

"Is it an important province?" I asked.

"A very important one," he answered, "near the capital, and in a district in which there has been much excitement. But when a man is so bad that he ought not to be kept at home, and has so many friends or dependents that he cannot be hanged, he is sent to be the ruler of a province. ———, however, is a clever fellow; he has made his fortune. He may, perhaps, have had to spend some of it in bribes. Still he must have a great deal left. And having got money in ———, he may try to get reputation in ———."

Saturday, October 10th.—L. M., an Englishman, N. O., a Hungarian, and Mr. Hornby, the new judge in the Consular court, drank tea with us.

We talked of the impression produced on the Turks by the French, and by the English occupation of Constantinople.

"It was far more favourable," said N. O., "to the English."

"I am surprised," I said, "at that. The French are generally more successful in conciliating foreign populations than we are. The French troops in Rome, though performing the most odious of offices, are individually popular."

"The Romans," said N. O., "know that the French soldiers, though forced by military discipline to support the Papal tyranny, in their hearts hate it and despise it as much as they themselves do. The French and Romans are of the same race, of the same creed, and differ little in civilisation. But the French here came in contact with a dominant race as proud, or rather as conceited, as they are themselves, and differing from them in everything else, in trifles and in essentials, in manners, in habits, in feelings, in morals, even in intellects. Everything that a Turk does, or says, or omits to do, or even appears to think, excites contempt or disgust in a Frenchman."

"So it does," I said, "in an Englishman."

"But an Englishman," he answered, "conceals his contempt better; the French paraded their superiority and their dissimilarity. They established an orchestra and a band in a cemetery, they entered mosques with dirty shoes,

they roamed drunk through the streets of Stamboul. A hamal, or porter, pressing forward, head foremost, under his immense burden, is sacred among the Turks. Every one makes way for him; they know that a touch will overset him, and that if he falls he can scarcely rise. The French seemed to have a pleasure in jostling him. They cudgelled the men, they stoned the dogs, they stuck up names in the streets, and numbers on the doors. They treated the Turks, in short, as Turks treat Rayahs. The English had the advantage of being fewer. Their men were under better discipline, their officers belonged to a much higher class, their coldness and gravity was Turkish; though they had, as every European must have, a profound contempt for the Turks, they did not think it necessary to be always putting them to rights. They let them go to the devil in their own way, and, what was perhaps the most important, they had more money, and spent it more freely. Certain it is that they have left a good reputation, and the French a detestable one."

Mr. Hornby arrived from England this morning to fill his new office of judge in the Consular court.

"Have they given you," I asked, "any further criminal jurisdiction?"

"Not much," he answered; "the want of it is admitted, but Mr. Hammond has scruples."

"What sort of a thing," I asked, "is a Turkish trial?"

"It is not very formal," answered L. M.; "everybody present seems to think that he has a right to take part in it. The great object of the judge is to get the prisoner to confess."

"The judge," said Hornby, "is trammelled by rules as to evidence more technical even than ours ever were. In most cases two witnesses are requisite, or a confession. When the judge sees clearly that the prisoner is guilty or innocent, or that the plaintiff or the defendant is in the wrong, but the technical proof is deficient, he is tempted to get that proof by means which seem to us strange.

"I remember the surprise of a friend of mine who was present at a trial in the court of the Zabit of ——. The judge, with the utmost *bonhommie*, exhorted the prisoner to confess, assuring him that he would not suffer for it. The Cavasses kept patting him on the back, advising him, as his real friends, to make a clean breast, and not to injure his cause by trying to conceal what after all was well known, as it had been already confessed by his accomplices. The man was sulky and silent, and seemed not to believe a word. The promises of pardon and of immediate release were repeated again and again. At last he said that if the promise were made in writing, he would tell something. So the Zabit's clerk wrote out a promise of pardon, and the Zabit applied to it his signet, smeared with ink. Then the man admitted that he, together with certain other persons, had committed the crime.

"'I am sorry,' said my friend to the Zabit, 'that you are going to let this man out again. You might, I think, have convicted him without his confession.'

"'We shall behead him,' answered the Zabit, 'in the 'course of the day. Did you suppose that my promises 'of pardon were anything except a means to get his con-'fession? We always make them; and in this case it was

'absolutely necessary, for we have no information, except 'what he has given to us.'"

"The wonderful thing," said L. M., "is that this trick is always repeated and always succeeds. Though there are *vestigia nulla retrorsum*, every criminal walks into the trap. He is frightened, he is confused, he knows that proofs of his guilt exist, he thinks that confession may give him a chance, that the judge, who never yet performed a promise, will do so this time; he is wearied out by the importunity of all around him, he confesses and is executed."

"When a confession cannot be obtained," said Hornby, "it is easy to get evidence. I was talking, just before I left this country some months ago, to a Moollah, or judge of one of the principal courts in Asia Minor. 'We have,' he said, 'in my court a set of witnesses as well drilled 'as any of the Sultan's regiments. It is a regular pro-'fession. Day after day, I see the same persons get up 'and hear them swear that they saw the money which 'the plaintiff claims, lent to the defendant, or that they 'saw the defendant repay it to the plaintiff, or that 'they saw A. B. assault C. D., or that they saw A. B. 'in Smyrna on the very day that he is accused of having 'beaten C. D. in Scala Nova. In short, that they saw 'whatever either party wishes them to have seen. Of 'course I do not believe a word that they say, but yet 'their evidence is useful; I doubt whether we could get 'on without it. When the moral proof is complete, but 'the technical proof is deficient, they supply it. They 'enable me to convict a man, whom I know to be guilty,

'but against whom perhaps without them there would be 'only circumstantial evidence. They enable me to decide 'that the defendant has repaid the money, which I know 'was never lent to him.' In fact," continued Hornby, "the evidence of these professional witnesses is a legal fiction. It is a rough way of giving to the court a sort of barbarous equitable jurisdiction."

"And it has the further advantage," said L. M., "of enabling the court to decide in favour of the party who bribes the highest."

We talked of the kingdom of Greece.

"The boundary of Greece," said L. M., "if such a kingdom was to be created, ought to have been the Haliacmon, the modern Indge Karasu, which separates Thessaly from Macedonia. Mount Othrys, the present frontier, excludes Thessaly, the inhabitants of which are Grecks in race and feeling. On the other hand, to include in Greece Macedonia, would be absurd. The Macedonians are Bulgarians. They hate the Greeks, and would have been more troublesome to Greece than Thessaly is to Turkey."

"The anti-Turkish feeling of the Thessalians," said N. O., "has been exaggerated, or has much subsided. The Thessalian insurgents at the beginning of the war were immigrants from Greece. Their real object was cattle and sheep stealing, and an enormous booty they made. Turkish administration on the frontier has been improving; that of Otho continues to be rapacious and weak. I doubt whether much good would be done now by giving Thessaly to Greece."

"In reality," said L. M., "the vehement desire of the

Greeks to be reunited to the Thessalians, their yearning after their brothers in race and in arms, was a vehement desire, a yearning of the Greek bureaucracy for a new country *pour exploiter*, with governorships, and deputy-governorships, and police courts, and custom-houses, and other snug berths worth a patriot's acceptance."

"Those Thessalians," said N. O., "who are anxious to become Greeks, can do so very easily. About one-third of the soil of Greece belongs to the Government. It lets it cheap; there are vast tracts of fertile land unoccupied. The Thessalians have only to cross the frontier and settle on it; but they do not do so. On the other hand, the emigration from Greece to Thessaly is very great. The faults of the Turkish character, their ignorance, carelessness, and intolerance are in some respects favourable to the Rayahs. The Turks do not like to live among them, they keep to the plains, and allow large villages of Greeks among the mountains to manage their own affairs, and raise and apportion their tithe and haratch without ever seeing a Turk. The Turk despises the Christian too much to take any trouble to oppress him, or even to make him pay what he owes. The Greek government is a teasing, exacting master. I was in Thessaly during the insurrection; there was neither enthusiasm nor courage among the insurgents. A dozen of them would run away from a single Turk. Their only object seemed to be to plunder the inhabitants, and to get pay from the Queen."

Sunday, October 11th.— An event took place yesterday, which has excited the diplomatic world.

M. Thouvenel gave a dinner to the Turkish ministry.

All were present except Fuad Pasha. He excused himself on the plea of illness.

The Sultan selected that day to pay a visit to Reschid Pasha. He went in great pomp in his state caïque soon after noon, walked with Reschid over his garden, dined with him, spent in short eight or nine hours with him, and did not return till night.

It is the only visit that this Sultan has ever paid to any but his own sisters or daughters, and on these occasions it has been to the harem only, and the husbands have been excluded. The ministers, on their way to M. Thouvenel's, passed the sultan's caïques moored before Reschid's door. It is said that this was the first intimation of the visit which reached them. It seems probable, however, that Fuad knew of it, and therefore excused himself.

In this country political changes are generally abrupt. A ministry believes itself to be basking in the Sultan's favour, and receives notice, through the imperial cavasses, that they are out of office. Often they themselves are unable to discover the cause of their fall. Sometimes they can trace it to an intrigue in the harem; sometimes it is the revenge of an ambassador, whose demands they have resisted; sometimes it is a drunken caprice of the master. Many people tell me that Reschid will be grand vizier again before I go. The Sultan, they say, is waiting only for the fortunate period of a new moon to recall him.

Monday, October 12th.—I walked before breakfast with P. Q., an Englishman, who has long resided in the Levant, to Yenekoi, an old Turkish, Greek, and Armenian village,

nestled in at the opening of a long deep valley. On the side of the hill above it is a holy well, in a small grotto, before which a lamp is kept alight. Little bits of white rag and locks of hair are nailed about on the roof, probably charms or votive offerings. There are several large houses, painted with the dingy red or grey, which till within the last twenty or thirty years were the only colours allowed to unbelievers. It is a more decent village than Therapia. The streets are less horribly paved, and the roads leading up to the hills are tolerable, and wind among picturesque coffee houses, overshadowed by gigantic walnuts and stone pines. I am told that on Sunday the neighbourhood in their best clothes flock to these coffee houses, and establish themselves under the trees in family parties, on extemporised divans. On our return we were joined by W., an English merchant settled in Galata.

"Turkey," said W., "exists for two purposes. First, to act as dog in the manger, and to prevent any Christian power from possessing a country which she herself in her present state is unable to govern or to protect. And secondly, for the benefit of some fifty or sixty bankers and usurers, and some thirty or forty pashas, who make fortunes out of its spoils. It is the land of jobs. All these palaces, all these terraced gardens, are the fruit of jobs, when they are not the fruit of something worse. All the most respectable statesmen are jobbers. Reschid Pasha during his different vizierships sold to himself at low prices large tracts of public land. He built a palace at Balti Liman, and sold it for 200,000*l.* to the Sultan, who made a present of it to his daughter married to Reschid's son."

"He must be rich," I said.

"You cannot call a man rich," said W., "who every five or six years is in distress, and is relieved by a present from the Sultan of fifty or sixty thousand pounds; but he has a large income, though apparently not equal to his expenditure. In general," he continued, "a man here makes his fortune, not by saving and investing money, but by borrowing. The great Armenian bankers, in whose hands the court always is, are on the look out for young men fitted to get on; that is, young men with good talents and persons and connections, and few scruples. To such a man they will lend ten thousand pounds or twenty thousand pounds, to be spent in bribes and ostentation, and the other modes in which money leads in Turkey to power. While he is struggling on he can pay little interest; but as soon as he gets a place, or a contract, or a monopoly, he pays ten, or fifteen, or twenty per cent. In the meantime, the banker is his protector, advances him money when a patron wants backshish, or an accusation, or a witness is to be bought off, or a judge is to be bribed, and is reimbursed not only by usurious interest on the loan, but out of the patronage or the jobs at the disposal of his creature."

We talked of the Principalities.

"Austria," said P. Q., "is right in opposing their union. There is a young Wallachia and a young Moldavia, democratic and socialist, which want only a little more strength to make them hotbeds of sedition and revolution. That strength they would get if they could obtain a majority, or even a considerable minority in the national assembly of

the united provinces. Such an assembly would be free from the control of Turkey. The Slavonic population of Austria, in which, in her hatred of the aristocracy, she has herself propagated socialist opinions, would sympathise with them; the lower Danube might be another Lombardy to Austria."

"These motives," I said, "ought to make Russia fear the union."

"Perhaps," he answered, "she is too strong to fear anything. Perhaps she hopes that the United Provinces may become so unruly that she may have a pretence for entering them, in order to keep the peace."

"What," I said, "would you do with them?"

"I," he answered, "would give them at once to Austria; they must eventually belong to her or to Russia. Turkey cannot govern them; they have not strength or civilisation enough to be independent. Austria could hold them against Russia. Her interests are naturally the same as those of England. She is, as respects Western Europe, a pacific, unaggressive power. We cannot strengthen her too much."

"As for the integrity of Turkey," said W., "as a permanent arrangement, it is impossible. We may dose her with Hatt-i-Humáyoons, but she is past physic, 'nullum remedium agit in cadaver.' She is worse than a corpse; she is a corpse in a state of decomposition."

"There is an objection," I replied, "to this plan, which seems to me fatal: the Austrians are detested in the Principalities. Their rule was much worse than that of Russia or Turkey. They could only hold them, as they hold

Venice, by the sword, at an expense beyond their revenue. Austria ought to refuse them."

"It is true," answered P. Q., "that they detest the Austrians; but it does not follow that to govern them would cost Austria more than their revenue. They are a miserable mixed population of Croats, Serbs, Roumans, and Moldavs, without cohesion or leaders, who will crouch before any master whatever. They are sheep. Whoever has them will shear them; and we ought to entrust that office to a sovereign strong enough to hold it, but not strong enough to be dangerous."

"You have lived many years," I said to W., "in this country; you know its deficiencies and its capabilities; you say that it is in a state of decomposition. Can you suggest any means by which that decomposition can be arrested?"

"I can suggest none," he answered, "by which it can be completely arrested. I can suggest no measures by which the Principalities, or Servia, or Egypt, or perhaps Thessaly, can be permanently united to Turkey; but I think that there are means by which the disorder might be prevented from spreading further."

"Suppose yourself," I said, "Sultan, what measures would you take for that purpose?"

"The very first thing," he said, "that I would do, would be to send away all the ambassadors. No country can prosper whose administration is perpetually interfered with by foreigners; who, even if they were honest and well-intentioned, would make mistakes, and being, as they are, dishonest, selfish, and often ill-disposed, make mischief intentionally. Take the simple matter of roads, the thing of

all others most needful. Lord Stratford with great difficulty persuaded the Turks to make a road from Trebisond towards the Euphrates."

"This," I said, "was not one of the evils of foreign interference."

"No," he answered. "Lord Stratford really wishes to improve Turkey; but he is an exception to all rules. Well, the Russians felt that the road would divert the commerce of Turkey with Persia from its present route through Teflis and Georgia; so they resolved to prevent it. They got —— Pasha sent to Trebisond to manage it, and let him know that if he would stop the road-making he should be protected. He was there for two or three years, took care that not more than two or three miles of road should be made, pocketed all the money, and returned when the road was forgotten. So it is with everything else. Every grand vizier has his foreign supporters and his foreign opponents. His supporters try to turn his administration into a job for their own petty interests, or for their own petty vanities or hatreds; his opponents try to make it a failure. They strive, often with success, to render all his measures fruitless, or even mischievous. How, I repeat, can a country flourish which is so teased, and worried, and perplexed; which is sometimes bullied, sometimes deceived, and almost always misled?"

"And what," I said, "would be your next step?"

"The next step," he answered, "would be to tear the capitulations. The capitulations withdraw from the Turkish law a set of Ionians, Maltese, Algerines, and Croats, the refuse of their own semi-barbarous countries.

who cheat, rob, and murder with impunity, under the ægis of consular protection. A Maltese killed a man in Bujucdereh four days ago. So little did he fear the consequences, that within an hour after the murder he was transacting business in the office of the British consul. He knows well that the worst that can happen to him is to be sent to Malta to be acquitted by a Maltese jury. If his neighbour's cattle stray into an Englishman's vineyard, he runs straight to Lord Stratford. 'Here,' he says, 'is a pretty piece of business! We have 'been shedding our blood for these damned Turks, and 'they drive their bullocks among my vines; they have 'done me a thousand pounds' worth of damage.' Lord Stratford complains to the Minister of Foreign Affairs. The minister cannot find out whose cattle were the culprits, or he says that it was the Englishman's fault for not keeping up his fences, or he estimates the damage at five shillings instead of a thousand pounds. A correspondence follows, which swells into a blue book, and the ultimate result is that the village is taxed to pay a hundred pounds for half-a-dozen vines. Of course the Turks try to keep out these privileged intruders. Any one who sells land to a foreigner is execrated by his neighbours for bringing among them a litigious tyrant, above their laws, and indifferent to their opinions. But if the capitulations were destroyed, if Turkey were to reassume the rights which are enjoyed by every European state, if all who inhabit her soil were subject to her laws, both the government and the people would endeavour to attract strangers."

"But will strangers come?" I asked; "will they expose themselves to the injustice and corruption of Turkish courts?"

"They *will* come," he answered. "The climate and soil of many parts of Turkey are so admirable, and the price at which land can be obtained is so moderate, that as soon as the obstacles now opposed by the Turks to immigration are removed, immigrants will flock in in thousands. They are wanted for their capital, they are wanted for their diligence, they are wanted for their skill, they are wanted even for their bodily services. All Turkey is under peopled, there are whole districts fertile and healthy almost deserted."

"But what Christian," I asked, "will inhabit a country in which his oath cannot be received against a Mussulman's? What safety can there be there for property or for life?"

"The Hatt-i-Humáyoon," answered P. Q., "forbids any distinction between the oath of a Mussulman and that of a Christian. We *can* insist, and we *must* insist, on the observance of this clause in the Hatt-i-Humáyoon."

"And what," I asked, "would be your next measure?"

"I believe," answered W., "that this would be enough. I believe that Turkey, relieved from foreign interference and animated by foreign immigration, would improve herself."

"You must be aware," said P. Q., "that your measures are impracticable; that the Christian powers will not allow their ambassadors to be dismissed, nor their capitulations to be abolished. Can you suggest anything that *is* practicable?"

"I have nothing else to suggest," answered W.; "nor do I believe that anything can be suggested that would be of real use, while Turkey is under the diplomatists and the capitulations."

"And what," I said, "is to be the result?"

"I will not prophesy," answered W., "more than this, namely, that Turkey, if she goes on as she *is* going on, will break to pieces; though how or when I cannot foretell. The railroads will accelerate the catastrophe. They will give foreigners, principally Englishmen, a hold on the soil. Probably they will be bullied and cheated; most certainly they will bully and cheat. There will be more and more blue books, and some fine day we may be forced to take the country."

"*We* shall not take it," I said, "nor will France. As a distant dependency it would not be worth holding, even if it could be held. It can be taken only by the contiguous governments, by Austria, or by Russia. Russia, which has so well assimilated Bessarabia, could easily absorb and digest Moldavia, Wallachia, and Bulgaria, and perhaps Roumelia. So could Austria (if she were not so stupid and brutal a mistress) Servia, Bosnia, and Albania. France, of course, will add to Algeria, Tunis and Tripoli."

"And *we*," he said, "shall take Egypt."

"I think not," I answered; "we shall not be parties to a partition, and it is only by a partition that we could get Egypt. I hope that we shall do much better; that we shall make it an independent kingdom, or perhaps a dependency of the great Powers, under their joint protection."

Wednesday, October 14th. — We dined at the embassy, and met Mr. and Mrs. Hornby, and Prince Kurradgee, a Fanariot.

Mrs. Hornby talked of the Turkish ladies.

"The wives," she said, "of two pashas called on me, when we lived near Rumili Hissari. They were attended by two slave-girls, and by an old negress who seemed to act as duenna. After they had smoked their chiboocks, turned over all my clothes, and examined every corner of the room, one of them said, 'Now we want to see your 'men, for I hear that you have three.' This was true; there was my husband, Mr. Mansfield, and a cousin. I answered, 'that only one was at home, and that he was 'in the garden. It was my cousin, a handsome young 'man.' 'Send for him,' she said. The old negress looked as if she could have eaten her. I remonstrated. 'You 'know,' I said, 'that your husbands would not approve of 'it, and I am sure that that old woman will report you.' She insisted, and I was firm. She got angry, turned her back to me, sat down to the piano and thumped it violently; in short, behaved like a spoilt child in a passion. At last she said, 'that she would not go away till she 'had seen him, if she stayed all night.' I proposed that they should put on their veils, go into the next room, let the door be open, and peep at him through it. This was accepted.

"So I went for him, and he came up pretending to be bashful, and covering his face with his handkerchief. They desired him to take it off; and, if I had not stopped them, would have gone out to him into the room, in breach

of our agreement. They kept staring at him for half an hour, and I believe would have done so for a couple of hours, if I had not sent him away.

"A young Armenian friend of mine," she continued, "whose family have been suddenly reduced to poverty, is an excellent musician. He gives lessons. The wives of some of the pashas employ him. He finds them closely veiled, and attended by eunuchs. But when the lesson is long, the eunuchs get tired, and go into the next room and sleep on the divan. Thereupon the ladies unveil, and amuse themselves by teasing him, for he is a married man with children, and has no desire for the romance of an intrigue, or indeed for its danger. One of them gave him a rose. 'Pig,' she said to him, 'do you know what that 'means. It means that I love you, Pig.' 'Pig,' said another, 'you do not look at us. Are we not handsome?' And very handsome he says some of them are, but he looks at them as little as he can, and with fear and trembling. In a harem, and to a Rayah anything can be done; if the eunuchs should wake up, he might never be heard of again."

The prince is a pleasing young man.

"Only three families," he said, "of the old Fanariot nobility now remain; they have lost their influence, and have left the capital."

Friday, October 16th. — I engaged a caïque to take me to Constantinople to-day, but the French embassy had a water party, and inveigled from me my caïque men, who are, I find, open to such seductions; so I remained at Therapia, and took a long walk with N. O.

He has lately been visiting the Principalities, and gave me a lecture on them.

"What," I asked, "is the state of their civilisation?"

"If," he answered, "by civilisation you mean fine European houses, filled with fine European furniture, good French cookery and wines, ladies dressing at the rate of 1000*l.* a year, and the general exterior of Parisian life, you will find it among the higher classes in both provinces. You will find also a peasantry better off than the lower orders of most parts of the continent. The state of fortune of 300 peasant families, established on the estate of a friend of mine, was ascertained a few months ago. It was found that they possessed at an average 60*l.* per family. But if you mean by civilisation, knowledge, good sense, good principles, in short, the higher qualities of civilised men, you will find little of them. The peasantry and the small proprietors care and know about nothing but getting money, and spending it in gross pleasures. The people of the towns have most political feeling, and that feeling is in general vague, socialist, and democratic. The older portion of the great proprietors, many of whom have been in office, are corrupt, but have more sense and some experience. They know the evils of Russian and of Austrian rule, and wish for virtual independence, under the mild and almost nominal supremacy of Turkey.

"The younger portion of the great proprietors are theorists, who know nothing of their own country, of its wants or of its powers, and are eager for independence, for federation with Servia, or perhaps with Bulgaria, for an

elected president, a single assembly, the secularisation of the property of the church, and every kind of wild scheme. The only persons," he continued, "who can be said to have political opinions, are the large proprietors and the townspeople, and they, though divided on many subjects, are unanimous on one. They all desire the union of the provinces. During the war, Turkey was popular in the Principalities. All parties wished for virtual independence, though they intended to use that independence very differently. All believed that the Turkish supremacy was the condition under which that independence would be most easily obtained.

"When the withdrawal of the Russians made them to a certain extent free agents, they offered to raise a force to co-operate with the Turks. They are also agreed in wishing that their viceroy should be a foreigner. They suffered so much under the hospodars, that they are anxious to have a ruler not mixed up with any local factions; perhaps some of them think that if their viceroy be connected with any of the powerful European sovereigns, his great relations may support him against the pretensions of Turkey, whose supremacy they all wish to render as nearly nominal as possible.

"Turkey had a good game, but she has spoilt it. If she had always protested against the union, it would have been difficult to impose it upon her. I do not say that this would have been her best policy, but it would have been intelligible and effectual. But she consented at Vienna, and afterwards in Paris, to a protocol, declaring that, on the subject of union, the wishes of the Princi-

palities should be consulted. If the provinces had wished to remain separate, this would have done; but as soon as it was known that they desired union, the ground was cut from under her feet.

"What she had then to do was, to retain her popularity by consenting to the union, but on the conditions most favourable to her supremacy, especially that of a native prince, unsupported by European relations, whom she would have been able virtually to nominate. Instead of doing so, she resolved that there should be no union, and seeing too late the effect of the protocol, resolved to force, at least in Moldavia, the election of an anti-unionist divan. Orders to that effect were sent to the kaimacan, or lieutenant-governor, and were carried out by him with the violence and fraud which might be expected among Eastern semi-barbarians. On the other hand, the French consul at Jassy having received orders to produce an unionist divan, took into his pay some of the worst ruffians of the country, and bribed and bullied on his side."

"What interest," I said, "had France in the matter?"

"At first," he answered, "merely the desire to appear liberal and popular. The Emperor saw that the people of the Principalities were unionists, and wished to please them. Whatever be his unpopularity at home, he hopes at least to be forgiven by the liberal party abroad, and is always coquetting with it. Afterwards when the contest became serious, and attracted the attention of Europe, there may have been the desire of triumph, the desire perhaps to please Russia, and, in Constanstinople, eagerness on the part of Thouvenel to carry a point against

Lord Stratford, and to spite, perhaps to remove, the English *protégé*, Reschid.

"The motives to the conduct of Austria are obvious. She fears that the union of the Principalities may become the forerunner, and the nucleus of a federation, which may attract Croatia and her other Slavonic subjects. The opposition to the union by Austria of course made Sardinia support it. England, I think, ought to have been neuter. Instead of that she took part with Austria and Turkey.

"The Russian agents saw that this gave an opportunity to create a dispute between England and France, and to get some popularity for themselves in the Principalities. They therefore became unionists.

"An intelligent Russian diplomatist said to me, 'We are 'repaid for all our losses in the Crimea and in Bessarabia 'by what we have gained in the Principalities. From 'enemies we have made them friends.' Russia alone, in fact, has profited. England has supported the unpopular party, and has failed; France has been on the liberal side and has succeeded, but she has done so at the expense of a misunderstanding with her best friend — England, and of becoming hated in Turkey. Thouvenel's conduct in forcing the dismissal of Reschid is fatal for the present to any influence on the part of France, except through mere fear. Every Turk is indignant; every Turk knows that Reschid is the ablest and one of the most patriotic men in the empire; to lose his services at the dictation of a foreigner, because he supported the interests of Turkey in a matter in which that foreigner had no concern, is an affront, a humiliation, and an injury which will not be forgiven."

"And what," I said, "is to be done now?"

"The game," he answered, "has been so spoiled, that it is difficult to say. I do not think that, consistently with the terms of the protocol, the union can be refused. But Turkey, England, and Austria may require that the viceroy be a native. Russia and Sardinia of course will support a foreigner, but France might be induced to support a native, and as this is a matter untouched by the protocol, Turkey has so fair a right, not merely to be consulted, but to have a preponderating vote, that I have great hopes that the matter may be so arranged."

Dr. Dickson drank tea with us.

I asked if he had heard more of the murder of the woman near Telli Tabia.

"Yes," he answered. "Two children have deposed that they heard screams, and saw from a distance a man struggling with a woman in the field where the body was found, and that the man was dressed as a soldier. But it is clear that the murderer is to be let off. Yesterday the pasha in command of the district in which Telli Tabia and Bujucdereh are situated, came to Bujucdereh, sent for the soubaski, or head of the local police, and desired him to accompany him to the villages near Telli Tabia in order to arrest the murderer of the woman. 'The murderer of the woman,' answered the soubaski, 'is already in prison. I took him thither myself.' 'You mean the soldier,' said the pasha. 'But he is not the murderer. We know that the woman was murdered by a Rayah.' 'She was murdered,' answered the soubaski, 'by the soldier. I am not under your orders, and I will not go with you for the

purpose of arresting some innocent man.' So the pasha went with only his soldiers. I have not heard the result, but I have no doubt that some miserable Greek will be seized and hanged or sent to the bagnio, and the soldier released.

Thursday, October 15th.—I called on C. D. He talked of the Sultan.

"He is an amiable man," said C. D., "and for a Turk sensible. The stories which are told about his drinking to excess may or may not be true. I know nothing to confirm them."

"Reschid," he continued, "is their first man, but his intellect and his heart, though superior to that of any of his countrymen, want the firmness and energy of an European. The most sensible Turk that I have known is Edhim Pasha."

"I knew him," I said, "two years ago at Cairo: first as Minister of Foreign Affairs, then as Governor of Cairo, which he now is. He is a Janissary, and has a fish, the symbol of the regiment to which he belonged, tattooed on his arm."

"He has ravelled," said C. D.; "he has been knocked about in the world, and without much knowledge, according to European ideas, he has good sense. The more one sees of affairs, the more one feels that the one thing needful is common sense."

"I believe even now," he continued, "that a man of sense, with courage and a strong will, might save Turkey. The Sultan is the best obeyed sovereign in the world, not excepting even the Czar. They both enjoy religious as

well as political prestige; but the Sultan's supremacy is more reverently acknowledged than the Czar's. Anything that he commanded, short of ordering the muezzins to proclaim Christianity from the minarets, would be obeyed. I believe, too, that he feels the necessity of reform. It has become a tradition of his family. Both his predecessors were reformers."

"And they both," I said, "were victims to reform."

"Not Mahmoud," he answered.

"Was he not poisoned by the old Turkish party?" I asked.

"I think not," said C. D. "I believe that he died of excesses of all kinds. You are struck," he continued, "as every stranger is, by the barbarism of the country. Yet, even within my own time, it has made great advances in civilisation. Who, ten years ago, would have thought that the Sultan could guarantee to every one freedom of worship according to the religion which he professes—a guarantee which authorises not only toleration, but even change of religion? Yet this is the effect of the third article of the Hatt-i-Humâyoon. A little while ago a case occurred which tested the force of this article. A Turkish man and woman turned Christians. The Ulema were consulted, and admitted that according to the third article of the Hatt-i-Humâyoon they were entitled to do so. I understand that there are many villages, and even districts, in which the inhabitants became Mussulmen only from fear, and are now returning to Christianity. Until the Hatt-i-Humâyoon was issued this was a capital crime."

"As conversion merely from one Christian sect to an-

other," I said, "is now in Tuscany, and I believe in some other parts of Europe. The Turks have become more tolerant than some Roman Catholics."

"What do you hear of the heir?" I asked.

"Little," he answered; "he is believed to be learned, which means that he knows the Koran by heart. The Sultan is said to be relaxing the old policy of his family, and allowing him a little communication with the external world. If he does so, I think that he ought to send him out of the country—to France or to England. His presence here, if he should become, even without his own consent, the centre of any knot of intriguers, might be dangerous. Though the Sultan is, as I have said, implicitly obeyed, he is not safe. He is not safe from a revolution in his palace or in Constantinople. Nor is he safe from a Greek or a Slavonic revolt.

"About three years ago there was an *émeute* among the students, perhaps a couple of thousand, of the medresses, or colleges, attached to the mosques of Stamboul. They were believed to be excited by Mehmet Ali, then seraskier, or commander-in-chief. It lasted for a couple of days. The ministers were alarmed, and, in fact, did nothing. The Sultan had to act for himself. He went to the seraskier's, and summoned his ministers to meet him there, and ordered the second in command to put the mutineers down. About 800 of them were seized, and sent to Candia, and the movement was stifled. But, with a little longer indecision, it might have become serious."

"Nicholas," he continued, "has been accused of rashness and of ambition; but he was scarcely a free agent. He

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submitted to the necessities of his position. Turkey had been bullied by Austria and by France. The miserable remnant of Latins had gained through France an advantage over the Greeks. The Russians were murmuring. He would have lost his prestige if he had remained quiet. The Turks, too, were beginning their reforms. It was necessary to crush them before they had strengthened themselves. Nor did he expect war. He exaggerated his own power and undervalued that of Turkey, and never believed in her resistance."

"It is generally thought," I said, "in Europe that the rejection by the Turks of the Vienna note was Lord Stratford's doing; that he pointed out to them the interpretation unfavourable to Turkey of which it was susceptible."

"It is a mistake," he answered. "Lord Stratford's instructions were favourable to the Vienna note. He showed them to Reschid, but gave no opinion of his own. After an interval of three or four days, Reschid expressed his disapprobation of the note, and said that he could not sign it. Lord Stratford did not attempt to remove his objections, and I do not see how he could do so as an honest man, for, in fact, they were well founded, and Russia, by admitting that she interpreted the note as the Turks did, showed that they were so. But Lord Stratford did not suggest them."

We talked of the Principalities.

"I fear," said he, "that things may not pass off at the Congress of Paris so quietly as is expected. Austria and Turkey are violently and obstinately opposed to the union, and France, for reasons which I cannot make out, is as violent in its favour. When I was told, that Thouvenel

threatened to strike his flag if the elections were not quashed, I scarcely believed it. The threat seemed to be out of proportion to any interest, or shadow of an interest, which France can have in the question."

Saturday, October 17*th.*—Baron Marochetti is in Constantinople to examine the site of the Scutari monument. He is well satisfied with it, and with the foundation. He slept yesterday at Therapia, and accompanied me to-day to Constantinople, where I am to spend two days with Mr. Lafontaine, one of the two managers of the Ottoman Bank.

On our arrival we took a cavass from the bank, a fine-looking Turk with a sword, and walked towards the Suleimanyah, or mosque of Suleiman the Magnificent. On our road we passed the Burnt Column, a column of porphyry said to have been plated with brass, which the Turks melted by lighting fires around it, and the tombs of Sultan Mahmoud and his family, placed under a dome of white marble, and connected, as almost all public monuments are in the East, with a fountain. These fountains are always enclosed. They are covered by a domed roof, rising from a deep cornice slightly curved upwards, supported by marble walls. Light is given by windows latticed in brass, on the sills of which are brass cups always filled with water.

The fore court, or harem, of the Suleimanyah, surrounded by domed arcades, with a fountain in the centre, is now filled with a mass of cavalry accoutrements, old saddles, and horse rugs, which the Turks threw there at the end of the war, and have not removed. It is closed, therefore, to the

public; and we could only look through a window in the mosque at its elegant marble colonnades.

The mosque is nearly a square, being 234 feet by 227; rather less than Santa Sophia, which is 243 by 229. It covers 52,118 square feet, which is a little less than the area of the cathedral of Salisbury. The central dome is said to be of the same diameter as that of Santa Sophia, but 20 feet higher. To my eye, the difference was not perceptible. The smaller semi-domes, which assist in giving light to the aisles of Santa Sophia, are wanting.

In their place the aisles are lighted by ten small domes, five over each; which perhaps is a better arrangement. Three congregations, each consisting of a circle of persons lying on the ground, to whom a moollah, seated on a chair, was preaching with much animation, occupied the whole breadth of the mosque. We were therefore unable to walk round it, or to examine the painted glass of the windows, towards the garden, which is said to be fine. We could not even approach the four great columns, sixty feet high, which, with the four piers at the corners, support the arches on which the great dome rests.

The decorations of Santa Sophia, which must have rendered it, while they were uninjured, the most magnificent interior in the world, are wanting. The colouring is principally white and blue. But, in form and proportion, I am inclined to think that the Suleimanyah quite equals Santa Sophia.

After walking some time on the terrace, which runs along one of the highest plateaus in Constantinople, and commands the whole city, the Golden Horn, and the

Bosporus, we were attracted by a beautifully proportioned dome, rising from an octagonal base in the garden or cemetery of the mosque. We found that it covered the tombs of Suleiman the Magnificent, the founder of the mosque, of his wife, Roxalana, and of five or six of his children, whom he is said to have put to death in infancy.

The interior consists of a dome rising from eight arches, supported by columns of variously coloured marble, principally red and green, the walls wainscoted with porcelain, covered sometimes with inscriptions, in bold Arabic characters, sometimes with Arabesques, and sometimes with flowers, or with patterns taken from flowers. The dome, which is lofty in proportion to its width, is painted with a complicated pattern, in which red predominates. On the walls the predominant colour is blue. The beauty of the proportions, and the richness and harmony of the colouring, are of course incapable of description, but they are such that Marochetti could scarcely leave the building. We stayed there for perhaps half an hour, and if the guardians had not been impatient, might have remained still longer. The actual tomb, as is the case with all the royal tombs in Constantinople, consists of a coffin covered with a rich pall, with a turban at the end, protected by a fence of cedar wood, inlaid with mother-of-pearl. The Sultan's coffin is about twelve feet long and four high, his wife's about one-third of that size, and each of the children's about half the size of hers.

R. S. joined us after we quitted the Suleimanyah, and took us to visit Ismail Pasha, the Minister of Commerce. On our way he told us Ismail's history.

"His family were Greeks of Scio. When the island was ravaged during the war of independence, he was adopted by a Turkish family, educated as a Mahometan, and sent to study medicine in France. On his return he became physician to the Sultan's harem. The Sultan is fond of him; he was supposed to have too much influence, and was sent away by Aali Pasha, then grand vizier, to govern Smyrna. Here he showed administrative talents and decision. He made war on a band of robbers, which rendered the neighbourhood of the town insecure. He killed, and beheaded, until he had reduced them to four, of whom Yani Katergee, a man of great activity and courage, was the chief. He was induced by a promise of pardon to give himself up. Ismail ascertained that the three who remained at large, found, from time to time, shelter and supplies in a small village in the mountains. He sent for the chief men, accused them of harbouring the robbers, and threatened to destroy them and their village. They, of course, protested their innocence. He took them apart into an inner room, and showed them a bag of gold. 'There,' he said, 'are 10,000 piastres. If within one 'week you bring me the heads of those three men, you 'shall have this money: if you do not, you may as well 'join them, for I shall treat you, as I treat them.'

"He would listen to no excuses, and turned them out.

"Before the week was over they brought to him a bag containing three heads. Yani Katergee identified them as the right ones, and the villagers received the 10,000 piastres. The first time that the robbers had sought shelter in the village they were kindly received, drugged with opium or hashish, and killed in their sleep."

"What became," I said, "of Yani Katergee?"

"He is in the bagnio of Constantinople," answered R. S. "Ismail is unusually conscientious; he would not release him, but he would not behead him. Yani, however, is ungrateful. He sent the other day, through the surgeon who visits the bagnio, this message to Ismail: 'Tell 'him that some day I shall get out, and that I shall employ 'my first two hours of liberty in killing him.'"

"I suppose," I said, "that Ismail made his fortune in Smyrna."

"He had little," said R. S., "and now he has property and lives expensively; he must have made a fortune somewhere; but he was popular in Smyrna and is popular here; so that he has not enriched himself by any means that are thought scandalous in this country. A pasha can scarcely remain poor, unless he is absolutely indifferent to money. Reschid Pasha's palace and park on the Bosporus must be worth 200,000*l.* As building ground they are perhaps worth 300,000*l.* On the death of the last proprietor without male heirs, they escheated to the sultan, and were sold by auction. Reschid was grand vizier, and bought them for 25,000*l.* Of course no one bid against the grand vizier."

"But," I asked, "if any one had outbid Reschid, and bought them, what would have been the consequence?"

"It is useless," said R. S., "to inquire what would have happened in an impossible case. So wild an idea as that of bidding against a grand vizier, or even against a pasha, never entered into any one's head. Reschid was very liberal in bidding 25,000*l.* He might have bought them for 1000*l.*

We passed through several courts and long passages, full of attendants and suitors, and at last reached the curtain of the room occupied by his Excellency. We lifted it, and found him with his pipe, smoking, listening to applicants, and signing papers, with his seal smeared with ink.

He put us by his side, gave us pipes and coffee, and talked to us in the intervals of business.

He asked me what I thought most wanted in Turkey.

I answered roads and pavements.

"Pavements," he answered, "we shall have. There has been a contract for more than a year for paving Pera, and next year we begin."

"And when," I said, "do you begin your road to Adrianople?"

"Never," he answered, "a macadamised road. The traffic requires a railroad. The macadamised road would be an useless expense. We shall begin by railroads, and connect them by macadamised roads."

"And I hope," I said, "that you will diminish or abolish your export duties."

"I hope," he answered, "that we shall abolish them. They aggravate, if they do not create, the unfavourable balance of trade, which is ruining us. We import from Europe all but the rudest manufactures, and our export duties force us to pay for them in specie."

"As respects your import duties," I said, "you have nothing to learn. You are the best free traders in the world. I wish that you could give some lessons to France."

"I cannot blame the French," he said. If they let in your cottons their own would be ruined. The French manufacturer pays twice as much for his steam-engine as you do."

"That," I said, "is because France prohibits English iron."

"And he pays," said the Pasha, "three times as much for his coal."

"That," I said, "is because France prohibits English coal."

"Of course she does," replied the Pasha; "she *must* do so. Her own iron works and coal mines could not compete with yours."

The nature of his political economy did not induce me to prolong the discussion. We talked on our way home of the prospects of the Turks.

"I see no hope for them," said R. S., "while they remain Mussulmen; polygamy and the seclusion of women are interwoven with that faith; and no country that is cursed with them can be civilised. A Turk has no friends, for friendship requires intimacy between families, and a Turk cannot even allude to the harem of his acquaintance. Brothers by the same mother may indeed be friends, but those by different mothers imbibe in infancy the mutual hatred of their mothers. Turks do not read, do not talk; their only object is to get money, to be spent in immediate pleasure or ostentation, on fine women, fine horses, or fine houses run up with wood, which the next heir allows to fall to pieces. In a country in which there is no aristocracy, except the temporary one of office and power, in which

neither birth, nor wealth, nor education confer any distinction, in which every one, however rich or highly placed, knows that in a generation or two his grandchildren or great grandchildren will be porters, or hewers of wood and drawers of water, or makers of papooshes, as his own father and his own grandfather were, there is little motive to save, or even to spend for permanent purposes. Then the absence of education, the absence of the traditional cultivation which is found only in aristocratic countries, and the absence of public opinion occasion a low standard of public integrity. Every man in office is assailed by bribes; the means of robbing the public, directly or indirectly, are every day in his hands; everybody among whom he lives employs them. In most cases he has had to bribe in order to get his place, and must bribe in order to keep it. How can we expect him to remain pure? All the beautiful palaces, all the graceful kiosks, all the terraced gardens that line the Bosporus, and crown its heights and promontories, are the creations of fraud, or corruption, or extortion, the arch-robber being the Sultan, who steals from the treasury more than a third of the public revenue. Foreigners, even Englishmen and Frenchmen, do not escape the infection of this atmosphere. Strange things have come to light in winding up the accounts of the commissaries and contractors during the war. They generally refused to deal with the great mercantile houses. They preferred making their purchases and contracts in the bazaars and the shops. Case after case has been before me in which they refused tenders from respectable firms, and purchased, at much higher prices, from men without

capital, to whom it was necessary to pay in advance. One man, a tailor, who had nothing three years ago, has now 150,000*l.* A fire took place at Varna, and destroyed a large quantity of the gunpowder of the French. A French storekeeper, however, found a native who had a considerable supply, which he was ready to sell, but, under the circumstances, at a high price. It was bought for the French army; I afterwards ascertained that it was a portion of the French stores which had escaped the fire."

"Were these frauds," I asked, "confined to the employés?"

"I must answer you," he said, "by quoting a Turkish proverb: 'The fish stinks most at the head.' It is remarkable," he continued, "that the great spread of corruption seems to date from the time when Sultan Mahmoud imposed an oath of office, by which every functionary promises perfect integrity. It may be that men find that they cannot keep the oath completely, and when they have once broken it are reckless."

"It is more likely," I said, "that the corruption produced the oath. Mahmoud probably saw or suspected what was going on, thought that he could check it by an oath, and failed, as every attempt of the kind has failed."

"You say," I continued, "that you have no hope for the Turks while they remain Mussulmen. Have you any hopes of Christianising them?"

"None," he answered; "but I have sometimes thought that, if a man of genius became Sultan, it would be in his power, with the assistance of Europe, to put himself at the head of the Christian population, and to found a new Greek empire."

"But he must be a Christian," I said.

"Of course," said R. S., "and that makes my scheme impossible. For, educated as a sultan always is, it is impossible that any knowledge as to what Christianity is should ever reach him. Having given to their sultan unlimited power, and almost unlimited duties; having made it necessary that every important measure should be approved by him, and almost every important paper signed by him; having obliged him to be the selector of his ministers, without any parliament or any press, or any public opinion to guide him, the Turks have taken care to unfit him for any business whatever, to prevent him from acquiring any knowledge of men or of things. He is kept in seclusion, without friends, or even acquaintances, seeing only his women and his slaves, until he ascends the throne. He is almost as much secluded even afterwards. He sees his ministers only when he sends for them on business; he pays no visits, he receives none; he lives among his servants, and in his harem. This man's only intellectual amusement is building. He is buying up the shore on each side of the Bosporus, and erecting lines of pasteboard palaces and kiosks which will stretch for miles. Out of the eight millions sterling constituting the public revenue, he is supposed to spend on himself and on his palaces between two and three, besides having incurred a private debt of about eight hundred millions of piastres, or about seven millions sterling. I will not prophesy," he continued, "as to Asia, but in Europe the Turkish population is dying out. A few years ago, I lived for a couple of years among the Rayahs of Mount Pelion. There is there a community of

about 60,000 souls who never allow a Turk to live near them. They have schools, churches, and much better houses than those of Pera. In the plains below them the Turks rob and murder, and starve. You see nothing here," he continued, "of Turkish rule. Here they are restrained by European opinion; but, in the remoter districts, where there is no consul to interfere, the Christians, unless they are numerous enough and bold enough to defend themselves, are treated not merely as slaves, but as slaves whom their masters hate. You may fancy what such a slavery is when the master is a barbarian."

"But what protection," I said, "can a consul afford to a Rayah? If one Turkish subject oppresses another, what has the consul to do with that?"

"Nothing legally," answered R. S., "much practically. When a Christian is oppressed, or chooses to describe himself as oppressed, he tells his story to the consul. The consul's feelings are excited; he knows how common Turkish oppression is; perhaps the Pasha or Mudyr complained of is an old friend, or an old enemy of his own, whose habits of violence, or of extortion, he has witnessed. He believes all that he hears; he likes to show activity and liberality, and sympathy with the oppressed, and makes a report, perhaps with some colouring of his own, to the ambassador. The ambassador, 'disclaiming all right 'to interfere, yet thinks that he ought to communicate to 'the Minister of Foreign Affairs, or perhaps to the Grand 'Vizier, the information that he has received.' The Minister or Vizier, bored, perplexed, and worried, 'is most grateful to 'the ambassador for his communication, and knows well

'that his Excellency was influenced in making it only by 'his disinterested wish for the prosperity of the Turkish 'Empire, and for the base of all prosperity, justice, and 'integrity among its officers.' And ultimately the Mudyr or Pasha is rebuked; he is told that his proceedings occasion trouble, and that he must be cautious how he does anything which may offend the prejudices of any of the consular body."

Sunday, October 18th. — I had a long conversation at breakfast with R. S. and his younger brother, a merchant in Galata, on the state of the Turkish money and finances.

The gold piece is worth nine-tenths of an English sovereign, or 18*s*. It is divisible into 100 piastres, so that 110 piastres make 1*l*., and 1,000,000 piastres make 90,000*l*. But a large amount of paper piastres has been issued not convertible, the value of which fluctuates, but with a constant tendency to fall. It is supposed that about 260,000,000, representing 2,340,000*l*., have been issued; and that, according to the wants of the treasury, or of the Sultan, further issues have been made, and will be made, from time to time. To-day the 1*l*. sterling is worth 150 piastres.

There is also a base coin called beshlics, of which 400,000,000 have been issued, of the real value of 200,000,000.

The first thing to be done is to withdraw from circulation the paper and the beshlics, at an expense, amounting together to 460,000,000, or about 4,140,000*l*.

The revenue of the state is supposed to amount to 9,000,000*l*. sterling. From this the Sultan takes what he

likes — he is supposed to take about 2,500,000*l.* This, however, does not pay his expenses. He has contracted a debt of about 800,000,000 piastres, or 7,200,000*l.*, for which he has given promissory notes, some with interest, some without; some with a fixed day of payment, some without.

The treasury also is supposed to owe to government contractors, and to other persons with whom it has dealings, about 400,000,000 piastres, or about 3,600,000*l.*

The floating debts, therefore, of the state, and of the Sultan, including the expense of calling in and redeeming the paper and base money, amount to 1,660,000,000 of piastres, or about 14,940,000*l.* sterling. Thus constituted: —

Paper and base money . . .	£4,140,000
Sultan's debt	7,200,000
Government floating debt . . .	3,600,000
Total . .	£14,940,000

But in the present daily depreciation of the paper piastres, and the doubtfulness of the real value of the floating debt, it is supposed that the whole 14,940,000*l.* could be bought up for 10,000,000*l.* sterling.*

* Athens, November 26th, 1857.

I received a letter from R. S. to-day, in which he says: —

"The Sultan, like most distressed people, has under-rated his debts. We now find that they amount to 10,000,000*l.*, instead of 7,000,000*l.* Of this sum, spent, or supposed to have been spent, in about three years, one-third, at the very outside, represents value received,— all the rest is robbery."

To carry out the scheme of redemption mentioned below, will require, therefore, a loan of 14,000,000*l.* instead of 10,000,000*l.*

For this purpose it is proposed to borrow 10,000,000*l.*, which it is supposed could be obtained at six per cent., payable in gold.

Were this sum raised, and honestly applied, the government would have a sound undepreciated currency, no floating debt, and a funded debt of only 18,000,000*l.*, the present funded debt being 8,000,000*l.*

The practical difficulty is, how to raise a fund for payment of the interest.

The proposal is to lay an excise duty on tobacco.

The present consumption is estimated at 500,000 lbs. a day, or 182,000,000lbs. a year, about 7 lbs. per head, on the whole population per year, worth about eightpence a pound. A duty of a penny a pound would produce 765,416*l.*; a duty, therefore, of twopence a pound, or twenty-five per cent., would produce 1,530,832*l.*—a sum sufficient to pay all expenses of collection, to leave a large margin for loss, and yet to pay the interest and extinguish the debt in less than twenty years.

"But," I said to R. S., "how are you to prevent the renewal of the floating debt?"

"As respects the treasury," he answered, "their debt arose during the war, and ought not to be renewed during peace; as for the Sultan, he has agreed, by the Hatt-i Humáyoon, to restrict himself to a civil list, and to publish his expenditure. If he will be satisfied with 1,500,000*l.* a year, which is more than the expenditure of Louis Napoleon, of Alexander, indeed of any European sovereign, three times as much as that of Queen Victoria, we shall do. It is monstrous that the finances of a great empire should

be ruined by the freaks of a madman, who having already some fifty palaces, wishes to build fifty more. Much as I dislike interference in the internal affairs of the country, I think that this is a matter which the diplomatic body should take up. They should point out to the Sultan the necessity of performing his promises, of fixing a civil list, and of adhering to it. It is the most important clause in the Hatt-i-Humáyoon."

"The English and French ambassadors," I said, "might interfere, for they really wish for the improvement of Turkey; but I doubt their being joined by the Russian, who certainly does not wish for the recovery of the patient."

"And as to the palaces and kiosks," said R. S., "they will be convenient to the Russian princes. There is accommodation on the shores of the Bosporus for all the grand-dukes and grand-duchesses."

I started with R. S. at eight, by the first steamer, to visit the Grand Vizier, Reschid Pasha, and Vefic Effendi, at their houses on the Bosporus. We were too late, however, for the Grand Vizier, and for Vefic. They also started at eight, to attend a council in Stamboul.

Reschid we found at home. R. S. proposed to him his scheme for the re-establishment of the Turkish finances. Reschid listened attentively, and approved it. He then turned to me, and talked about India.

"The French and Germans," he said, "think that the strength of England is in India, that if you lose India, you sink into a secondary power, like Holland."

"There cannot," I said, "be a greater mistake. If we

were well quit of India, we should be much stronger than we are now. The difficulty is, how to get *well* quit of it."

Several other visitors now came in.

In a Turkish house, the end of the room under the windows is occupied by the divan, the other end by the door; and on the two remaining sides chairs are placed along the wall, and never moved; the whole centre is empty.

We sat on chairs on each side of Reschid. The divan was vacant. The new visitors sat on the other side of the room, opposite to us. The conversation, therefore, across a room forty feet broad, was not confidential.

We finished our pipes, and left him; he begged me to let him see me again before I left the country.

T. U. paid me a visit in the evening. He is an Englishman who has for many years held a high rank in the Turkish service. He, too, talked of the prospects of Turkey; and took a different view of them, but scarcely a more sanguine one than that of R. S.

"Turkey," he said, "is like the man in Molière, who died of three physicians, and two apothecaries. She is the seat of war in which seventeen embassies, every one attacking every other, fight their battles at her expense. When Reschid is in power, France tries to spoil his policy, when Fuad or Mustapha succeeds him, England opposes him. Austria and Russia have each their *protégés* and their victims. For one friend, every minister has sixteen enemies, all intriguing against him, rousing against him the suspicions of his master, getting him whispered against

in the Harem, discrediting his reforms, preventing their being tried, or striving to defeat them when they are tried. Leave her quiet for ten years, and she will, at least to some extent, reform herself. But the bullying, and perverseness, and mischief-making of the ambassadors, make everything that is European distasteful to her. They defeat their object. We wish to promote the immigration of Christians into Turkey, and we are right in wishing it. But every Christian immigrant, protected by his capitulations and by his consul, becomes a little tyrant; he insults the Turks, breaks their laws, invokes his consul; and defies them. You must not suppose that the European *protégés*, except perhaps the Greeks, are fair samples of the people of their respective countries. They are the refuse of their fellow-subjects. The English *protégés* are Ionians and Maltese; the French are Arabs and Cabyles; the Austrian are Croats and Dalmatians.

"The Turks are a proud, reserved people, as fastidious and as sensitive as the most aristocratic Englishman. Of course, they take every means, fair and unfair, to keep out the vulgar, insolent, oppressive foreigner; and as long as the consciousness of diplomatic protection renders him insolent and oppressive, they *will* keep him out. Force him to behave well, by rendering him amenable to the laws of the country, and they will welcome him, or at least tolerate him."

"Are you," I said, "among those who believe the sickness of Turkey to be mortal?"

"I do not think," he answered, "that her internal dis-

orders *are mortal*, at least, such as to kill her within the period of our lives, or of those of our children. Of course in time she will fall to pieces as England will, as France will, as every empire will; and I think that I perceive causes at work which must prevent her lasting for many centuries. But I fear that she will not resist for many years what may be called the external source of disease, the poison of diplomacy."

"And what," I said, "are the principal *internal* diseases?"

"The great and permanent one," he answered, "is the diminution of the number of Turks, both positively and as compared with other Mussulmen, and still more as compared with the Greeks. The Turk is proud and idle; he is not a producer; he can multiply only by forcing subject races to work for him; his women, weakened by their unnatural life, and by premature marriage, are not prolific. The whole burden of military service falls on him, and the losses of a war, with Turkish hospitals, and a Turkish commissariat, are enormous. I have passed through whole districts in which I saw only women and old men."

"But now," I said, "the Rayahs are to take their turn in military service."

"The ambassadors," said T. U., "made poor Reschid insert that clause in the Hatt-i-Humáyoon. They claimed for the Rayahs the honour and the advantage of joining in the defence of the country; but the Rayahs protest against their new privilege. They are not fond of fighting, still less of fighting for Turks; and they fear that the Turks

will corrupt the faith and the morals of their children. The Turks, too, have had a warning from India. They see the danger of putting arms into the hands of a subject race. The only result is that instead of the Haratch, the Rayahs pay a new and larger tax to be excused from service.

"Under the influence of these causes," he continued, "the Turks are dying out, gradually in Asia, but quickly in European Turkey."

"And what," I asked, "is their next great disease?"

"I was dining the other day," he answered, "with several Pashas. 'What,' they said, 'is the principal change which you have observed during the thirty years that you have known Turkey?'

"'The great increase,' I answered, 'of corruption.'

"'I am not surprised,' said one of them, 'at your answer,' and the rest assented.

"This is bad, not only as a cause of evil, but as a sign. It shows that the higher classes have lost their self-respect; that they despair of the future, and are anxious merely to get the means of immediate employment. Then there is the pride of ignorance, the recklessness of the Mussulman character, the absence of education in their public men, the carelessness with which they are selected, their want of confidence in one another, their constant intrigues and quarrels; and I think these are diseases enough to make the man very sick, though, if he were left to himself, he might drag on for a long time."

Monday, October 19th. — I returned to Therapia.

In the afternoon I walked with Calvert through a wood, which extends for about a mile in length and half a mile in breadth, over the slopes and valleys above Buyucdereh. Part of it must be an abandoned pleasure-ground, for it contains avenues of cypress and stone pine, which evidently have been planted by man. Other parts, in which the chestnut predominates, appear to be ancient forest. Wherever there was an opening among the boughs, we looked down on the Bosporus to the south, and the Black Sea to the north.

We talked of Asia Minor, in which Calvert has spent some years, partly at Kaiseriyah and partly at Koniah.

"Kaiseriyah," he said, "has a bad climate, hot in summer, with a dry penetrating cold in winter; but in many respects it is an agreeable residence. The scenery is magnificent, as the great volcanic Mount Ergish, 13,000 feet high, rises above it, naked until it is clothed with perpetual snow, but bold and picturesque in form.

"The richer inhabitants have houses finer than those of Constantinople, and I found the Turks very hospitable and kind."

"What are the relative numbers?" I asked, "of the Mussulman and Christian populations?"

"The Mussulmen," he answered, "are three to one. The Christian women are more in the open air, and are healthier, and have more and healthier children. The Christians are gaining on them. The Christians, too, are more intelligent and diligent. They monopolise the trades of the towns; the Turks are generally agriculturists. Most

of the Turkish proprietors are heavily in debt; they do not know what are their incomes or their expenditure. They have fine horses, plenty of game, hunt and shoot, visit one another and the Europeans, attend to their estates, and lead a pleasant country gentlemanlike life."

"Of course," I said, "they have not much knowledge of literature?"

"Of course not," he answered; "they do not read, but yet they are fond of poetry; not of long poems, but of detached verses, or scraps of ballads, which they have learned by frequently hearing them.

"As for the government," he continued, "when I left Kaiseriyah ten years ago, it was better than I had found it a few years before, and it is said to have improved since. The nomad tribes, Turcomans and Kurds, who travel with their flocks and herds to the coast in winter, and to the central plateaus of Asia Minor in summer, are the pest of the country; they plunder and destroy along their line of march. The robbers, too, are a frightful nuisance. While I was in Kaiseriyah, the police were said to be in league with them; it was obvious that they made few efforts to put them down. Justice was on sale, and so was evidence, but there was not much active oppression. The taxes were light, and not rigorously exacted."

"Could a Turk," I asked, "who wished to build a house, seize the land of a Rayah?"

"Certainly not," he answered; "but perhaps he might obtain it through a court of law. The evidence of a Christian was not received against a Mussulman. Chris-

tians, however, in general were rather degraded than oppressed; they were not allowed to ride on horses, they were required to wear a peculiar dress. If a Christian met a Turk, even of the lowest class, it was his duty to stand aside with his hands crossed, until the great man, perhaps a porter or a beggar, had passed."

Thursday, October 22nd.—At this season it is difficult to obtain an interview with a Turkish minister. They live on the Bosporus, leave their houses at eight or nine in the morning, stay in their offices till four, and return at six. In warm weather you can dine with them and return by water, but an hour's row at night in an open caïque is now disagreeable; there are no roads, and, unless by a bright moon, one cannot walk over the hills.

I went, therefore, to-day with Mr. Alison, the Secretary of Legation, to Constantinople, in order to be presented to them at the Porte,—an unsatisfactory mode of visiting them, as you are always interrupted, but the only one practicable.

We rowed down in about two hours to Beshistash, where the Sultan has pulled down one large palace, and is building another, and walked up the hill by a road made by the French, to the English palace in Pera. It is a large square house in an extensive garden, looking down from the plateau of the Pera Hill, over a forest of ancient cypresses, to the Golden Horn.

We breakfasted at Miseres' Hotel, a good house, unpromising in front, but commanding a fine view behind. There we found Colonel Eber, and Signor Aristarchi and his wife, a pretty Greek. He is the logothete or channel

of communication between the Turkish government and the Patriarch of Constantinople. They asked us whither we were going.

"To the Porte," we answered.

"It is of no use," they replied; "you will find nobody. The ministry are out; Reschid Pasha is grand-vizier. The Black Ears called up Mustapha Pasha at midnight, and demanded the seal of office."

"Who is Black Ears?" I asked.

"Black Ears," they answered, "or, in Turkish, kara koulac, is an officer whose duty it is to notify to the grand-vizier and to the other ministers their dismissal. He always delivers the message a little after midnight."

"An unpleasant duty," I said.

"By no means," said Eber, "he gets a backshish. In good old times he had to strangle the vizier. After that practice was discontinued, he bore a message ordering him into exile. Now the fall from power is broken by a large pension, about 6,000*l.* a year."

"How is this change of ministry accounted for?" I asked.

"It was well known," answered Aristarchi, "that the Sultan parted from Reschid with great reluctance, and only under Thouvenel's threat, that while Reschid remained grand-vizier, there could be no real friendship between Turkey and France. Perhaps it was the spontaneous act of the Sultan; perhaps it was arranged between him and Reschid, during the long day that they passed together last week; perhaps some diplomatic intrigue is at the bottom of it,—perhaps some female one."

"The most probable solution," said Eber, "is that the Sultan wanted money, and that Mustapha could not or would not let him have it. Reschid, perhaps, is more compliant or more adroit. The paper piastre has fallen again to-day. A new issue may have taken place."

"Was there a new moon this morning?" I asked.

"Yes;" they answered; "why do you inquire?".

"Because," I replied, "I was told ten days ago that the Sultan was waiting only for the fortunate period of a new moon to recall Reschid."

"He was waiting," said Aristarchi, "for the month Zaphir to be well over. During that month, indeed, until three or four days after its expiration, no Turk begins any important piece of business. No one would lay the foundation of a house, or marry, or buy an estate during Zaphir. Zaphir kept Mustapha Pasha in power for some weeks."

As it was useless to visit the Porte, we went to the arsenal. We saw first Mustapha Pasha, not related to the ex-vizier, who is second in command of the Turkish fleet. He speaks very good English. Nearly all their large ships of war are sailing vessels. I asked, if it was intended to add screws to them.

"No;" he answered, "our ships decay so rapidly, that it is better to let them wear out, and to build new ones."

"I thought," I said, "that your ships, which seldom leave the Mediterranean, or indeed the Sea of Marmora, lasted for forty or fifty years."

"So," he replied, "they ought to do, and so they would do if they were built of timber, cut at the right season,

ARTHUR B HAWES, AUGT 1857.

M & N HANHART, LITH

STAMBOUL.

from a Wind

and properly seasoned; but I cannot get them to cut the timber in winter, or to keep it under cover a sufficient time. They cut it down when full of sap, and perhaps leave it in the forest, or by the road side in the rain or snow for months. The result is that our ships decay in seven or eight years."

When we had finished our pipes with Mustapha, we went on to visit Admiral Slade, who is superintendent of the dock-yard, under the title of Mushaver Pasha. He manned his boat, and rowed us by the side of the Fanal, up the Golden Horn, a scene of which it is impossible to tire. The great Turkish line-of-battle-ships were in the centre; beyond them were the forests of masts of the merchant vessels; then Stamboul rose to the south, between the cypresses of the Seraglio to the east, and those of Eyub to the west, while Galata and Pera, and more distant suburbs, divided by the dark green groves which mark cemeteries, ascended the hills to the north. Their minarets, domes, and houses of fantastic irregular architecture, and bright colours, separated from one another by green terraced gardens planted with cypresses, stone pines and planes, mounted tier above tier, until they met an horizon and a sky as clear and unclouded as those of Southern Italy.

The mutual adaptation of the different parts of the scenery of the Bosporus is striking; the flat sea, and the hills above it, swelling in gentle curves, are cut by the tall slender minarets and cypresses, and by the masts of the ships, — objects which, if they were placed among mountains or precipices, would lose their importance.

Half the charm would be gone, if, instead of the wooden Turkish houses, angular and picturesque, every low story projecting over the one underneath, until half the building overhangs the water, there were substituted English or French houses of stone or brick, with London-looking façades and pediments, and slate roofs and chimneys and chimney pots.

It is true that the beauty of Constantinople vanishes as soon as you land. You grope and stumble and fight your way through the rough, dirty, narrow, crowded, steep lanes that wind among these picturesque houses, and wonder what has become of the fairy-like palaces and gardens, which enchanted you from the water.

We looked at the workshops, in which the machinery of the steam navy is repaired; they do not attempt to make it. The workmen are Turkish, the superintendents English. They are sober hard-working men, but associate little with the Turks, and cannot be drilled into paying the outward respect which in this ceremonious country is expected by persons in office. They are less unpopular, however, than the French, whose contempt is active and aggressive.

In the middle of the arsenal is the kiosk and garden of the Sultan, in which he can sit in rooms wainscoated with porcelain and paved with marble, or under planes older than the Conquest, separated only by a wall from his dock-yard, and from the chained malefactors who form the bulk of the workmen in it.

Having heard much of the Bagnio in which these wretches are confined at night, I begged the Admiral to take me to it. It consists of a large open court, at the end

of which is a building of two stories. Each story is one long room divided into stalls by wooden fences, dark, unventilated, and dirty beyond description.

At the entrance of one of the stalls stood a man to whom Admiral Slade spoke; he was rather below the middle size, with no great appearance of strength, his features small, and the expression of his face rather depressed than fierce.

"This," said Slade, "is Yani Katergee. His message to Ismail Pasha has cost him dear. He is not allowed to quit this stall, and probably will never be released."

I was struck by the number of prisoners who were sitting idle in the sun.

"No one," said Slade, "is forced to work; if they do, as is the case with perhaps half of them, they receive a little more food and a little money.

"On the whole," he continued; "if I were to be in a prison, I think that I should select this. The sleeping accommodation shocks us, but it is quite as good as that in any other of our prisons; better than what these people, who are most of them Greeks from the islands, were accustomed to at home. By day they have a large court; if they choose to work, they have the whole arsenal; their labour is voluntary, and their lives are long. They are chained together, it is true, but that is a precaution absolutely necessary to prevent mutiny. You must remember that there is not a man here who does not deserve death. Some, like Yani Katergee, have been professional murderers for years.

In illness their chains are taken off,—a reform which I

obtained No attempt is made to tease them by imposing silence, or regular hours, or cleanliness. They have coffee-shops, and tobacco-shops in their yards, and a mosque and two churches; for a brigand who acknowledges the Patriarch of Constantinople will not pray with one who acknowledges the Pope. There is little punishment, perhaps not a tenth of what is inflicted in an English or in an American gaol. The few Mussulmen among them accept their confinement as the will of God, and the Christians, not being irritated by any vexatious rules imposed for the purpose of making their imprisonment irksome, are free from the vindictiveness which you see in the scowl of a French *forçat*. We have been walking freely among 800 of them without any guard."

Mr. Hornby, and W., sat with me in the steamer by which I returned.

"I am in hopes," said Hornby, "that we shall be able to punish the Maltese who killed a man in Buyucdereh last week. When I believed that his crime was murder, I despaired. The victim not being a Turk, the prisoner would have been tried in Malta. The witnesses are Turks. They could not have been persuaded to go to Malta, and in the absence of their evidence, he must have been acquitted. Probably, indeed, he would have been acquitted by a Maltese jury, whatever were the evidence. But the facts justify me in indicting him only for manslaughter. He can be tried therefore in my court."

"What sort of a jury will you have?" I asked.

"Not a very well constituted one," he answered; "six jurymen, three of them Maltese, three English. As the

act which gives me my criminal jurisdiction was originally drawn, the jury was to consist of seven, and to decide by a majority; but the law officers required unanimity."

"If the victim," I asked, "had been a Turk, what would have been done?"

"The Maltese would have been tried," he answered, "by the Turks; but in my presence, and I should have been entitled to give my opinion."

"And if you differed from the Turkish judge?"

"The matter would have been referred to the Porte. My ambassador would have interfered, and the Turks would have yielded, as in fact they always do. A Maltese or an Ionian, or, indeed, any foreigner, if he is supported by his ambassador, may do what he likes in Turkey."

"Nearly all the violent crimes of Constantinople," said W., "are the fruits of the wine-shops and spirit-shops, and those shops exist only because the English government forces the Turks to submit to them. By the Turkish law, neither wine nor spirits can be sold in retail. By the treaty of commerce, which was negotiated by Lord Ponsonby, English subjects are entitled to full liberty of trade in Turkey. We interpret this as giving them full liberty to trade in any manner whatever, in defiance of Turkish laws."

"Do you mean," I said, "that if the Turks prohibited the sale of poisons, an English subject would, notwithstanding, claim a right to deal in prussic acid?"

"Certainly I do," he answered. "The other day there was a fire in Salonica; the damage was much increased because an English subject chose to trade in gunpowder,

though forbidden by the Turkish laws. Some barrels were in his house, exploded, and knocked down whole streets. So Englishmen claim a right to open shops as tailors and shoemakers, though these trades in Constantinople are incorporated, and no Turk not a member of the corporation can exercise them. But there cannot be a stronger case than that of wine and spirit shops. Such shops are prohibited by the Turkish law; they are looked on with horror by the better Turks; they complain that their young men are corrupted there; but we insist that our treaty gives us a right to open them, and the only concession which we make is that they shall be licensed by our ambassadors. But what safeguard is that? What can the ambassador know of the character of the crowds of Ionians and Maltese who ask for licenses? It is only charitable to suppose that he knows nothing of them; for worse ruffians than the keepers of these shops, or worse dens of vice and crime than the shops themselves, do not exist. The Turks, who cannot conceive what interest the British government can have in diffusing drunkenness and depravity, account for our conduct characteristically. They suppose that the ambassador's people are bribed; and that the English government insists on its right to license the retail sale of wine and spirits, because the fees on licenses pay a part of the expense of the mission."

"And how do *you*," I asked, "explain our conduct?"

"I must suppose," he said, "either that the English ambassadors who introduced and have continued this practice were not aware of the extent of its mischievousness, or that they think that, as the treaty, according to their

interpretation of it, gives to English subjects a right to exercise in Turkey any trade whatever, in defiance of Turkish municipal law, the Ionians and Maltese have a vested right to diffuse drunkenness and crime,—a right which the English minister, though he may deplore it, must protect."

On my return I found that the "Ospray," the English despatch-boat kept for the service of the Embassy, had changed her berth. She was moored in the port of Therapia. She has now crossed over to the Asiatic side of the Bosporus, and lies at anchor near an uninhabited shore, below the Giant's Mountain.

"It is very inconvenient," said Captain Bloomfield to me, "as I am separated by a couple of miles of sea from the Embassy, with which I must be in constant communication; but I found that the wine and spirit shops, of which Therapia is full, demoralised my crew."

Friday, October 23*rd.* — I walked over with Alison to Rumeli Hissari, to breakfast with Vefic Effendi. After breakfast we strolled and smoked for a couple of hours in his garden, on one of the finest plateaus over the Bosporus.

"This house and garden," he said, "and the slope of the hill down to the town, I bought about five years ago. I could sell them for about ten times what I then paid. But though my capital has increased, the general rise of prices makes me feel rather poorer. I spend now, and have spent for several years, 1500*l.* a year, and I find that the regulation of my expenses requires more care than it used to do."

"What," I asked, "are the principal causes of the general rise of prices?"

"Wages," he answered, "have risen from several causes. First, from the great loss of men during the war. Secondly, from the increase of commerce, which has enormously increased the demand for outdoor labour. Our beasts of burthen are men. Our streets do not admit wheeled carriages or sledges, so that the transport which horses perform with you is effected by men here. Thirdly, the wealth obtained during the war is now being spent stupidly and lavishly by people who have not been trained to expenditure, and mismanage it. So much for the rise of general prices. As for the rise in the value of our land, the steamers have made the shores of the Bosporus, which were always frequented by statesmen and men of fortune, fashionable also among merchants and men of business. Our public men, too, are certainly richer than they used to be; they bring back more money from their pashalics, they seem to get more money here; at least, they spend more. Lastly, in the limited market of good building sites, the presence of so large a demander as the Sultan is important."

"Has land," I asked, "in the provinces proportionably increased in value?"

"Not quite in proportion," he answered; "but positively it has much increased during the last twenty years. Reschid Pasha's reforms, the direct collection of the property tax, which before his time was farmed, and the abolition of monopolies, and of the internal customs and octrois, gave a great impulse to agriculture, the strongest proof of which is their effect on the revenue. The re-

venue, when he began his reforms, was about five millions sterling. It fell at once to two and a half; but the next year it rose to six, then to seven, and now it is between eight and nine."

"Was not Reschid's abolition of monopolies," I asked, "incomplete? I hear that the butchers, the bakers, the tailors, in short, all the trades of Constantinople, are subdivided into corporations, each of which has a monopoly of its own trade, and regulates prices and even the details of manufacture. I am told that the monopoly of the butchers occasions meat to be bad and dear, that the bakers spoil the bread, and that, in other trades, improved instruments and processes cannot be introduced, because all innovation is forbidden by the corporation."

"That is peculiar," he answered, "to Constantinople. The tradespeople of Constantinople were too strong for Reschid, bold as he is."

"Is it true," I asked, "that we claim a right under our treaty of commerce to open shops in defiance of the corporations?"

"It is true," he answered.

"And is it true that we claim a right to exercise trades forbidden by the general laws of the empire, such as the retail trade in wines and spirits?"

"Unhappily," he answered, "that also is true. I cannot think this interpretation of the treaty fair or even plausible. When we gave to you full liberty of trade, we meant commerce, not retail trade. We meant that you might bring us cloth or leather, not that you might be our tailors or shoemakers. We meant you to bring us wine

and gin in barrels, not to open spirit-shops in breach of our religion and our laws, and to corrupt and poison our people.

"But you put your own interpretation on the treaty: there is no judge between nations; you are the stronger, and we must submit. Perhaps we are justly punished. We were insolent and unjust in our dealings with foreign nations in our day of power. Now in our adversity you trample on us. It is the will of God; but I sometimes wish either that I had been born before the foreigners came to interfere with us and to oppress us, or had been reserved for the time, which must come if we are to remain a nation, when this interference and oppression will have ceased."

"You call Reschid bold," I said.

"I know no one," answered Vefic, "with more moral courage. He and Sultan Mahmoud were the two greatest Turkish statesmen of my time. Mahmoud, perhaps, was the more remarkable, as he had to struggle with the greater disadvantages. Reschid was well educated; Mahmoud had no education, not even that of the world. When his brother was murdered, he was suddenly removed from the seclusion of the Seraglio to the throne. He found the Janissaries masters of Constantinople, indeed, masters of the empire."

"How many were there?" I asked.

"About 60,000," he answered, "but in Constantinople not more than 10,000. He resolved to put them down, and for ten years silently and systematically prepared the means of doing so. He could not interfere with their promotion, which was by seniority, but he could discharge

them. He gradually weeded out all their best officers, leaving only the stupid ones in command, and made friends of the good ones, whom he had removed. When those in the Etmeidan, who were not more than a couple of thousand, mutinied, he attacked them in front with his regular troops, but took care that their retreat should be open. They fled after the first discharge; few were killed. He issued violent proclamations against them, but sent private orders that facilities should be given to all who would disavow the character. There were 6000 on board the fleet; he desired them to be given up to him. The Capitan Pasha answered that he had none; that no one admitted himself to be a Janissary. About 800, who had been eminent for their crimes, were regularly tried and executed. Never was a great revolution effected with so little bloodshed. The accounts of it in the European histories are false almost from beginning to end."

We talked of the Bagnio.

"It seems to me," I said, "that having formerly abused capital punishment, you now use it too little. I am told that among the 800 men in the Bagnio, 600 are murderers and banditti—men who in any other part of Europe would be put to death."

"Our law," he answered, "as to capital punishment, is peculiar. It cannot be inflicted unless there is ocular evidence of the crime."

"But such," I said, "was not your practice."

"So far," he answered, "as our practice was otherwise, it was an abuse."

"Then," I said, "if I hear screams, go in their direc-

tion, and meet a man running away, carrying a sword covered with blood, and find another man just killed on the road, cannot the murderer be punished?"

"He can be imprisoned for life," answered Vefic, "but the evidence being only circumstantial, he cannot be put to death."

"Your laws," I said, "would be an interesting study."

"I could show you," he answered, "fifteen or twenty volumes of them, and many more volumes of our works on morality; but they are not translated. To know this country, you must do four things. First, you must learn the language; secondly, you must unlearn all your previous notions; thirdly, you must seek the truth, not facts in support of preformed conclusions; and lastly, you must stay among us for three or four years. Slade's," he continued, "are among the best works on Turkey, and Urquhart's, favourable as he is to us, are among the worst; he is an advocate, not a critic. But you must trust none of them."

Saturday, October 24th.—I sat at dinner next to V. W., who has just returned from the frontier separating Turkish and Russian Armenia.

He gave a frightful account of the misgovernment of Turkish Armenia.

"It is such," he said, "that the people are wishing for the Russians. A new Pasha, and there is one every three or four years, sends word of his arrival to all the subordinate local officers. This is a notice to all office holders to be prepared with their bribes, and to all office hunters to be prepared to outbribe them."

"And how," I said, "do those who have bribed him get back their money?"

"By increasing the taxation," he answered, "by not accounting for the public receipts, by winking at breaches of quarantine laws, or non-payment of custom-house dues, by selling justice, and through the *corvées*. The last is a fertile source of profit. The Pasha is making a progress; the villages in his line have to furnish camels and horses; the Nazir requires twice as many, or five times as many, as are really wanted, and is bribed to reduce his demand. If the village is rich and bribes highly, it furnishes none, and the burden falls on those who cannot buy themselves off; they are forced to travel with their beasts for ten or for twenty days, unpaid, carrying their own food and that of their beasts, or plundering it, and are discharged perhaps 100 miles from home; their cattle and themselves lame and worn out. The amount of tyranny may be inferred from the depopulation. You see vast districts without an inhabitant, in which are the traces of a large and civilised people, great works for irrigation now in ruins, and constant remains of deserted towns. There is a city near the frontier with high walls and large stone houses, now absolutely uninhabited; it had once 60,000 inhabitants. There is not a palace on the Bosporus that has not decimated the inhabitants of a province.

"Besides the wholesale robbery of the great Turks, there is the petty oppression of the little Turks. One of them, with his belt full of pistols, walks up to a Rayah's house. He calls out the master, who perhaps is the head man of the village, and bids him hold his horse. He walks in, sits

down, and makes the women light his pipe. The girls all run away, and hide in the outhouses, or among the neighbours. When he has finished his pipe, he asks for a fowl. He is told that there are none. A few blows bring one out, a few more produce bread and wine. What is the source of this insolence? That he is armed, and that he is the only person in the village who is so."

"Are the Rayahs," I said, "forbidden to wear arms?"

"Forbidden," he answered, "not only to wear them, but to possess them. The Turks from time to time search the houses of the Rayahs, and if they find arms, seize them, and beat the householders. If the Rayahs were armed, or the Turks were disarmed, there would be none of this petty oppression.

"The Turkish Government lost, two years ago, a noble opportunity of producing equality among its different races. Before it disbanded its army, it might have employed it to disarm the Turkish population; now it is too late."

"Could the government," I asked, "allow the Rayahs to wear arms?"

"That," he answered, "would be giving the signal for civil war. I saw much," he added, "of the Turkish army. Nothing could be worse than the officers, nothing could be better than the soldiers. Their courage, their sobriety, their patience, their endurance of want, hardship, and fatigue were beyond all praise. I never was more indignant than I was at their treatment after the war. They were carried from the Crimea to Varna, or Samsoon, or Trebisond, landed, presented with twenty piastres, that is to say, with three shillings and fourpence, and left to find their

own way home, perhaps a march of thirty or forty days. Some robbed, some begged, some starved. Those who survived reached home thoroughly disaffected to the Turkish Government, and resolved never to serve it again."

"Those who were employed," I said, "in defining the Turkish frontier had nothing to do with Circassia."

"Nothing," he answered; "the Treaty of Paris, by admitting that the Russian frontier was to the south of Circassia, virtually hands over Circassia to Russia. Schamyl did not deserve such treatment. He did not actually co-operate with us, because we never gave him an opportunity, and he would not join the Turks, who in that country were always beaten, but he occupied a Russian army of 70,000 men, and he offered, if we would land 20,000 men on the shore of the Black Sea nearest to him, to assist us with 60,000 men. I firmly believe that he would have done so, and that with his aid we should have driven the Russians out of their Caucasian provinces. I know that this is what the Russians feared, and I think it probable that if the war had continued, we should have done this in 1856."

"What," I asked, "is the population of which he can dispose?"

"I believe," answered V. W., "that it amounts to about 500,000 souls. It consists of three tribes, for centuries bitter enemies, whom he has reconciled and united against Russia. In time, of course, he must be overpowered; but it may take years. On all sides, except to the north, his country is protected by impassable mountains. To the north there are hundreds of miles of forest; through this forest the Russians advance. They make a road a mile

broad, through the centre of which they can march with tolerable safety. To do this for five or six miles in length costs them perhaps a year, for every inch is disputed. They build a fort near the end of their clearance, to be the point of departure the next year; and thus, employing an army of 100,000 men, of whom one-third die of fever every year, they will in time conquer the country, by the utter destruction of all its inhabitants."

"Will Schamyl submit?" I asked.

"Never," answered V. W.; "neither he nor his son, who in time will take his place. They have always refused even to negotiate with Russia. He is an enthusiast, as all great men are. He owes to his talents and to his enthusiasm his position; for he is not a man of high birth or of fortune. He and his family live in the utmost poverty; all that they have is spent in the war."

"Like everybody else," I said, "you have, I suppose, a theory as to the prospects of Turkey."

"My theory," he answered, "is, that nothing whatever is to be done with the Turks. They refuse all remedies and perhaps they are right, for no remedies can cure them. But I believe that some of their Christian provinces might be formed into an independent federal state. Servia, the Principalities, and Bulgaria, offer the elements of such a federation. Bosnia, Albania, and Roumelia, might also perhaps be united, though the large proportion of Mussulmen makes that more difficult. But the more one thinks of the Turkish problem, the greater seem to be the objections to every measure, and the greater the improbabilities of every supposition. I will venture neither to advise nor to prophesy."

Sunday, October 25th. — I walked with A. B., before breakfast, along the wonderfully beautiful hills which project into the Bosporus over the promontory of Yenikoi. The sun rose in a sea-fog, which was lying in a white compact mass on the water, and mounted half way up the hills. But the summits were all in bright sunshine; and the wooded heights of the Giant's Mountain, and the old Genoese castle of Joros Scalessi, rose like islands, looking, from the clearness of the atmosphere and the absence of intervening objects, as if they were close at hand, instead of being five miles off on the Asiatic shore. Sometimes, when we looked down on the vapour, clothing the side of a deep ravine, the sun's rays produced a fog-rainbow, a segment of an arch of faint prismatic colours.

I repeated to A. B. my yesterday's conversation with V. W.

"It may be true," he said, "that the Turk refuses all remedies, but I do not agree with V. W., that none would cure him. I think that there is one remedy that would be effectual — that is to stop corruption."

"That is very well," I said, "but how is it to be done? How is salt to be put on the tail of corruption?"

"Were I Sultan," he answered, "the first thing that I would do would be to issue an order limiting the number of persons forming the retinue of public functionaries. As soon as a man becomes a minister or a governor, all his relations, all the relations of his relations, all the idlers from his native village, crowd to solicit his patronage. 'Bacalum,' he answers, 'wait a bit, and, Inshallah, I may do something for you.' In the meantime they

carry his slippers, they fill his pipes, they follow him, they loiter about his house, they form the bulk of his retinue. They are unpaid attachés. He gives them no wages, but they get scraps from his kitchen, and backshish from his visitors and suitors. As opportunities offer, he provides for them, he makes them cadys or policemen, or governors of villages, or takes them into his paid service as vacancies occur. This is the stuff of which Pashas are made. A man once in the service of a great man, whether hired or purchased, a servant or a slave, gets from thence into the service of the public, and then robs and bribes his way up, till perhaps he marries a sister or a daughter of the Sultan. Men thus educated are corrupt to the backbone. They have not a clearer conception of the meaning of the words honesty or public spirit, than a man born blind has of the words red or blue. By limiting the number of persons forming the retinue of public functionaries, I should cut off in a great measure this source of corruption. I would allow a man, according to his rank, so many pipe fillers, slipper carriers, grooms and attendants, and no more. I would next make it known that I would punish severely every case of corruption, but that I should allow the good Pashas and governors to retain their places as long as they behaved well. Those who are now unpaid or underpaid, such as the cadys, I would pay sufficiently, and I would abolish all fees of court. I would then try to get for the public service persons resembling what we call gentlemen. There are a few of this class in Turkey; they are the sons of Pashas, or of the richer merchants, or of the landed proprietors. They have not indeed much education, moral

or intellectual, but they have some. They are at least better fitted for the exercise of the large powers entrusted in Turkey to public men, than those whose early life has been passed as slaves or as hangers-on, loitering in the halls and passages of a great man's house. I fear, as I said before, that the patient will not take this remedy, but if he were to do so, I think that he might recover strength sufficient to enable him to resist the decomposing influence of European interference. If he refuses this remedy, if he persists in making his administration one vast robbery, it seems to me that the powers which, like England, wish him to preserve his dominion over the races now subject to him, have only one course to pursue. They must leave him alone, and take care that he is left alone by everybody else. They must take as much pains to exclude him from the European family as they have taken to introduce him into it. Left to himself, not misled by bad advice or by good advice, not teased into issuing Hatt-i-Humáyoons opposed to all his principles of government, he can hold his own against Greek, Bulgarian, Rouman, or Slave. He will insult them, he will rob them, he will oppress them, but he will keep them down. This is the price which must be paid for preserving the integrity of the Turkish Empire, on the supposition that the administration of that empire is, as I fear that it is, unimprovable."

Monday, October 26th. — I went with Mr. Zohrab to Tophana, the military arsenal, to be presented to Achmet Fethi Pasha, the chief of the ordnance department. He married a sister of the Sultan's, and one of his sons by a

former wife (he is not allowed to have any by his imperial wife) is to marry a daughter of the Sultan's. Such alliances confer the highest rank of which a Turkish subject is capable. Alison told me that he was present when Ali Galeb Pasha, son of Reschid Pasha, then affianced, though not actually married, to a daughter of the Sultan, came to visit his father, then grand vizier. Reschid rose, placed his son on the seat of honour, and stood before him until requested to sit. The young man took it as a matter of course.

Fethi and his second in command, Halim Pasha, educated in England, are said to be the best administrators in Turkey. Fethi was visiting the Sultan when we arrived, so that we had time to go over the military arsenal. It looked clean and orderly, and can turn out, I am told, a brass gun a day. On one side of it is a mosque, graceful and elegant, but not large, with the usual accompaniment, a marble fountain.

At last the Pasha arrived. Chairs were placed in the shade of a kiosk occupied by the Sultan when he visits the arsenal. He took his seat, and we were introduced and placed by his side. We had coffee, but no pipes. He has an asthmatic complaint, which renders him unable to smoke, or even to endure the smell of tobacco. No one, therefore, smokes in his presence, not even the Sultan. His hair, as it peeped from under his fez, is white, but his beard and whiskers are a beautiful black and tan. Zohrab told me that he visited him a few days ago, when out of office, and found his beard as white as his hair. He divided his attention between us and the persons who came to him on business. They approached him with great reverence; many kissed the hem of his garment. He

seemed to do his work quickly, but carefully. He had just received the news of the fall of Delhi. He congratulated me on it, and said that he considered the mutiny as essentially subdued. I told him how grateful we all felt for his zealous co-operation during the war. He was too busy for much conversation, and we left him as soon as we had finished our coffee.

Tuesday, October 27th.—We drank tea with our French friend, E. F. He congratulated me on the fall of Delhi. "You are fighting," he said, "in India the battle of civilisation. If you were to fail, the shock to the prestige of the Christians would be felt over the whole Mussulman world —in Constantinople, in Algeria, and even in Morocco."

I asked him if it was true that the Sultan sent to inform M. Thouvenel that he was going to recall Reschid.

"It is true," he answered; "but as it was a matter of purely Turkish interest, I do not know why he took the trouble. The only answer that Thouvenel could return was, that he hoped that it would turn out well. These changes are farces. One grand vizier does just as well, and just as ill, as another. This country," he continued, "is a *pourriture*. To civilise the Mussulman is impossible. All that we can do is to try to raise the Christian. He has borne on his shoulders far too long this *cadavre*. England and France must join to assist him in throwing it off. They must enforce the honest execution of the Hatt-i-Humáyoon. You are going," he continued, "to Smyrna and to Greece. When you are at Smyrna, visit Ephesus. You will ride through fifty miles of the most fertile soil, blessed with the finest climate in the world.

You will not see an inhabitant nor a cultivated field. This is Turkey. In Greece, or in the Principalities, you will find comparative numbers, wealth, and population. They have been misgoverned; they have been the seat of war; but they have thrown off the Turk."

Wednesday, October 28th.—I walked with C. D. for a couple of hours along the terraced avenues of his garden.

"The last time," I said, "that we walked in this garden, you said that you thought that a man of talent, boldness, and decision could, even now, save the Turkish Empire.

"Let us suppose such a man on the Sultan's throne. What ought he to do?"

"He ought," said C. D., "in the first place, to separate religion from government, which still in some matters are confounded. Secondly, he must fund the floating debt, and restore the currency, for which the plan is already prepared, and he must pay off the funded debt and prevent the recurrence of the floating debt by putting an end to the madness of palace-building, and by substituting direct collection of the revenue for the present system of farms. I have no doubt that the revenue, if honestly and directly collected, could be doubled. Thirdly, he must execute the laws against corruption. No new ones are necessary; those which exist are sufficient; on a second conviction, a man becomes incapable of any public office. Fourthly, and this is the only measure really difficult and really dangerous, he must endeavour, not actually to fuse and render homogeneous, but to render less discordant, less separated by the worst of all distinctions—that of oppressors and oppressed—the Christian and Mussulman populations; in short, he must execute the Hatt-i-Humáyoon."

"Do you think," I said, "the admission of Christians into the army safe?"

"Not safe," he answered, "in the sense of being free from danger. Turkey is in such a state that there is danger in everything that she can do: but there is still greater danger in doing nothing."

"Ought the Turkish population," I asked, "to be disarmed?"

"Certainly," he answered. "Orders to that effect were given some years ago. The time to have executed them would have been the beginning of the war, when the soldiers came up from the provinces, full of devotion to the Sultan. Another opportunity was at the end of the war, before the army was disbanded. Without doubt it is now more difficult, but, as I said before, everything is difficult. I fear," he added, "that the Sultan may owe more than the 800 millions of piastres which are acknowledged and provided for by the present financial scheme. On the other hand, I scarcely think that he has taken and misapplied the public revenue. Everything, to be sure, is possible here, and little is known, but by law he has a civil list as separate from the public revenue as the queen's is. I do not believe that he would exceed it, or that his ministers would assist him to exceed it, in any way, except by getting, as he has done, into debt."

We talked of the Principalities.

"It is remarkable," he said, "that though similar in race, language, religion, and institutions, they have never, except during one short interval, been united in administration since they formed part of the Roman province of

Dacia. It was perhaps the recollection of their constant separation, and of the usual dislike of countries so circumstanced to unite, that induced the Turkish Government to allow the clause, that, on the question of union, the wishes of the provinces should be consulted, to be inserted in the protocols of Vienna and Paris.

"This clause, however, does not say that their wish shall supersede all discussion, but merely that it shall be an element in the discussion. If, as I believe to be the case, there are preponderating reasons against it, their wish, however important, must be overruled. Union," he added, "under a native prince would be a bad lesson to the other portions of this ill-compacted empire. There are other provinces, now submissive because they are separate and weak, which might invoke foreign assistance to enable them to coalesce and throw off their dependence. Union under a foreign prince would be dismemberment. What allegiance would a Frenchman or a Russian, hereditary sovereign of Moldo-Wallachia, pay to the Porte?

"And we must remember that the dismemberment of Turkey is, *now*, even more serious than it was four years ago. Then it would have been only a change in the balance of power, which we should have disapproved, but might have acquiesced in. Now it must produce war. We have guaranteed the integrity of the Turkish Empire. We are bound to make the same efforts to prevent its dismemberment which we should make to prevent the dismemberment of the British Empire. I think," he continued, "that means might be found, short of union, to give to the Moldavians and Wallachians all that they have a right to desire from union. They might have perfect

freedom of intercourse and trade, reciprocal rights for the people of one province to acquire land in the other, similar institutions, and a joint committee consisting of the members of each parliament empowered to decide on questions of common interest. If they desire more than that, they desire more than they are entitled to as subjects of the Porte, or can possess if they are to *remain* subjects of the Porte."

Thursday, October 29th. — I walked before breakfast with an Armenian friend, Y. Z., and talked over the prospects of Turkey.

"There is no doubt," he said, "that the country is going to ruin, under the influence of internal mismanagement and external interference.

"Of the foreigners who meddle in our affairs, some, like Russia, wish to hasten our fall, others, like Austria, wish us neither good nor evil, and are anxious only as to the influence which our fortunes may have upon theirs. England and France, I believe, really wish us well, but they try to serve us by forcing down our throats what *they* think a remedy and *we* think a poison. Their object is the fusion of the different races and different believers, or at least, their equality. They want the wolves and the sheep to lie down together. The Turks believe this to be thoroughly impossible. They believe that in Europe, where the Christians are the large majority, they are thoroughly disaffected; that every right which they gained they would use as a weapon; that if the Hatt-i-Humáyoon were honestly carried out, the Turks would be driven across the Bosporus in five years: in short, that India is merely a

specimen of the feelings of slaves who can find an opportunity of rising against masters. They are resolved, therefore, that it shall be a dead letter. In some provinces, the reading of it produced riots: in others it was not attempted to be read.

"But in fact it cannot be a dead letter. It alarms and irritates the Turks; it stimulates the hopes and also the hatred of the Greeks. They see that the Turks are resolved to render illusory stipulations made by the allies in their favour. They are, if possible, worse subjects of the Sultan than they were before the war. But this is not all. The foreigners, after having made the Turkish Government hateful, try to render it contemptible. When Reschid refused to obey Thouvenel's order to quash the Moldavian elections, he resigned the grand viziership and Mustapha was put in his place, as it was supposed that he would submit with a better grace. Reschid remained a minister, though no longer vizier. Thouvenel sent his first dragoman to tell the Sultan that France could have no confidence in him while Reschid was employed. The poor Sultan submitted. But he does not trust Fuad or Aali, whom he suspects to be under French influence. He believes the union of the Principalities to be the dismemberment of the empire, and is still more afraid of that than he is of Thouvenel, and he thinks that Reschid is the only man who can prevent it. From the time that Reschid went out, the Sultan's most earnest wish was to recall him. All this was well known to his late ministers. They felt too insecure to venture to do anything. They avoided even seeing the Sultan, for fear that he should make a

quarrel and turn them out. At last he made up his mind, and as soon as a fortunate day came, he made his *coup d'état.* But he sent an apologetic message to Thouvenel, to which, after a day or two's delay, a dry answer was returned. Thouvenel has not yet paid his visit of etiquette to the new grand vizier. It is said that he waits for instructions."

"Now," I said, "for the internal causes of ruin."

"They," he said, "are the disorder of the finances and of the currency; the farming of the revenue; the centralisation which brings every business to Constantinople, where it is neglected and at last forgotten, but above all, the general and increasing corruption. And for these evils there will be no cure. The pashas will not remedy them, for they profit by them, and their education renders them insensible to the mischief and to the scandal. The Sultan will not remedy them, for he knows nothing of them. He *can* know nothing of anything that his ministers do not choose to tell him. He does not read, and if he did, there is no press; he sees nobody, he never has seen anybody, except his brothers-in-law and sons-in-law, his women and his servants, and occasionally a minister or an ambassador who comes to bully him or to deceive him. Still the empire, if left to itself, might cohere for many years. But Europe has her eyes on its western provinces. One by one, or two by two, they will be cut off, or will drop off. Perhaps we may return to Broussa, and keep Anatolia for a century or two longer."

THE DARDANELLES.

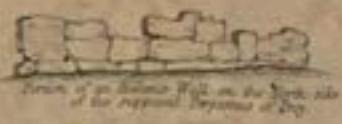
Saturday, October 31*st.*—We left Therapia yesterday morning in a large caique, in order to embark on board the French steamer "Scamander," on our way to visit Mr. Calvert, our consul at the Dardanelles, a brother of Mr. Calvert of Therapia.

The Turks levy an export duty of twelve per cent., and it is said that the vexations, delays, and robbery of the Turkish custom-house are indescribable. To protect us against them, Lord Stratford directed one of his cavasses to sit at the head of our caique, and warn off the custom-house officers. We were not boarded by them. The "Scamander" is a roomy, comfortable boat, built for a war steamer, very steady and very slow. The captain and his officers are agreeable gentlemanlike men. We had a calm voyage, and reached the Dardanelles at ten this morning.

The Hellespont is inferior in beauty to the Bosporus, the hills on each side are lower; there is little vegetation, except brown grass and brushwood, and little cultivation. Turkish batteries, carefully whitewashed, in order to warn an enemy and direct his fire, and a few lighthouses, are almost the only buildings.

Mr. Calvert's is a fine stone house, built by himself, in rather an Italian than a Turkish style. It contains lofty

THE TROAD



Ghelmez Bunkeé

Koum Kaleh

Yeni shehr Sigeum

Koum Kaleh

Hadji Eli

Dumbrek

PLAIN

Chiblak

Kalifatli

Yeni Keui

TROY

Kalifatli Kaleh

Tekkeui

Bounarbashi

Tepe

Ayadjik

rooms and spacious halls and ante-rooms; it is comfortable now, and must be delightfully cool in summer. It may be cold in winter, but it has fireplaces, and English coal is plentiful. It is brought out as ballast, and during the war, when the demand was great, sold at prices much above those of London, but now is as cheap as it is with us."

In the afternoon, I walked with Mr. F. Calvert, another brother of the consul's, to Abydos, now the site of a Turkish hospital; only one relic of its ancient importance remains, the fragment of a wall. The whole ground is covered with fragments of Greek pottery, the most indestructible of human works. At the beginning of the war, the Turks raised some earthworks on this promontory. In excavating for them, they found a marble chair and an inscription, by which Xerxes grants some privileges to the town of Abydos. The Turks broke up the chair, and have lost the inscription. Mr. Frank Calvert believes that the chair was that on which Xerxes sat on this promontory to view his army pass the Hellespont. We returned by the plains of Arisbe, on which he reviewed his army before the passage; they are extensive and fertile, but uncultivated, as is all the country not within a few hundred yards of the town.

A soldier passed us and asked us to buy some black-looking bread; it seems that they sell part of their rations of bread to buy tobacco. On the shore stands a pretty little house overshadowed by plane-trees, which was occupied by Lord Byron when he swam across the Hellespont. It is the residence of a dervise and his family.

Sunday, November 1*st.*—We were to have started for the Troad this evening, but have been prevented by the rain. I walked between the showers with Mr. Calvert,

the consul. I asked him if he had observed great changes during his residence. "Great changes," he answered, "here; there is less oppression and less fraud. I well remember the scenes which I witnessed when I first began to live in this place twenty-three years ago. Soon after my arrival a new pasha came. He sent for a list of the prisoners in the gaol; some were there for debt, some under sentence of imprisonment, some awaiting their trial. He selected six names at hazard, for he knew nothing of them, and had their heads cut off and exposed for three days before his door; this was to strike alarm. He then summoned the principal inhabitants. As soon as they had entered his court-yard the gates were closed. In the audience-room they found only the pasha's secretary. He asked what present they had provided. They said, 'None.' 'Don't tell that to the pasha,' he answered, 'or I do not 'know what will happen to you: say that you are collect-'ing it.' Soon after the pasha entered. He asked what they had brought; they answered that the money was not all ready, but that they hoped to have it soon. 'Let it 'be very soon,' he replied. They were let out, and came to my uncle, then the consul, and borrowed from him 200*l.*, which they were to repay, and, in fact, did repay, by assessing the town. They took it to the pasha in canvas bags. 'I cannot receive it,' he said, 'in such an envelope; 'you must send to the bazaar and get me samples of stuffs, 'out of which I can select the materials of some bags.' He was difficult in his choice, rejected one stuff after another, so that they had to send over and over again to the bazaar for fresh patterns. At last he chose one; the owners of the others were taking them away, but were stopped by

the guards. 'What enters this court,' they said, 'does not 'go out.' The rejected samples were enough to furnish his house. Such things cannot be done now, at least within the jurisdiction of a consul."

"But how," I said, "does your jurisdiction enable you to interfere between Turks and Rayahs?"

"Of course," he answered, "I cannot interfere directly; but I report enormities of the kind to Lord Stratford; he tells the story at the Porte, probably shows my despatch, and the Porte, never sorry to have a place to give away, dismisses the offending official. When an inhabitant of this district is oppressed, he immediately tells me of it; I inquire, and if he has been really wronged, I usually obtain for him redress. In general, however, my influence is rather preventive than curative. When the present Pasha of the Dardanelles came, he called on me, and said that he hoped to be a good and honest administrator, and to remain long in this pashalic; and he requested me, if I ever heard complaints of him, to see him, and to hear his explanations before I wrote to Constantinople. 'If,' he said, 'my explanations are unsatisfactory, you must take 'your own course, but I trust that you will never find them 'so. Without doubt you will hear many complaints, for 'every governor has enemies, particularly a good one, which 'I hope to be.' And a good one he certainly is. Whether from high moral principle, or because, as he said, he wishes to remain Pasha of the Dardanelles, and relies on me for keeping him there, or rather for not removing him, I will not inquire. It is one of the best of the smaller pashalics; he has 200*l.* a month, besides many lawful perquisites. It is near the capital; he is not in danger of being forgotten;

he is, in fact, on the road to promotion. He knows that my eye is on him; I sometimes detect an incipient job, but a hint is sufficient to stop it.

"I am now, at his request, assisting in the investigation of an atrocity that has been committed at the Greek village of Maronia, about sixty miles from hence, in the government of Serries, in the pashalic of Salonica, where it joins the government of Gallipoli, which is in this pashalic. In June last, a government courier was robbed near that village, and 2000*l.* was taken from him; the robbery took place just within our frontier. Probably the police officers of Gallipoli and Serries were, as they generally are, in league with the robbers. Either to screen themselves, or to claim the merit of vigilance and activity, they determined to find the robbers in Maronia. They began by surrounding the village with troops, and for three days they allowed no one to leave it. It was at a critical period of the silkworm harvest. The worms required to be constantly fed with mulberry leaves. The mulberry gardens are out of the village; as no one was allowed to go to them, and fetch leaves, the whole stock of silkworms died. The loss to the village was at least 1500*l.* The police then seized two brothers, Rayahs, respectable men, and accused them of the robbery. The governors of the different districts near Maronia came to the village to superintend the investigation, took possession of all the best houses, and lived there with all their retinues at free quarters.

"The brothers proved, or at least offered to prove, an alibi. Many of the principal inhabitants were ready to depose that they had seen the prisoners at the very time of the robbery, and long before and after it, in a coffee-

house, in the village. As they were Rayahs, their evidence was rejected."

"Notwithstanding the Hatt-i-Humâyoon?" I said.

"The influence," he answered, "of the Hatt-i-Humâyoon does not extend 160 miles from Constantinople.

"To procure evidence against the prisoners by confession, the police proceeded to torture them. One brother could not stand the torture, and confessed the robbery. Then they asked him where the money was; of course he could not tell, so they tortured him again. To obtain a respite, he said that he had hid it in such a place; it was not found there, so the torture was recommenced. He then said that his brother had it. The brother was tortured, but, being more resolute, persisted in his denial. 'You may kill me,' he said, 'but I will not confess what is not true.' This had been going on for some time, the village was almost ruined, both the brothers had been so maimed, that they are cripples for life, when the Pasha of Salonica heard of it, and drew the attention of the Pasha of the Dardanelles to the scenes which were acting by his officers, and under his authority. He was indignant, and begged me to assist in the inquiry. It is not quite concluded; but the facts which I have mentioned have come out. I said to the Pasha: 'You see now who are 'the real friends of the Russians. You see what sort of 'persons and what sort of means are employed to make the 'Turkish rule hateful to the Christians.'"

In the evening I had a long conversation with Mr. Frank Calvert and the consul. We talked first of the jar tombs of this country.

"About twelve or eighteen inches below the soil," said

Mr. F. Calvert, "we find jars of all sizes, from about two feet two inches long, by one foot eight inches wide, to six feet long, by four feet seven inches wide. The largest that I have seen was found on the site of the ancient Dardanus; it had served for many years as a storehouse for wild bees, and was filled with honeycombs. Six men entered it, and were held at once, in a sitting posture. They are made of coarse, red clay, mixed with gravel. Some seem to have cracked in baking, and are mended with leaden rivets. They all lie horizontally, the mouth facing the south or south-east, and closed by a flat stone. They contain unburned human bones, lying on a thin layer of pebbles, and belonging to skeletons which were placed there on their backs, with raised knees. Round the bones we find terra-cotta penates, and vases and pateræ of the purest Greek forms, painted in the Etruscan style, sometimes black on red, sometimes red on black, with subjects taken from the Greek mythology. Many belong to the fourth century before Christ, the best period of that art; but some may be 150 years older. Mixed with these are little blue, green, and yellow glass vases and phials, of very good manufacture. Sometimes amphoræ are found in the larger jars, containing the bones of children, with smaller terra-cottas. Almost all the vases are broken, as if they had been thrown carelessly into the jars. Few of the large jars are perfect, the plough, or other accidents, having broken the upper surface. I have found these tombs in the Troad, and in other parts of Asia Minor. They have been found also on the European shore. I discovered some on the Hanai Tepe, perhaps the most remarkable of the tumuli on the Trojan Plain."

"I never heard of the Hanai Tepe," I said.

"Of course not," he answered, "for until I opened it it was supposed to be a natural eminence. It is situated about a mile and a half from Bounar Bashi, towards the hills, to the north of the Simois. In order to ascertain its true character, I sank a shaft in its centre. The first things that I came to were some Turkish tombs, those of the inhabitants of the neighbouring deserted village of Archekoi; below them were some of the jar tombs which I have described. Lower down, about five and a half feet from the surface, I came to a layer of a light whitish substance, five and three-quarters feet thick. Intermixed with the lower part of it were rounded river pebbles, bearing marks of violent heat, and some small earthen jars, almost vitrified by fire. Below this stratum was a layer of wood-ashes, eighteen inches thick; under it was a layer of earth, two feet thick, in the lower part of which was a human skeleton extended at full length, with a large unhewn stone at its head. Under this was the solid rock, about fifteen feet from the summit of the tumulus. I then carried a horizontal shaft to meet the perpendicular one. I soon came to a wall five feet thick, built of large rough stones without mortar, rising from the rock to within about seven feet of the top of the tumulus, so as to enclose the stratum of whitish substance below the jar tombs. It is ninety-five feet in diameter at its base.

"This whitish substance consists of calcined human bones. It forms a truncated cone eighty-five feet in diameter at its base, and perhaps seventy at its summit, and five and three-quarters feet high. The contents must be

about 27,000 cubic feet. The incumbent earth had kept it perfectly free from damp.

"That these are the ashes of many thousand men whose bodies were burned at the same time, and who must have fallen in some great battle, seems to be evident.

"The only great battles of which we have a record fought in this neighbourhood were those of the Iliad. We are told in the 7th book that after the first battle there was a truce, during which the Greeks and the Trojans collected and burned their dead, and that the Greeks the next day raised a tomb over the pile on which theirs had been consumed. Homer does not expressly say that the Trojans did so too, but it seems to have been the general practice. The tomb itself is built in precisely the manner in which the building of that of Patroclus is described in the 23rd book of the Iliad:

> Τορνώσαντο δὲ σῆμα, θεμειλια τὲ προβάλοντο
> Ἀμφὶ πυρήν· ἐιθαρ δὲ χυτὴν ἐπι γαῖαν ἔχευαν.
> Χεύαντες δὲ το σῆμα, παλιν κιον.

"'They erected a round tomb by laying foundations '(*Θεμειλια*, a wall) round the pile, and then heaping earth 'over it; and, having heaped up the tomb, they returned.' The position about a mile and a half from the Scæan gate, beyond the Simois, on the inaccessible side of the town, and, therefore, removed from the field of battle and at a distance from the Grecian camp, is one likely to have been selected."

"Do you refer the separate skeleton," I asked, "to the same period?"

"Certainly not," he answered; "that skeleton was not

burned. It was simply buried and covered with earth. Probably it was the body of some more ancient king. Its presence gave sanctity to the spot, and may have suggested to the Trojans the use of it for their great pile.

"The Troad," he continued, "meaning by that name the country bounded by a line drawn easterly from Abydos to the north, by the chain of Mount Ida to the east, by the Hellespont and the Bay of Adramiti to the west and south, was formerly very populous and rich. It is said to have contained two hundred cities. I have discovered the ruins of many large towns within a few miles of Bounar Bashi. One, with an acropolis and a city below it, lies a mile and a half to the north of Hanai Tepe, and, therefore, only three miles from Bounar Bashi. Nothing, indeed, but extreme misgovernment could turn a country with such a climate and such a soil as this into a desert. At present its population is in a state of transformation. The Turks are dying out, and the Greeks, many of them immigrants from European Turkey, are increasing. In your ride round the plain of Troy to-morrow, in a circuit of thirty miles you will find three Greek villages, Runkoi, Yenekoi, and Yenisher, all thriving, surrounded by gardens and cultivated fields, the old houses in repair and new ones building. The only other human habitations that you will see will be three Turkish villages—Chiflic, on the site of Ilium Novum, Bounar Bashi, just below the site of Troy, and Halil Eli. The first has about twenty inhabited houses, the second about fifteen, and the third, which, twenty years ago, was a considerable village, has only three."

"How do you account," I asked, "for this depopulation?

The Turks are at least as well governed as the Greeks, and are better governed than they ever were before."

"There are several causes at work," he answered: "there is the conscription; the men whom it takes are never heard of again. They die, or they cannot find their way back. Turkish women of the lower classes try very mischievous means to avoid having many children. Few Turks have more than three; indeed, they seldom have more than two. The Turks are idle and improvident. The Greek labourers are not good, one of them does not do half the work of an Englishman; but he does three times the work of a Turk, and I pay him three times the wages. Whatever be the explanation, the fact that the Turks are rapidly dying out is obvious."

"This," I said, "would be a fine field for colonisation."

"Certainly it would," he answered.

"Mr. Freeman, a young man whom you will meet at Runkoi, and I are colonists. We have bought 2,000 acres of good ground, including the site of Ilium Novum, for 300*l.* To erect the farm-buildings, and stock it with twenty pair of working oxen and 100 head of cattle, will cost about 1,700*l.* more. The current expenses will be paid out of the produce. We can get plenty of labour. A Greek lad of seventeen or eighteen generally sets up for himself, and works as a day labourer until he has saved enough to marry and buy a little farm and build a house. The ordinary wages are 10*l.* a year, a suit of clothes, and food, which may amount to 7*l.* more. We ought in a short time to make a clear profit of 1000*l.* a year. Our great obstacle is the export duty of nine per cent. levied on all

produce transported from one pashalic to another, and of three per cent. more if it be transported by sea, even when sent merely from hence to Gallipoli."

"Have you fevers," I asked, "when you clear new lands?"

"None," he answered; "in fact, the land can scarcely be said to require clearing. Weeds, brushwood, and fern cover that part, nine-tenths of the whole, which is uncultivated, and they are easily removed."

"To come to this place, then," I said, "is far better than to go to the backwoods of America. The climate is better, the country is healthy, there is plenty of labour. Will you take shares if I get up a Trojan Colonisation Society?"

"Certainly," he answered, "if you have the countenance of the Turkish Government. But at present, and notwithstanding the Hatt-i-Humáyoon, foreigners are not allowed to purchase in their own names. Our land stands in the name of Elias, the head-man of Ṛunkoi. The Turks are jealous. Chiflic, the village near our property, is Turkish; they objected to Christians coming among them, and were overruled only by my brother's influence with the Pasha. Colonists could not come hither *en masse*."

"It must be done," said the consul, "gradually. A magnificent estate, near Cyzicus, belonging to the heirs of Halim Pasha, was lately on sale. It contained 20,000 acres, and could have been bought for 5000*l*.; that would have been an admirable investment. My land stands in Mrs. Calvert's name. When I bought it, ten years ago, no European paid tithes or taxes. They were supported in their refusal by their consuls, and the Turks were afraid to force them. I set the example of paying faithfully my own tithes and taxes,

and advised all persons under British protection to do so too. They acted on my advice; indeed, they had little choice, and our example was followed by all the other European subjects in the Dardanelles. This has diminished the objection felt by the Turks to our ownership of land, but has not removed it. It is a new thing, and a Turk can bear nothing that is new; and they have a vague presentiment that if we become strong we shall buy or bully them out of the country."

Monday, November 2nd.—It has been a rainy morning, so, instead of starting immediately after breakfast for the Troad, I went with Mr. Calvert to the Pasha's, to be present at the trial of the governor of Lampsacus for peculation.

The court consisted of the Pasha of the Dardanelles, the collector of the revenue of the province, a brother of Fuad Pasha, the moollah, or chief judge of the province, the mufti, or expounder of the Koran, four other Turks, two Greeks, and a Jew. We sat by the Pasha in the centre of a semicircle, at the bottom of which sat the accused. In a room below were the witnesses.

Waste land ought legally to be granted by the government to any one who will undertake to reclaim it, at a nominal price, three piastres, for the grant. The governor was accused of having sold it for considerable sums, and of having omitted to account, or of having accounted only partially, for the price.

The evidence consisted of the comparison of receipts given by the governor to the purchasers, and the entries in the accounts furnished by him to the treasury.

Each charge was taken separately. To the first, which

was the non-entry of a sum of 1000 piastres, for which he had given a receipt to the purchaser, his defence was that his clerk had forgotten to enter it.

To another, which was the entry of 700 piastres, whereas he had received 1000, his answer was that the treasury having refused to take payment in piastres at their current value, and thereby occasioned to him a loss of 250 piastres, he had been forced to reimburse himself by withdrawing that sum from his next payment.

On each charge the votes of the court were collected, beginning with the Jew and the Greeks as the lowest in rank; and he was found guilty on all that were disposed of in my presence. All the members of the court were smoking except the Jew and the Greeks. Mr. Calvert tried to abolish this distinction, and succeeded in obtaining coffee for them; but the Mussulmen say that they will not sit with Rayahs if they are allowed pipes, the sign of equality.

"This court," said Mr. Calvert to me, "and these orderly proceedings, we owe to Reschid Pasha, and to his Hatt-i-Sherif of Gul Haneh. Before that time, the accusation, if any one had ventured to make it, would have been disposed of summarily by the Pasha, probably by his sharing the spoil with the governor."

After the court had risen, the moollah did me the honour of visiting me. He told me that the governor had been convicted, degraded, and sent to the common gaol, where he will remain until he repays to the treasury double the amount of the sums of which he has defrauded it.

After dinner the weather cleared. Mr. Calvert mounted

me, and we rode to his house at Runkoi, a Greek village near the coast, about twelve miles from the Dardanelles, and ten from Bounar Bashi. We passed the site of the English hospital, on a small plain sloping to the sea. It was eminently healthy. The mortality was only one and a half per cent. among all that entered it.

The country appeared fertile, but deserted; we did not see a single house, or meet more than half a dozen persons.

Mr. Calvert's house is in the centre of the village, spacious, very long, consisting, as it does, of two Turkish houses thrown together, and commanding magnificent views of the Hellespont and Ægean.

Yenekoi, near Cape Sigeum, Tuesday, November 3rd.— Mr. Calvert, Mr. Freeman, and I, started at seven this morning, and rode first to Chiflic, where we saw the rough buildings which he and Mr. Frank Calvert have run up as the beginning of their farm. From thence we rode to the east of the plateau of Ilium Novum, crossing the little stream of the Thymbrius, to the ruins of two considerable Doric temples, many of which have been used to form the gravestones of a deserted Turkish cemetery. One of these temples is supposed to have been the temple of the Thymbrian Apollo, near which Achilles was killed. We saw lying on the ground a marble slab, with this inscription: —

Ιλιεις τον Πατριον θεον Αινειαν.

A mile or two further is Patac, the farmhouse of Mr. Calvert's property, which consists of between two and three thousand acres, extending through fine valleys and over gentle hills to the Simois. Where unreclaimed it is covered

with brushwood, interspersed with Vallonia oaks and willows, festooned by the wild vine, whose leaves have now acquired their autumnal scarlet. He bought it about ten years ago for 400*l.*

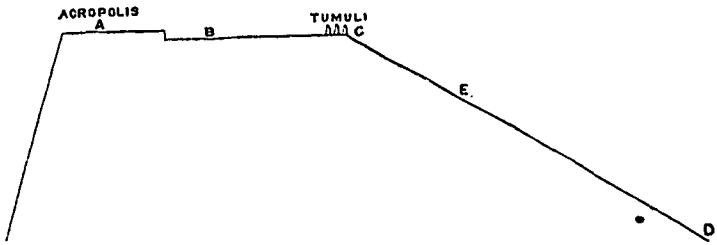
In his courtyard was a fine-looking man, with a gun slung over his shoulder, richly mounted pistols in his belt, and a long sword in his hand, whom Mr. Calvert introduced to me as Las Ali Oglou Omer, commonly called Kabbac, the most celebrated robber of the district. He lived four years ago with his brother, mother, and sister, on the produce of a small farm near the Dardanelles. His brother was taken as a conscript. The next year *he* also was required to serve; he was legally exempt as the last remaining male of a family which had already supplied a soldier, and he refused. He was the only support, he said, of his mother and sister. The local authorities tried to seize him. He escaped, and took to robbery as the sole employment left to him. His courage and dexterity raised him to the top of his profession. But he is tired of it; and a few days ago sent word to Mr. Calvert that he was ready to give himself up; that he had never murdered, and never robbed, except to obtain the means of existence for himself and his family; and hoped to be allowed to return to his home. Mr. Calvert asked the Pasha how Las Ali would be dealt with. "I will put him into the police," answered the Pasha, "if he will bring two respectable sureties for his future good conduct." He came to-day to know the result. Mr. Calvert informed him of the Pasha's offer; he seemed to be inclined to accept it, and promised to be at the Dardanelles on Saturday with his sureties.

To show his gratitude he accompanied us to-day on our ride over the Troad, as we had to pass near a place where some Turks were stopped, and one of them killed, about a month ago. We did not, however, really require his protection, as the robbers, of whom many are always sheltered in Mount Ida, would not venture to attack an Englishman, still less so respected and so popular a man as Mr. Calvert.

While our breakfast was preparing we watched the opening of one of the jar tombs described to me by Mr. F. Calvert. The upper surface had been shattered by the plough; a man with a pickaxe was breaking up and removing the contents, a hard grey clay. After about half an hour's work, he found some remains of bones, mixed with the clay. Two skulls were distinctly marked by the form of the earth within them. Soon after appeared fragments of pottery, vases, and pateræ, rude, and of such rotten material, that they broke at the least touch.

After breakfast we went on to Hanai Tepe, took up some of the grey conglomerate of bone ashes, and thought of the Homeric heroes, whose remains we might be holding in our hands. Almost immediately afterwards we crossed the Simois. At this season it is a shallow stream, wandering through a bed of sand about 100 yards wide, which, in winter, it fills. It winds round a promontory about 700 feet high, steep on two sides, and precipitous at its extremity, which rises gradually from the village of Bounar Bashi, 600 feet lower down in a slope of about two miles, running east and west. The summit of this promontory is a plateau about three acres in extent, which was the acropolis of an ancient city.

This is about the profile of the slope, —



The ridge which ends in this promontory sinks a little after it leaves the acropolis, and then runs for about half a mile nearly on a level, until it reaches three small tumuli. This ridge I have marked B. It is about 500 yards wide, with very steep sides. From C it slopes gradually for a mile and a half, widening as it descends until it reaches the plain at D, the village of Bounar Bashi. The whole surface is covered with stones, and in many parts the foundations of walls are distinct, especially in the acropolis. The wall which surrounded it may generally be traced, and we ascertained the position of two gates. About three quarters of the way down the slope, at E, this ridge meets another ridge, which slopes down to the plain towards the south. This Mr. Çalvert supposes to be the site of the ερινεον, or wild fig wood, which Andromache mentions as the most accessible part of the town ; the northern and southern sides of the ridge being everywhere else steep. At Bounar Bashi he supposes the ridge to have been crossed by the western wall of the city, near the southern angle of which were the Scæan or left gates, being to the left of the city as you leave it. Below Bounar Bashi are several springs, the sources of a small clear river. It is

said that in winter one of them is warmer than the rest. I tasted them, but did not find much difference. The river is supposed to be the Scamander. It is narrower, but much deeper than the Simois. It runs for a mile or two parallel to the Simois, but then turns off at nearly right angles, and goes by an artificial channel into the Ægean. I am told that it formerly joined the Simois, and that the bed, now dry, through which it then flowed, may be traced; our road did not pass near this part of the Trojan Plain.

From Bounar Bashi we rode in a south-westerly direction, about four miles, to a large tumulus called Udjec Tepe, from the top of which you see the whole plain from Bounar Bashi to the Sigean promontory, spread out like a map; it is supposed to be the tomb of Æsyetes, on which Polites sat to watch the motions of the Greeks.

On the whole, I feel little doubt that the sloping ridge above Bounar Bashi was the site of the city of Troy, and that the plateau a little above it, in which the ridge ends, was its acropolis.

That a considerable city and an acropolis were once there, is obvious from the remains of buildings. The roughness of the stones shows that those buildings belonged to an early age.

Troy is said to have been built on the plain, and compared with Dardanus, on the side of Mount Ida, this city may be said to be on the plain. Bounar Bashi, supposed to be its western extremity, cannot be more than 100 feet above the sea. A ridge rising from the plain, and ending in a bold and lofty promontory, meets every portion of the

ancient descriptions. The lower city, beginning at the Scæan gate, rose from the plain. But the acropolis, the "arx alta Priami" is *αἰπεινη*, *ὀφρυοεσσα* and *ἠνεμοεσσα*, and so is the promontory, and indeed the ridge leading to it. The Scæan gate of Troy was placed at a short distance above the sources of a river. The Bounar Bashi river is the only river that rises in the Trojan Plain, the others rise among the slopes of Ida, far too distant from the sea to have been the site of Troy.

Every other site seems open to an insuperable objection. Ilium Novum is too near to the Hellespont, Alexandria Troas is too near to the Ægean, and neither of them has in its immediate neighbourhood the sources of a river. The stratum of calcined human bones discovered by Mr. Calvert in the tumulus of Hanai Tepe is an additional piece of evidence. To what great battle, except one of the Homeric battles, can they be referred?

One of the three tumuli raised where the ridge, of which the acropolis is the extremity, begins to slope down to the plain, has been called the tomb of Priam. If Æneas reigned in Troy after the departure of the Greeks, he may have raised a tomb to Priam. Each of the two others claims to be the tomb of Hector. Mr. Calvert opened the larger of them. He found a sort of well and chamber, constructed to protect some valued deposit, but nothing in it. This is accounted for, if the story that the ashes of Hector were removed from his tomb in obedience to the Delphic oracle be true. But I lean in favour of the third and smaller tumulus. It is not built up with a wall or covered with earth. It is merely a pile of large loose

stones. And such, according to Homer, was Hector's tomb.

"They threw," he says, "the ashes into a golden vase, "wrapped it in purple shawls, and deposited it in a grave, "over which they piled many large stones, so as to raise a "monument quickly, for their scouts were watching around, "lest the Greeks should attack them."

Ὀστεα λευκα λεγοντο κασιγνητοι θ' ἑταροι τε,
Και τα γε χρυσειην ἐς λαρνακα θηκαν ἑλοντες,
Πορφυρεοις πεπλοισι κωλυψαντες μαλακοισιν.
Αἰψα δ' ἀρ ἐς κοιλην καπετον θεσαν· αὐταρ ὑπερθε
Πυκνοισιν λαισσι κατασστορεσαν μεγαλοισι.
Ῥιμφα δε σῆμ' ἐχεαν, περι δε σκοποι εἱατο παντῃ,
Μη πριν ἐφορμηθειεν ἐϋκνημιδες Ἀχαιοι.

It certainly is impossible that Achilles should have chased Hector thrice round the walls of the supposed site of Troy. On three sides it rises from a steep slope or a precipice, and it must be three or four miles round. But this impossibility belongs to the story itself, not to any particular site.

A town large enough to hold, besides its inhabitants, a garrison of 50,000 men, must be three or four miles round; a distance which two men, already tired by a day's battle, could not run over three times.

It is supposed by Mr. Ackland in his "Plains of Troy," that the chase was confined to the comparatively small space between the Scæan gate and the sources of the Scamander; and the statement that it took place along a carriage-road, *ἁμαξιτον*, favours this theory. For between these points there is a carriage-road, which the

nature of the ground renders impossible elsewhere. But Homer makes Hector say—

Τρις περι ἀστυ μεγα Πριαμου διον,

which I can translate only "three times I ran round the great city of Priam," and the same expression περι ἀστυ is frequently repeated. Another objection to this site is, that, Gargarus, the pinnacle of Ida, on which Jupiter sat to view the battle, is not visible from it; but a portion of the Idean chain is visible, and Homer may have given the name of Gargarus to one of the pinnacles of this portion. Another objection is the distance from the sea. But the land has obviously encroached on the sea, so as nearly to fill the bay between the Sigean and Rhetean promontories. Supposing the sea to have flowed up that bay for about three miles, the shore on which the ships stood was not more than seven miles from the Scæan gate; about the distance of Kamiesch from Sebastopol, not too much for heroes to cross three times in a day.

My visit to the Plain of Troy has explained to me a peculiarity in Homeric warfare—the use of stones. A large stone is as usual a weapon as a spear, much more so than a sword. Minerva knocks down Mars with a stone; Hector attacks Ajax with a stone; Ajax, on another occasion, beats down Hector with a stone. Whenever a stone is wanted, it lies at the hero's feet. That part of the Plain of Troy which I crossed, being in the immediate neighbourhood of the slopes of Mount Ida, is absolutely covered with large stones, which have fallen from the lime-stone hills above.

Leaving Bounar Bashi at three, turning off to ascend the tumulus of Æsyetes, we reached Yenekoi, a village on the Ægean, about three miles from the Sigean promontory, at about half-past four. We were received by the head-man of the village, who gave us for dinner different mixtures of milk, rice, and cream, all acid, and four fowls which died in honour of our arrival. We had some strong good wine, made by himself, and he joined us at dinner, his son waiting. Mattrasses, each covered with a single sheet, and two thick quilts, were spread on the floor for our beds.

Mr. Calvert asked our host if he had ever paid tooth money to the Janissaries. "Twenty times," he answered. "A couple of thousand of them were quartered in this neighbourhood in 1823 and 1824; they half ruined the country. Six hundred of them came one evening to this village; they wanted fowls, bread, forage, and raki; turned us out of our beds, and tormented us all night. The next day they asked us what we were prepared to give them for tooth money. We asked what they demanded. They said that they would accept 6000 piastres; we offered 1000, and at last got rid of them for 3000. No man's life or property was then safe for half an hour."

"You remember," said Mr. Calvert to me, "a castellated house on the Trojan Plain, near the tomb of Antilochus, which we passed in the morning. It belongs now to a Turk named Yussuf Effendi. I will tell you how he acquired it. He was a favourite slave of Khosrew Pasha, who, about 1823 or 1824, was Capitan Pasha. His fleet was lying in Besica Bay. Yussuf Effendi went ashore from

time to time, and fell in love with this house and estate. Khosrew sent an order to the proprietor to come with his family on board of his ship. He had him beheaded, disposed, I do not know how, of the rest of his family, and having thus removed all the claimants, made a present of the castle and estate to Yussuf Effendi."

"On what pretext," I asked, "was the original owner beheaded?"

"No excuse," answered Calvert, "was then necessary for anything done by a Capitan Pasha. Perhaps some charge of treason, or of correspondence with the enemy, was trumped up. Kara Ali Pasha, when Capitan Pasha, obtained a fine estate near Lampsacus in nearly the same manner. He sent for the proprietor, who was then the Governor of Lampsacus, and asked him to show his title deeds. The proprietor said that he had mislaid them. Kara Ali then said that he had much to say to him, and that he must accompany him in a cruise on the Ægean. The proprietor knew what that meant, sent for the deeds, indorsed on them a deed of gift, or sale of the property to Kara Ali, and was then allowed to quit the ship."

A long conversation now took place between Calvert and our host. When it was over, Calvert said, "I will tell you the substance of what he has been saying. He has been telling me the story of the deputation summoned by the Sultan, five or six years ago, from all the provinces, to state their wants. He was one of the two deputies for this district, and had a large schedule of wants and complaints. They were kept in Constantinople at the Sultan's expense for two months. They were then summoned to an audience

at which Soliman Pasha, then President of the Council presided, the Sultan being present behind a lattice. Soliman Pasha, addressing the Sultan, said, 'These 400 excellent men, deputies from all your Majesty's provinces, say, 'that they are most happy under your Majesty's rule, and 'have only four wishes:—First, that, whereas the taxes 'are collected in spring, and they have no money till after 'the harvest in autumn, the collection of the taxes be postponed until autumn. Secondly, that the tithes may be 'taken in kind, instead of being taken as they now are in 'money, at a price of produce arbitrarily fixed by the tithe 'collector. Thirdly, that roads may be made to enable 'them to carry their produce to market. Fourthly, that 'harbours be made along the coast.

"'All which requests your Majesty has granted. I have, 'therefore, informed them,—First, that in future the taxes 'will be collected in autumn. Secondly, that the tithes 'will be collected in kind. Thirdly, that roads will be immediately made throughout the empire. Fourthly, that 'harbours will be immediately made along the whole 'coast.'"

"Of which four promises only the second has been kept. The taxes are still levied in spring, there are no roads, and there are no harbours."

Dardanelles, Monday, November 6th.—We rose at five this morning, but did not start till nine, four hours having been employed, I know not how, in getting ready our horses. We rode along the coast, through the prosperous Greek town of Sigeum, the only human residences which we saw, to the Sigean promontory. Here we found two

tumuli, of which the largest, rising from the side of the promontory, and, as Agamemnon boasts, in the shades, to Achilles, a sea-mark to all posterity, is called the tomb of Achilles. The other, smaller, more inland, and less conspicuous, is called the tomb of Patroclus. Mr. Calvert excavated it, and found nothing. Homer, indeed, tells us that it was a cenotaph, and covered merely the remains of the pile on which he was burned. His ashes were taken into the tent of Achilles, to be kept until the request made by his ghost could be granted, by mingling, after the death of Achilles, the ashes of the two friends in one urn. A tumulus on the cliff, between Yenikoi and Sigeum, is called the tomb of Antilochus. Agamemnon's expressions lead me to think that his ashes were deposited, though in a separate urn, in the same tomb with those of Achilles and Patroclus. Perhaps this tumulus may be a cenotaph like that of Patroclus.

We rode along the level alluvial plain, about two and a half miles in breadth, which separates the Sigean from the Rhetean promontory. In Homeric times it is supposed to have been covered by the sea, and to have formed a bay two and a half miles broad, and about three miles long, which was in fact the harbour of Troy.

On this supposition the Grecian ships were drawn up about three miles above our road, running along the present coast. The tomb of Ajax, in the side of the Rhetean promontory, is larger than that of Achilles, but less conspicuous. It is on the side of a hill, that of Achilles is on the brow. Some ruins near its summit appear to be those of a small temple or shrine."

We reached Runikoi at half-past one; started again at half-past four, and got to the Dardanelles by seven.

Thursday, November 5th.—I walked with Mr. Calvert to a large battery which the Turks are constructing about half a mile above the Dardanelles. A Greek, a man between fifty and sixty, joined us.

"This man," said Mr. Calvert, "was one of those who borrowed from my uncle the 200*l.* to satisfy the Pasha."

"These," he said to the Greek, "are very different times."

"Yes," answered the Greek; "but even those were much better than what preceded them. I recollect the Janissaries. I lived much with them as a young man before their fall. I remember that one day one of my Janissary friends and I resolved to pass an evening of amusement among the coffee-houses, but we found that neither of us had any money. 'That does not signify,' said my friend. He took a bullet out of his pocket, tied it in a knot in his handkerchief, and desired his servant to take it to one of the richest merchants in the town, and to wait for an answer. In about an hour the servant brought it back with a gold piece tied in the corner, instead of the bullet. 'This,' said my friend, 'is what we Janissaries do when we want 'money.'

"I asked the servant what had passed. 'The Rayah,' he said, 'when he untied the knot, and found the bullet, 'turned pale and red, and said that he would send a person 'with an answer. I told him that I must carry the answer 'myself; so he took the handkerchief, tied up something 'in it, and gave it to me.'"

The battery is large; it is placed on a low promontory, and is to have two faces, one looking up, the other down the Hellespont, each mounting thirty-two very heavy guns. "According to our old practice," said the Bey, who showed us over it, "we should have put 200 smaller guns into it." The arming it will be the principal, indeed, almost the whole expense. All the work, including the quarrying the stones, is done by the troops.

We walked over their encampment. The tents, in each of which six men lie, are spacious and comfortable; the men prefer them to barracks, and have petitioned to be allowed to spend the winter here.

The Hellespont is far better defended than the Bosporus. It might seem that the Turks fear their allies more than their old enemy. Their answer is, that the Russian fleet is now a Baltic, not a Black Sea fleet, and will attack them from the south. But in fact it is not with a Baltic fleet that Russia will attack; she will have steamers enough in the Black Sea to land 20,000 men on each side of the Bosporus, and will march from thence in two days on Constantinople.

Friday, November 6th.—We walked to the Castle of the Dardanelles, and looked at the great guns and their granite balls. About 400 of these balls, weighing each from 500 to 700 pounds, are piled in pyramids along the principal battery. The quarry from which they are now taken is the ruins of Alexandria Troas. The gymnasium, a few years ago the largest and most perfect gymnasium that remained, now supplies them. The large guns were

formerly laid on the earth, and could be fired only once. They are now mounted on carriages, but the carriages, except one, which is of iron, are rotten. Two of the largest bear marks of the fighting when Sir John Duckworth forced the passage. One has been hit seven times. Its enormous size and thickness, and the goodness of the metal, may be inferred from the little damage which twenty-four pound shots, hitting it at and near the muzzle, have done. The castle is in the midst of the town, and contains the powder magazine. "We have been trying for ten years," said Mr. Calvert, "to persuade the Turkish Government to place conductors over it. They always admit the necessity, promise to do it, and do nothing. It seems that the new batteries on the Hellespont, and the new palaces on the Bosporus, cost so much that they cannot spare 120*l.* to prevent an explosion, which may lay the castle and the town in ruins. Such neglect renders the government very unpopular."

"But the neglect," I said, "is nothing new."

"The neglect," he answered, "is old, but the attention which it excites is new. Formerly the people worshipped the Sultan, and never thought of criticising his acts or his omissions. Now they are alive to both. A newspaper, edited by an Englishman, is written and printed in Turkish; it has an enormous circulation; it costs at Constantinople three piastres; it is retailed in the provinces at nine to ten, or even twelve. Without venturing on actual opposition, it suggests improvements, and hints at defects. The government is mistaken if it thinks that shortcomings which were unnoticed ten years ago will be tolerated now.

On our return we passed through a considerable quarter in ruins.

"This is the result," said Mr. Calvert, "of a great fire, about nine months ago. Formerly, after a fire, every one rebuilt as he thought fit, and often encroached on the street. The government has been told that the streets ought to be wider and straighter, and that stone and wooden houses ought not to be mixed. So it takes on itself to prescribe how streets that have been burnt down shall be rebuilt. The proprietors, four months ago, sent to the government at Constantinople their plan for rebuilding this quarter. No attention has been paid to it. The season for building has been suffered to pass, and nothing now can be done till next spring. Thirty or forty families will be houseless all the winter in consequence of this neglect. This is a specimen of the manner in which the government, in its crude attempts at improvement, introduces a new set of evils sometimes worse than those which it attempts to remedy. Disgusted with local abuses, it is trying centralisation. Centralisation, when carried far, is mischievous even in the hands of the most civilised governments, as we see in France. You may fancy what delays, mistakes, jobbing, and corruption it must produce in Turkey."

In the afternoon the Pasha paid me a visit. He is a gentlemanlike man, with mild simple manners. He told me that the population of his pashalic was 48,000 males, which supposes about 96,000 souls, about a tenth of what may have been its population.

"Priami dum regna manebant."

"The deaths," he said, "exceed the births by about six per cent."

When we recollect that the Greek population is increasing, and therefore that the Turks alone supply this excess of deaths, we may infer that they are, as has often been said to me, rapidly dying out.

Mr. Calvert has read through my Eastern journals to the last page. I asked him this evening to tell me whether any of the facts mentioned in them required correction.

"Very few," he answered; "I will mention all that occur to me. I do not think that you have quite understood the nature of Reschid's commercial reforms. Before his time individuals and firms bought from the Porte the exclusive right to purchase the produce of a district or of a province: one man had the monopoly of wheat, another of barley, another of tobacco, and so on. The monopolist fixed his own price, and of course resold, either to the retailers or to the exporters, at a large profit. It is difficult to conceive how a country so administered could exist. Reschid abolished this practice, and every one now does what he likes with what he produces. But the sale of these monopolies gave an important revenue. He substituted an export duty, of nine per cent., on all commodities transported from one province to another, and of three per cent. additional on all exported by sea. This is the origin of our twelve per cent. export duty — a mischievous tax, but much less mischievous than the system which it replaced."

"It would be far better," I said, "if the government were to substitute for it an increased duty on imports."

"Certainly," he answered; "but it cannot. The Turkish Government is not *maître chez soi*. Its management of its own internal affairs is everywhere impeded by foreign interference. It is bound by treaties with England, and with other powers, to impose no import duty above five per cent."

"Whereas," I said, "the import duties in England average about twenty per cent."

"Again," he continued, "two of your interlocutors, one of whom is Vefic Effendi, complain that you corrupt the sober Turks by licensing the retail trade in wine and spirits, which is forbidden by their laws. Now, in the first place, the Turk is not sober. The higher classes drink wine and spirits, the lower classes drink raki, and *that* in remote districts in which no British *protégé* is to be found: they are perhaps less sober than we are. In the second place, the retail trade in wine and spirits, though forbidden to Turks, is not forbidden to Rayahs, and is licensed in Stamboul by the Turkish Government. If we were to cease to license Ionian and Maltese shops, the Turks would license Rayah shops. But though I think the importance attached by your interlocutors to our retail trade exaggerated, I do not defend either our interpretation of the Treaty of Commerce, or the use that we make of that interpretation. I believe that when the Turks granted to us full liberty of trade they meant commerce, not retail trade; and I think that if we gave up our claim to license wine and spirit shops we should, in the first place, escape a very great scandal, for the bad management of those shops, and the crimes that are concocted and perpetrated there, tarnish

our national reputation. Every Ionian and Maltese whose character is so bad that he cannot live at home, tries to open a grog shop on the Bosporus. Secondly, the Turkish police, having the control of those shops, would be responsible for their being kept in order; now they are afraid to interfere with them. There is nothing which a Turkish official dreads like a quarrel with an English *protégé*. They allow them, therefore, to be dens of vice and crime, and throw the blame on their English protectors.

"And lastly we deprive the Turkish Government of a legitimate and considerable source of revenue. *We*, of course, get nothing by granting licenses; they would make a good business of it. The last statement which requires correction is Vefic Effendi's story of the massacre of the Janissaries. I was intimate with Husseyn Pasha, commonly called the Agha Pasha, who himself conducted it. He has often told me the story, and his story was that at the Etmeidan the Janissaries were surrounded on all sides, that all escape was carefully barred, and that no quarter was given."

"Are these," I said, "all the corrections that you have to suggest?"

"All," he answered.

At night, Kabbac, our robber companion, came into the consulate, was taken to the Pasha and installed as a policeman.

He confessed to Mr. Calvert that he feared that if he returned to his home he might not be able to resist the temptation of taking again to the hills.

SMYRNA.

Saturday, November 7th, "Leonidas," off Mitylene, 10 A.M. — We left the Dardanelles this morning with regret, having passed there the most agreeable and the most instructive week of our whole tour. Our boat, the "Leonidas," belonging to the Messageries, is the sister ship to the "Scamander," and therefore steady and slow. The sea is calm, and we scarcely perceive that we are moving. We ran close to the European shore, uncultivated and bare, and at the mouth of the channel, crossed towards the Rhetean promontory, passed the camp of the Greeks, and doubled Cape Sigeum. The tomb of Ajax was rendered distinguishable by the ruins on its side, that of Achilles by its position on the brow of the cliff. It is admirably described by Homer: —

> Ἀκτῇ ἐπι προυχουσῃ, ἐπι πλατει Ἑλλησποντῳ
> Ὡς κεν τηλεφανης ἐκ ποντοφιν ἀνδρασιν εἰῃ
> Τοις ὁι νυν γεγαασι και ὁι μετοπισθεν ἐσονται.

That of Patroclus, more inland and shaded by trees, could not be seen without a glass. After we had rounded the promontory, and were approaching Besica Bay, I saw very clearly between the tumulus of Peneleus and that of Æsyetes the site of Troy. With a glass I could distinguish the

tomb of Hector, marked by a wild fig-tree on its side. The most remarkable objects of the Troad may thus be seen from the sea, but a person who had not examined them on shore might fail in distinguishing them. Tenedos looked bare and rugged, so did Imbros; but Samothrace, rising far above Imbros, its mountains in bright sunlight, was a grand object. Neptune chose well his seat. From their summit the Troad must be spread out like a map. Those of Lemnos are comparatively low; we soon lost them as the evening came on. The sun had set when we approached Mitylene (Lesbos); we ran near to its coast, but could not see more than that it is mountainous.

Sunday, November 8th, Hôtel des deux Augustes (Milles), *Smyrna.* — At six this morning I was awoke by the noise of our anchoring in the land-locked bay of Smyrna.

Never was a more detestable town more beautifully placed. The vast amphitheatre of mountains which surrounds it sometimes recedes into deep valleys, sometimes advances in bold or gently swelling promontories, and rises in pinnacles. The colouring is exquisite, changing with the strata, the vegetation, and the shadows, from brown, red, grey, and green, to the deepest purple. The town can be described only by comparison; it is worse than Stamboul; it is, if possible, as bad as Galata or Pera. It is, in short, a large Turkish town—words which, to any one who has travelled in Turkey, express every sort of filth, misery, squalidness, and discomfort which the aggregation of 150,000 semi-barbarians can accumulate.

Madame Girard's boarding-house, to which we were

recommended, is full; we are lodged at the Deux Augustes, which is said to be the best inn. The rooms are good, and were once well furnished, but now bear marks of dilapidation. The stove is out of order, and though the room looks south, the thermometer is at fifty-five. We are forced to wrap up in great coats and shawls. We took a cavass from the consulate, who protected us against the brutalities of the custom-house, which has been described to me as one of the worst in Turkey.

After breakfast I walked with our consul, Mr. Blunt, to see the works of the railway to Aden. Mr. Meredith, the principal engineer, showed us a plan of the line. It is eighty miles long. The only difficulty is a tunnel through Mount Pagus of about two miles.

The proposed capital of the company is 1,200,000*l.*, of which the works will take 1,000,000*l.* The labourers are Turks; at present, only forty-five are engaged. They earn about eighteen pence a day, and do about one-third the work of an Englishman.

Mr. Meredith expects an enormous traffic. The line traverses a rich and, for Turkey, populous country, through which everything is now carried on camels or on horses. So that much of the produce which reaches Smyrna is sold for seven times as much as it cost in the country.

Mr. Blunt was for twenty years consul at Salonica. I asked him which population he preferred, the Salonicans or the Smyrniotes.

"There is not much," he said, "to choose between them. The poorer, the humbler, the Turk is, the better he is; as he mixes with the world, and as he gets money

and power, he deteriorates. In the lowest class I have sometimes found truth, honesty, and gratitude; in the middle classes, seldom; in the highest, never. Even the lower classes are changed for the worse. Five and twenty years ago you could trust a bag of money to a porter for short distances, to a courier for long ones; it was the practice. No one ventures to do so now. The race, however, is rapidly dying out. A Turkish woman will scarcely ever have more than two children.

"Lord Stratford," he continued, "has always been a friend to Turkey. What are his hopes?"

"He hopes," I answered, "that the Mussulmen and Christians may be so far fused, by the enjoyment of equal rights, as to be loyal subjects to one government."

"I hope so, too," he answered; "but in the parts of Bulgaria which I know best, that is, Macedonia and Thessaly, it will not be the government of the Sultan. The Mussulmen of those countries are as disaffected to the Constantinopolitan government as the Christians are. They have a hundred times said to me, 'When will you drive those hogs out of Constantinople?'"

"Would they like to be annexed to Greece?" I asked.

"By no means," he answered; "the Greek invasion of 1854 thoroughly frightened and disgusted the whole population, Christian as well as Turkish. The invaders professed to come as liberators; they swept all the country of its cattle, sheep, and goats. No one joined them, except those whom they forced to do so, by threatening to burn their villages, and they deserted at the first opportunity."

Monday, November 9th.—I called on Herr Spiegelthal,

the Prussian Consul. I found him busy in packing a collection of ancient bronzes, terra cottas, and marbles, which he has made during the seven or eight years that he has been here. They are going to London for sale. Excavating in these climates is not safe. He has suffered severely from fever, and is going to seek recovery at the baths of Castellamare.

He, too, talked of the dying out of the Turks. "In towns," he said, "where there were 3000 Turks five or six years ago, there are now not 2000. Since the reforms have given to the Rayahs comparative security, they are squeezing out the Turks. Formerly, the richer they were the more they were oppressed; now they combine, make a common purse to resist the common enemy, and whenever one of them is ill-treated, only having a larger fund to draw from, he can purchase more witnesses, and bribe the judge higher than his adversary.

"A strong proof of the depopulation of the country is the presence of nomadic tribes, Irooks and Turcomans, who wander over it in parties of from thirty to forty families, carrying with them cattle, camels, horses, and sheep in thousands, encamping and feeding on the unoccupied lands. The Irooks live in tents; and, besides their pastoral employments, weave carpets and coarse cloths. The Turcomans are purely pastoral, and sometimes build temporary villages of wood coated with mud. I remember finding one near Sardis on the same spot for two successive years. They had 150 camels, 400 or 500 head of cattle, and perhaps 10,000 sheep. I asked them how long they intended to remain there. 'God

only knows,' they answered. The next year they were gone."

"To whom, then," I said, "does the land on which they encamp, and feed their herds and flocks, belong?"

"To the Sultan in general," he answered.

"And do they pay for its use?"

"Not," he replied, "when it is the Sultan's. The unoccupied land of the Sultan may be used without payment; when they use that belonging to private persons, some payment is exacted. They ought to pay tithe, but the appearance of a tithe-collector is a notice to them to depart."

"How much of Asia Minor," I said, "do you suppose to be uncultivated?"

"Ninety-nine hundredths," he answered; "if you go from hence towards Magnesia, you will ride ten hours through fine land without seeing a human habitation. But such is the fertility of the hundredth part which is cultivated, that if there were roads, its produce would influence sensibly the markets of Europe. A few years ago the crop of madder failed in the south of France. The export from Smyrna doubled, and in a great measure supplied the loss. If we had roads, we should drive the French madder out of the market."

Tuesday, November 10th. — I walked with Mr. Spiegelthal through the greater part of Smyrna, towards the ancient city on the hill which overlooks it. He pointed out to me a line running near a large Armenian church, and dividing the town about equally, which was formerly the shore. The foundations of a fine sea wall bound the

site of the city of Alexander. It rose up about one-third of the hill.

The modern city consists of a large Turkish town towards the south, a Frank town to the north, extending along the sea-shore, and an Armenian town to the east.

I asked him about its healthiness.

"A part of the Armenian town," he said, "which runs up among gardens, intersected by the Meles, is unhealthy, from want of drainage. The health of the Turkish town is somewhat affected by the cemeteries. A Turkish grave does not press on the corpse; room is left for it to rise into a sitting posture, to answer the question which, immediately after its interment, an angel puts to it, as to the faith in which it has died. As it is feared that at such a moment it may want presence of mind, the moollah who presides at the burial stands for ten minutes at the head of the grave, to prompt it. He keeps repeating: 'Say, There is one God, and Mahomet is his prophet;' and, to enable the corpse to hear him, a communication is left between the grave and the open air. The consequence is that the air from a Turkish cemetery in use is unwholesome. In general, however, Smyrna is healthy."

"Can you open fresh ground," I asked, "with safety?"

"Certainly," he answered. "We are not persecuted by the mysterious malaria of Italy or of Algeria. There is seldom any unhealthiness without an obvious cause."

The deserted city, the walls of which crown the hill, must be very ancient. A portion of them is of early Greek architecture, large stones uncemented. Other parts are of different ages, down to the Turkish period, which is

marked by marble columns and friezes built into them. They are about two miles in circumference. Within are extensive cisterns, of Byzantine construction, and an acropolis. Near one of the gates was a colossal bust. About eight years ago, an order was received to send to Constantinople all remains of ancient art, particularly heads. This bust was detached from its place in the wall; but as the firman specified heads, the Turks cut off the head, and rolled it down the hill, on its way to Constantinople, leaving the neck and shoulders under the wall. Here Mr. Spiegelthal found them, and being struck by their beauty, sent them to Berlin; and then tried to get the head. It could not be heard of at Constantinople, and at last he ascertained that it lay long at the foot of the hill, as it was rolled down, and is supposed to have been at last burnt for lime.

In a burial ground on the side of the hill we saw four Greek columns still standing, assigned to a temple of Esculapius, and further on are the ruins of an amphitheatre. What remains is of good Greek construction, and to prevent its utter destruction Herr Spiegelthal has bought it.

Herr Spiegelthal has spent much time in the interior of Asia Minor, and he believes the feelings of the Christian population to be such as to render an insurrection against the Turks almost certain within five or six years.

"What," I asked, "are their respective numbers?"

"The Christians," he answered, "are about three millions. The Turks about nine. But the Christians are concentrated in the larger towns; they possess all the wealth, the knowledge, and the intelligence of the country."

"But," I said, "they are neither armed nor military."

"Most of them," he answered, "are armed. The laws which forbid their being so are, like most Turkish laws, unexecuted. I do not believe that they are unmilitary. In the war, the young Greeks volunteered to serve in large numbers; they required, however, to be embodied apart, their object was to acquire discipline and experience. The government rejected them. The robbers of this neighbourhood are almost all Greeks; five or ten of them were generally a match for twenty or thirty of the Turkish police. A couple of years ago, five or six robbers were surrounded by a couple of hundred soldiers, in a house in the village of Boujad, about four miles from Smyrna. The soldiers were afraid to enter the house, in which they had barricaded themselves, and kept firing on them. The robbers returned the fire, killed several of the soldiers, and the affair ended by two of the robbers being killed, and the rest escaping. Their hatred of the Turks increases as their own wealth, intelligence, and numbers increase, and the Turkish rule becomes more and more corrupt and oppressive. You must not judge that rule from what you have seen on the Bosporus or the Hellespont, where there are consuls, and a European public. In the interior there is a mixture of anarchy and despotism, of timidity, negligence, cruelty, and rapacity. The government does not protect, does not assist, does nothing for the good of the people, and allows no one else to do anything. In short, it is a mere machine for robbery. It has no moral force and very little physical force. In this large town there are not three hundred Turkish soldiers. The insurgents will

be assisted by the Greeks from the islands, such as Candia, Cyprus, Rhodes, and Mitylene, where the bulk of the population is Greek. They will thus have the command of the sea. The contest will drag on until some European power, or Europe collectively, interferes, to prevent the utter destruction of the finest portion of the earth."

We dined with Mr. Hanson, and met Dr. M'Crith, a physician settled for some years in Smyrna. We talked of the two robber chiefs, Yani Katergee and Simos.

"I spent a week," he said, "in company with Simos by day and by night."

"We all," I said, "heard of your capture; will you give us some of the details of your residence with him? How long ago was it?"

"Three years," he answered; "I was riding in 1854, one summer's afternoon, from Bournabat to a neighbouring village, about four miles from Smyrna, when I was desired to stop, and found myself surrounded by armed men. They led me into a thicket, where I found nine or ten prisoners like myself. They kept us there until it was dark, then dismissed all except six, that is to say, four Smyrniotes, a Jew, and myself. They fixed the ransoms of the Smyrniotes and me at first at 3000*l.*, or 600*l.* a piece, made me write a note stating their demand, and sent the Jew to Smyrna on my horse to bring it, having first stripped him of his fur pelisse, and given it to me to wear in the mountains during the nights. They then walked us off across the plain to the mountains. We halted high up in an oak wood, took a sheep and a couple of lambs from a neighbouring fold, and roasted them whole, on which, with the fine water of the mountains, I made a good supper; and

Simos, who took great care of me, made me a bed of boughs of trees. All the next day we lay quiet, sentinels being posted round. As soon as it was dark, finding that three of the Smyrniotes were of little value, they sent them off, and we then started and walked rapidly towards the place, about twenty miles off, where the Jew was to meet us on the day after with the ransom. I was tired; they met an old man on a donkey, took it from him, put me on it, and made him accompany us to take care of it."

"How many," I asked, "were the robbers?"

"They were originally nine," he said, "all Greeks; but on the second day we recruited a tenth, a young Turk, whom we met flying from the conscription. He was well armed, and we complied with his request to be allowed to join us. The third night's march brought us near to the place where we were to find the Jew with the ransom. We posted our watch and lay quiet. One of them fell asleep on his post, and was severely beaten by Simos. Towards noon our sentinels reported that they could see with their telescopes about thirty Turkish soldiers climbing up the mountain. 'We shall not let them take you out of our hands,' said Simos to me: he had said the same thing to me once or twice before. 'I wish,' I said to him, 'that you 'would not keep dinning that into my ears; I know what 'you mean, and you need not always be putting me in mind 'of it.'"

"What did it mean?" I asked.

"It meant," he answered, "that to prevent a rescue they would shoot me."

"What could they get by that?" I asked.

"It would set an example," he answered; "they could show that the only means of saving a prisoner's life was to pay his ransom, that to rescue him was impossible. The robbers," he continued, "aware that the Jew had betrayed them, took up a position on the mountain side, where the path was steep, and waited the arrival of the soldiers under cover of rocks and brushwood. They left my fellow-prisoner and me under the guard of two men, one of whom was the man who had been beaten. This man stood with us, a little behind the brow of the hill. The other was on its edge, and could look down on the field of battle. In about an hour we heard shots, and from their frequency it seemed that the action was brisk.

"Our guard had been very sulky ever since his beating. I said to him, 'You have taken to a trade which will not 'prosper; you are sure in a year or two, perhaps in a day 'or two, to be shot or beheaded. Help me to escape, and 'I will ensure you pardon and preferment.' He turned very red, and said that he could not break his oath to Simos. 'Nonsense,' I said, 'do you suppose that God requires you 'to keep such an oath as that?' Then he said that the other man would shoot us. 'On the contrary,' I said, 'I 'will shoot him. He has his back towards us, lend me 'your gun; the instant I have shot him we will run down 'the hill to the soldiers below.' As I was saying this the guard, who was in advance, turned, and called out to us that the soldiers were beaten, and running throwing away their arms. So this chance of escape had failed. None of the band were hit, but I was told that several of the soldiers had fallen.

"Simos now said that he would take a circuit of two days

to a house where he had a friend on whom he could rely, as bearer of the ransom and the message. We walked for about four hours over the mountain ridges, and then lay down in a thicket. Soon after a Turk, on horseback, rode along the track, and turned from it, I know not with what intention, into the thicket. He was instantly shot. The old man, to whom the ass belonged, was sitting near us, quietly smoking his chibouk. One of the robbers came behind and shot him in the back. The ball probably reached the heart, for he leapt forward and fell dead. It was still daylight, and therefore earlier than our usual hour of moving, but Simos thought our position dangerous, and we commenced our march towards the house of his friend.

"'You must not suppose,' he said to me, 'that I like 'this bloodshed. It gives me great pain, but it is one of 'the misfortunes of my profession.'

"'I can understand,' I said, 'your shooting the 'Turk. If I were a Greek, I would shoot a Turk when-'ever I could. But why did you shoot the poor old man, 'who had been living with you, eating with you, sleeping 'with you for three days?'

"'I did not do it,' he answered, 'Pericles did it; he 'is a young hand, and thoughtless. If I had known what 'he was going to do, I should have stopped him, but as it 'has been done there is no use in fretting about it.' He was much elated at his victory, and wrote an insulting letter to the Pasha, and another to Mr. James Whittall, raised our ransom to 100,000 piastres, or 9000*l.*, and sent the letters off by a shepherd whom he found on the mountain.

"We walked all night, and lay quiet the next day. The

Smyrniote and I convinced him that the demand of 100,000 piastres was absurd, and the utmost he could hope from us was 500*l.* a piece.

"In the middle of the following night, we reached his friend's house. He made me write to Mr. J. Whittall a demand of 40,000 piastres, or 3,000*l.* as ransom; but it was understood between us and communicated to the messenger, that if the messenger brought back 500*l.* or about 6000 piastres, I was to be released. I believe the Smyrniote came to a similar arrangement with him. He wrote to his friends, and I wrote to my wife, and also to Mr. James Whittall, requesting our respective ransoms be given to the bearer. My wife had not the money in the house; but as no time was to be lost, it was immediately procured for her.

"The next day the messengers returned with the 500*l.* a piece for us. Simos shook me cordially by the hand when we parted, and gave me a sovereign to pay my expenses home."

"I suppose," I said, "that you made the Turkish Government repay your ransom."

"I drew for it," answered Dr. M'Crith, "on Lord Stratford, who I believe advanced it out of his own pocket. Of course the Turks ultimately paid it."

"What became," I asked, "of the band?"

"Suleiman Pasha," he answered, "was then our governor; he required looking after. We were not sure that part of our ransoms did not go to him, so the consuls went in a body to impress on him the necessity of repressing an organised system of crime which was in fact confining us within the walls of the town. Under the old Turkish law, the course

would have been simple. A reward would have been set on the heads of all who formed part, or were supposed to form part, of the gang, and they would have been shot down by the country people. But since the Hatt-i-Sheriff of Gul Haneh, the procedure is more regular. It was thought that they ought to be tried, and, in that case, they could not be executed unless the heirs of some of their victims asked blood for blood. Such was the terror that no one ventured to do this. At last we got over it by making the Pasha himself come into court and ask blood for blood, in respect of his soldiers killed in the attack on the mountain. The result was that all my ten companions were satisfactorily disposed of. Some were shot, some were beheaded, and the bodies of some were found on the shore near to their prison, which was an old Genoese castle, on a low tongue of land projecting into the bay. It was said that they had all been drowned in an attempt to escape. But it took about a year. The last but one killed was Simos. The police stopped two suspicious-looking men at Cordeleon Point; one of them said that, if they would let him go, he would tell them a valuable secret. They promised, and he then said that his companion was Simos. Simos tried to break away, and was killed in the struggle. They cut off his head, and took it to the Austrian consul-general to be identified. The informer was beheaded in due time.

"C. D.," he continued, "was our best Pasha; being a Greek, he knew how to deal with Greeks."

"Is he not a Mussulman?" I asked.

"He is a Mussulman now," answered Dr. M'Crith; "but he was born of Greek parents in Scio. When the island

was ravaged during the war of independence, C. D. was left an orphan, received in a Turkish family, and brought up as a Turk; but he has all the cleverness of his race. No Turk could have put down the Smyrniote robbers of his time; they were far more numerous and better disciplined than their successors. Katergee was superior to Simos. Suleiman Pasha was a Turk, idle, sensual, and forced to exertion only by the fear of losing his place. C. D. delighted in the contest. He deceived them, outwitted them, and cared not what promises he made nor what promises he broke, nor, in short, what means he employed.

"I will tell you a characteristic story about him. A shroff, or money-changer, of some wealth, disappeared; suspicion fell on one Demitri, keeper of a coffee-house which was opposite to his shop. That coffee-house was the place in which he had been seen last. Demitri and his waiter were arrested. No confession or evidence was extracted from the master, and all that they could get from the servant was that he had seen two bags of gold in his master's possession. C. D. and Demitri had one taste in common; they were both fond of jewels and antiques. Demitri wore a valuable antique ring. C. D. sent to ask him for the loan of it for an evening, in order to compare it with one of his own. As soon as he got it, he sent a man with it to Demitri's wife, with a message from her husband to say that he had come to an arrangement with the Pasha, and was to be released on giving to him the two bags of gold which were in her keeping; he entreated her, therefore, to send the bags by the messenger. The wife recognised the ring; the story was plausible, indeed, it was

what was to be expected, and she gave the bags. The next day the Pasha sent for Demitri, showed to him the bags of gold, and told him that his servant had confessed that Demitri had committed the murder, had described its details—in short, had given them all the evidence that they wanted, and had told them where to find the gold. Demitri was as credulous as his wife had been. 'If *he*,' he said, 'has given evidence against *me*, *I* will against *him*.' So he made a clean breast, confessed that the shroff had been strangled in the coffee-house and buried under the floor, and that he was only one of several persons whom he and his servant had disposed of in the same way. The floor was taken up, and several bodies were found buried under it."

"Were the murderers executed?" I asked.

"I believe not," he answered; "as far as I recollect, the heirs of the murdered persons accepted the price of blood, and Demitri and his waiter were sent to the Bagnio. In all probability Demitri has purchased his release, and perhaps keeps a second coffee-house, managed in the same way as his first was."

"All your great robbers," I said, "seem to have been Greeks."

"Greeks only," said Mr. Hanson, "have talent and combination enough for the arduous post of a robber chief; and Greeks only would have enjoyed the degree of sympathy and assistance which these men received from their fellow-countrymen. Katergee and Simos were not execrated by the Greeks as they were by the Europeans. The Greeks recollected that it was by the klephtæ that the insurrection in Greece began. That it was the klephtæ

who were the nuclei of the guerilla bands who harassed, and at last destroyed, the troops of the Sultan. All the Greeks in Smyrna delighted in Simos' victory over the Turks."

"What do you suppose," I said, "to have been the ultimate objects of Katergee and Simos? They scarcely intended to be robbers for the rest of their lives, unless, indeed, they were prepared for their lives being very short."

"Probably," he answered, "they hoped to make a purse out of a few great ransoms, and to fly to Greece to live there in dignified repose. Perhaps they hoped to become chiefs in the insurrection of Asia Minor. They were both men of some education. Katergee was a courier; he performed for us all the duties which the post performs in civilised countries; he carried messages, parcels, and money, and had a small capital in horses and their accoutrements; he was thought remarkably trustworthy; he was ill-treated by the Turkish authorities, and took to the road partly from want, and partly in revenge."

Wednesday, November 11th.—Mr. Lafontaine, manager of the Smyrna branch of the Ottoman bank, brother of the Lafontaines of Pera, took us to spend the day at his house in Bournabat, a village at the head of the gulf, about four miles from Smyrna. In this village, and in Boujad, the rich Europeans have their country houses. We looked at two or three of them. They are comfortable and pretty, surrounded by groves of olives, oranges, white mulberries, and cypresses.

Though not raised much above a rich alluvial plain, they are not subject to malaria, of which, indeed, there is little

about Smyrna. Asia Minor seems to be a healthier country than Italy. In the Roman territory, such a village as Bournabat would be mortal.

Thursday, November 12th.— A wet day; the first since the 2nd of November. I passed the morning looking over Mr. J. Whittall's collection of Greek coins. It includes that made by Ismail Pasha, who had great facilities as a collector. I know little of coins, but was struck by the beauty of several, particularly by a Syracusan coin, the head of Arethusa. He finds scarcely any that are identical. The Greek dies seem to have been soon worn out, and never reproduced without some change.

When it became too dark to examine them, we sat and talked over the prospects of the country. He expressed his conviction that it cannot remain as it is; that the diminution in numbers, in morality, in spirit, and in hope, of the Turks, and the increasing wealth, courage, and intelligence of the Christians, must soon end the subjection of the civilised man to the barbarian.

"Three influences," he said, "are struggling, that of the Greeks, meaning by Greeks those who acknowledge the Patriarch of Constantinople, that of the Armenians, and that of the Europeans. The Greeks dream of nothing but a Greek empire, to be created by the help of Russia. They despise the Russians as slaves and savages, but they hope to make use of them, and then to throw them off. The Armenians, and generally all the Christians who are not in communion with the Patriarch of Constantinople, dread the Greeks still more than they do the Turks. They know them to be more intolerant and more oppressive. They are quiet, unambitious people, and would like to

exchange the Turkish rule for the supremacy of any European power. If they have a predilection, it is in favour of Russia. The only foreign nations that have any influence are Russia, France, and England. The Russians, of course, are supported by the Greek element, the French by the Latin clergy, the English by the agricultural and commercial interests. The Turks, too, prefer us to all other foreigners. Though the French have tried hard to appropriate all its glory, the late war has raised our character, while it has depressed that of our rivals. The Russians are now more hated and less feared. The French were insolent and oppressive; the English were civil and kind, and, above all, they paid well. The thousands of Bashi Bazouks whom we had in our pay, are missionaries, trumpeting our honesty and our liberality over the country.

"I believe that if we enforce the Hatt-i-Humâyoon, and enable Europeans to buy land, the coast of Asia Minor will become an English and German colony. They are the only colonising nations. Asia Minor is a better field for them than America. There is far more unoccupied land; it may be bought of individuals for a shilling or two an acre; of the Government, for the mere cost of writing out the grant. The first and most important step is to make railways. They will be constructed, and owned, and worked by Englishmen. They will be enormously profitable; and they will render productive provinces now uncultivated, because it often costs five times as much to carry a quarter of grain to the coast as it costs to buy it from the producer. The railway companies, and the European colonies, will become little republics. They will say to

the Turks. 'We will pay our tithes and taxes, which will 'be twenty times more than you ever got before, but we 'will manage our own affairs. We will have our own local 'authorities, our own courts, our own police, our own roads, 'and our own local taxation for local purposes.' The Russians, the Greeks, and the French, will use every means, fair or unfair, violent or fraudulent, to prevent railways from being made, and colonies from being founded, and to ruin or damage them when they exist. Their enmity will be assisted by the jealousy, ignorance, and brutality of the Turkish Government; but if England will favour and support us, I have no fears. The material interests are all in our favour; and, with English assistance, they will overcome the political opposition.

"But we ought to be well represented. When an English consul is a man of talent, energy, and public spirit, and can speak the language, his opportunities of doing good, or rather of preventing evil, are enormous. Mr. Wood, brother of our Dr. Wood, exercised at Damascus as much influence as the Pasha. Mr. Calvert, at the Dardanelles, is a more important person than the Pasha; the whole province looks up to him; all the Pasha's merits are ascribed, and very justly, to his influence.

"Calvert," he continued, "rendered great services to our army; and, if the Commissariat would have allowed him, would have rendered much greater. They hated him, and tried to ruin him. Some, because he required from them more exertion than men with their torpid routine habits could make, or could ever conceive; others, because he interfered with their jobs. In this country

almost every one turns jobber. The opportunities are incessant, the immunity is almost perfect. Public opinion is in favour of corruption. Englishmen who might have been honest anywhere else, caught the endemic.

"The consuls and vice-consuls should not only be better chosen, but better paid. Their salaries have not been raised, while everything has doubled in price. If Calvert were not agent for Lloyd's, he could not maintain his position. Blunt at this place can scarcely do so; his vice-consul is worn out, but the Foreign Office will not remove him, because they have no fund from which to pension him; so Blunt has to pay a man to do the vice-consul's business."

"You have read," I said, "my 'Therapia Journal,' what do you think of the theory of some of my interlocutors—that if we wish to preserve the integrity of the Turkish Empire, we must leave the Turk to himself; that if we do not fetter him and mislead him, he can keep down his Greeks, Armenians, Roumans and Slaves?"

"I think," answered Whittall, "that if we leave the Turk to act on his own principles, if principles they can be called, the brutality, corruption, and stupidity of his misgovernment will produce an insurrection, which after laying waste this country for ten years, will end in driving him out of it."

"But if that should not be the case, if he should be strong enough, as your friends think that he would be, to prevent an insurrection, or to put it down, then, I believe, that the whole population, Mussulman and Christian would be ruined together. In short I believe that if you leave

the Turk to himself, this country, if it does not become another Greece, will become another Morocco."

We passed the evening at Madame de Steindl's. She is the wife of the Austrian Consul-General, and is the younger of the two young ladies who charmed Captain Basil Hall, when he lived with the Countess Purgstall at Schloss Hainfeld. They have a fine house, the best in Smyrna; and about thirty ladies and gentlemen were strong and bold enough to hobble to her through the dark, unlighted, rough, and muddy lanes.

The Steindl's like Smyrna. The town they acknowledge, is horrible, but their country-house at Boujad is beautifully situated, and the society is pleasant. As far as my experience goes, I quite agree with the last statement. I have found here a most agreeable society. The men are well-informed, and the women accomplished and graceful, and all are as kind as people can be.

She had been reading my Alexandrian journal, in which the Greek Consul-General disclaims all sympathy with Russia.

"That was not the case," she said, "with the Greeks in Smyrna. We illuminated for the capture of Sebastopol, as we thought that we ought to do in a Turkish town, and were in danger of having our house pulled down. During the whole war, our Greeks were threatening an insurrection. None of them disguised their Russian sympathies."

I asked M. de Steindl what happened to an Austrian accused of the murder of a Turk.

"I keep him in my prison," he answered, "until I have collected all the evidence that is accessible. Then I send

him and the depositions to Trieste, and he is tried and punished there."

"Do you send the witnesses?" I asked.

"Never," he answered; "he is tried on the depositions alone."

"And what," I said, "happens if a Turk has murdered an Austrian?"

"He is tried and punished," he answered, "by the Turkish tribunals. At least he is tried, but such are the absurdities of Turkish law, and so easy is it to purchase the witnesses and the judges, that, if he has any money, he is generally acquitted."

Friday, Nov. 13th.—I supped at X.'s, and met Y., an English physician settled at Smyrna, and Mr. Homer, a Greek.

We talked of the degeneracy of the Turks. "How do you account," I asked, "for the strange fact, if it be a fact, that in proportion as they have improved their institutions, in proportion as life and property have been more secure, their wealth and their numbers have diminished? How comes it that the improvement which gives prosperity to every other nation ruins them?"

"It *is* a fact," said Y., "that while their institutions have improved, their wealth and population have diminished. Many causes have contributed to this deterioration. The first and great one is, that they are not producers. They have neither diligence, intelligence, nor forethought. No Turk is an improving landlord, or even a repairing landlord. When he has money, he spends it on objects of immediate gratification. His most permanent investment

is a timber palace, to last about as long as its builder. His only professions are shop-keeping and service. He cannot engage in any foreign commerce, as he speaks no language but his own. No one ever heard of a Turkish house of business, or of a Turkish banker, or merchant, or manufacturer. If he has lands or houses, he lives on their rent; if he has money, he spends it, or employs it in stocking a shop, in which he can smoke and gossip all day long. The only considerable enterprise in which he ever engages is the farming some branch of the public revenue. His great resource is service, either that of a private person or of the Sultan. People talk of the place-hunting of France and of Germany; it is nothing to that of Turkey. A place closes the vista of every Turk's ambition."

"But," I said, "there was a time when the Turks were rich and prosperous. What difference is there between their national character then and now?"

"As respects hope," answered X., "ardour, self-reliance, ambition, public spirit, in short, all that makes a nation formidable, the difference is enormous. Until the battle of Lepanto and the retreat from Vienna, they possessed the grand and heroic but dangerous virtues of a conquering nation. They are now degraded by the grovelling vices of a nation that relies on foreigners for its defence. But as respects the qualities which conduce to material prosperity, to riches and to numbers, I do not believe that they have much changed. I do not believe that they are more idle, wasteful, improvident, and brutal now than they were 400 years ago. But it is only within the last fifty years, that the effects of these qualities have shown themselves fully.

When they first swarmed over Asia Minor, Roumelia, and Bulgaria, they seized on a country very populous and of enormous wealth. For 350 years they kept on consuming that wealth and wearing out that population. If a Turk wanted a house or a garden, he turned out a Rayah; if he wanted money, he put a bullet into a handkerchief, tied it in a knot, and sent it to the nearest opulent Greek or Armenian. At last, having lived for three centuries and a half on their capital of things and of men, having reduced that rich and well peopled country to the desert which you now see it, they find themselves poor. They cannot dig, to beg they are ashamed. They use the most mischievous means to prevent large families; they kill their female children, the conscription takes off the males, and they disappear. The only memorial of what fifty years ago was a populous Turkish village is a crowded burial-ground, now unused."

"As a medical man," said Y., "I, and perhaps *I* only, know what crimes are committed in the Turkish part of Smyrna, which looks so gay and smiling, as its picturesque houses, embosomed in gardens of planes and cypresses, rise up the hill. I avoid as much as I can the Turkish houses, that I may not be cognisant of them. Sometimes it is a young second wife who is poisoned by the older one; sometimes a female child, whom the father will not bring up; sometimes a male killed by the mother to spite the father. Infanticide is rather the rule than the exception. No inquiry is made, no notice is taken by the police. What occurs within the harem is a privileged mystery. A rich Turk, my patient, was dying of heart

complaint. He had two wives, a Greek and a Turk. He suffered much and gave much trouble. His wives were all gentleness and affection in his presence. But their imprecations against him when they had left his room were horrible. The Turkish wife said to me one day, 'You know that he must die. It is a pity that he should kill *us*. Can you not give him something to shorten his misery? We would make it worth your while.' I have no doubt that he suspected them; he kept imploring me not to leave him. 'He was sure,' he said, 'that he should not live long if a Turkish physician visited him;' probably he was right. In fact," he continued, "it is not the improvement of their institutions which has produced their poverty and weakness; but their poverty and weakness which have produced the improvement of their institutions. When we were forced to submit to their sending ambassadors to the Seven Towers, we never thought of interfering with their misgovernment of Rayahs. When they had shown themselves feeble at home, and absolutely powerless abroad, we began to be shocked with their treatment of our co-religionists. Their reforms have never been voluntary. They have been imposed on them by Europe. Their date is always that of a period of calamity. The defeat at Nezib produced the Hatti-Sherif of Gul-Hâneh; the occupation of Constantinople occasioned the Hatt-i-Humâyoon."

"I do not quite agree with you," said Homer. "The improvement of their institutions has, in more than one way, directly contributed to the poverty and weakness of the Turks. In the first place, it is inconsistent with their

position, with the conditions of their existence. They are a tribe of robbers. What would have become of his band, if Yani Katergee or Simos, had issued a Hatt-i-Humáyoon prohibiting the taking of ransoms, or the cutting off the ears of those whose ransoms were not paid? A people who, as Y. has truly stated, do not produce, must perish if they cease to steal. And secondly, the increased security of life and property has enabled the Christians to oust the Turks from many of the employments which were formerly open to them. Our increasing wealth produces a more than proportionate expenditure on education. Wherever there is a Greek village, there is a school. Small as our numbers are, there are ten, perhaps twenty, perhaps fifty, educated Greeks for one educated Turk. Every post requiring knowledge, diligence, or intelligence is filled by a Greek. Whenever a Turk borrows, the lender is a Greek. Whenever a Turk sells, the purchaser is a Greek, and it is seldom that a Turk borrows without having soon to sell. The proud Turks are thus becoming an inferior race in their own country. They appear still to retain its administration, they are the pashas, beys, moollahs and cadies, but for the details of their administration they are forced to trust to Greeks; and those who manage the details of business, especially when a Turk is the superior, are the real administrators."

"And how," I asked, "is this to end? How is the sick man to die?"

"It may end," said Y., "by foreign conquest, or by foreign interference. But it seems to me certain that, if Europe does not intervene, the Christians, superior in

wealth, superior in intelligence, and every day approaching nearer to equality in numbers, must at no distant period force the Turks to yield to them superiority of power."

"And who," I asked, "will exercise that power? Will the Greeks with their love of autonomia split into republics or aristocracies?"

"No," answered Homer, "the time for small independent states has gone by, or has not arrived. We shall form a constitutional monarchy."

"With Athens," I said, "or Smyrna, for your capital?"

"No," he answered, "with Constantinople."

"Under the protection," I said, "of St. Petersburg?"

"No," he replied. "We sympathise with the Russians only as the enemies of the Turks. Their whole system of government, of trade, of thought and of feeling is repulsive to us. Our strongest feeling is the desire to preserve our nationality; we have clung to it for 3000 years. If we are attached to the peculiarities of our religion, it is not because we care about the Patriarch of Constantinople or about the doctrines which separate us from the Roman Catholics or from the Protestants, but because we think that those peculiarities are safeguards of our nationality. We shall not suffer ourselves to be merged in the semi-barbarous mass of Russia, or even to become one of its satellites."

Saturday, November 14th.—I went with Mr. Van Lennap, a Prussian, the Swedish consul, and Dr. Wood, of Smyrna, to visit two schools, one for the education of girls, the other for that of boys.

The girls' school is under the direction of the Deaconesses

of Kaiserwirth, an institution only twenty-one years old, for attendance on the sick, for the reformation of the bad, for the relief of the poor, and for the education of children, which has its dependent or affiliated institutions scattered over Europe, America, and Turkey.

They have a large house in the Armenian quarter, which they purchased and enlarged and furnished with 30,000 dollars, of which 20,000 were advanced by the King of Prussia. It educates forty-five boarders and sixty-five day scholars. Among them are Protestants, Catholics, Greeks, Armenians, and one Turkish girl. Religious instruction is given by the ministers of each religion. They have two paid teachers, a music master, and a teacher of English.

All other instruction is given by the Deaconesses, or Sisters, of whom there are seven; six of whom are teachers, and the seventh is the Directress.

We found there the daughters of several of our Smyrniote friends. The cleanliness and comfort of the rooms is perfect. We were much pleased with the Directress, a mild intelligent woman; the girls, some as old as sixteen or seventeen, looked healthy and happy.

"It is impossible," said Mr. Van Lennap, "to exaggerate the usefulness of this institution. It enables the Europeans, in a barbarous country, 2000 miles from civilised Europe, to give to their daughters an education such as they would with difficulty find at home. They are well taught intellectually, morally, and religiously, under our own eyes, at an expense to boarders of about 45*l.* a year. Until it was established, we had either to send them home to Europe at a great expense, to be educated among

strangers, and to return to Smyrna strangers to us, or to let them grow up in comparative ignorance. It enables the natives to engraft European knowledge and virtues on Greek and Armenian intelligence. I do not suppose that so much good was ever done with 3000*l.* as was done by our good king, when his 20,000 thalers enabled the Deaconesses to found their school."

The boys' school is a large new house in a garden in the outskirts of the town. It educates at present eighty boys, thirty of whom are boarders and fifty are day-boys. A Dr. Barthe, from Rhenish Prussia, is the manager, He has seven masters, three English, one of whom is a Mr. Lee, who was a tutor, I believe, in Lord de Grey's family, two French, and two Greek. The language of the school is English, and so are the majority of the boys. The boarders pay, like the girls, about forty-five pounds a year.

The institution is struggling under a debt incurred for the purchase of the land and the building and furnishing the house, on which about 12 per cent. interest is paid.

"If," I said, "the boys' school, paying nearly 500*l.* a year of interest, and having to pay seven masters and a director, can support itself, the Deaconesses' school, whose house has been given to it, and which pays only two teachers, must be making a large profit."

"It makes no profit," said Mr. Van Lennap; "to do so would be against its principles; but it is able to be more liberal. There are more servants, the food is better, the sisters make little excursions during the vacations, and as respects teachers, the economy is not so great as it appears. The Directress and Sisters are boarded, lodged, and

clothed. Dr. Barthe and his teachers get scarcely more than that. They are forced to live with the strictest parsimony, and if their hearts were not in the business, they would desert it for more profitable occupations. As it is, I fear that we may be unable to keep them. We have tried to get the 4000*l.* advanced at 5 per cent. by British capitalists, or by the English Government, on the guarantee of the first commercial houses in Smyrna, and Lord Palmerston, when Foreign Minister, seemed disposed to aid us; but nothing has been done."

"I regret that bitterly," said Dr. Wood, "for the sake of the town, and for the sake of English interests in the East. At present these are confided, in a great measure, to persons who do not know the languages, and of course can know but little of the people. They communicate, or believe that they communicate, with the authorities through a dragoman. To perform his duty, the dragoman must be bold, honest, intelligent, and well acquainted with English and Turkish. Few of the Greek or Armenian dragomen possess even the last of these qualifications. Almost all of them want the others. The poor consul is utterly at their mercy, and cannot tell how much of what he says is misrepresented or softened, or how much is told to him of what the Pasha has said. It is only in Asia that the Asiatic tongues can be well learned. If this school, or some other school of a similar kind, succeeds, I hope that it will breed English dragomen, and, what will be better still, educate English consuls, who will be independent of dragomen.

"But I look for still greater effects from the influence of such schools on the natives, that is on the Greeks and

Armenians. At no distant time the Greeks will govern this country. What we have to wish is that they should come to the government with English feelings, English opinions, and English sympathies. The Russians through their political agents, the French through their missionaries and schools, are striving to make them hate and despise us. They would not succeed if the Greeks could read English. The Greeks are eminently political. They would devour our newspapers and our debates if they could understand them. They are also eminently commercial. Our systems of government and of trade would be eagerly embraced by them if they were explained to them. All that the continental press teaches them is servility, protection, monopoly, centralisation: in short, all the institutions, administrative and economical, to which we are most opposed.

"Another duty which schools of this kind would perform would be, the training persons for the purpose of making statistical and political inquiries and reports respecting the state of the country. It is in Asia Minor that the next struggle between Turkey and Russia will take place. Unless we take part in it, a Russian army will walk from Tiflis to the Hellespont. Of course, in order to make our assistance useful, we ought to know the country. At present we know nothing of it. The Russian Foreign Office knows every inch of it. It will be miserable if we have to learn our business when the time for action has arrived. For all these reasons, I am most anxious that the English Government should support the struggling Smyrna school. It need not give money; a loan of 4000*l.*, at moderate

interest, secured by the best commercial names in Smyrna, would be sufficient."

Sunday, November 15th. — We passed the day with Mr. James Whittall at Bournabat. His father, who is the great man of the village, has built a Protestant church; but it is not quite finished, and in the meantime the service is performed in a pavilion in the garden of Mr. J. Whittall.

M. Wolter, a German, deputed by the Church Missionary Society, preached to us an admirable sermon in good English, delivered with a slight foreign accent. He preaches also in Greek and in Turkish. The house of Mr. Whittall, the father, stands at the intersection of two avenues of cypresses, two hundred years old and sixty feet high. I said to him that, with such scenery, climate, and society, nothing but an hotel and a road were wanting to make Bournabat a delightful autumnal residence.

"It is delightful," he answered, "all the year round, for we suffer little from heat or from cold. We shall have a railway, and probably an hotel, and in the meantime all our houses are hotels for our friends."

I asked him about the security of the country.

"It is now perfect," he answered. "It was only for a short period that it was disturbed, and the repression was so vigorous that I do not fear a repetition of the scenes of two or three years ago. Simos wrote to me asking for money. I showed the letter to the Pasha. 'I will answer it,' he said. Some months after he sent word to me that he had something to show me. It was Simos's head."

The dining room was hung with family portraits. There

was Mr. Whittall's great grandmother, a Capo d'Istrias, who died in child-birth at fifty-two, having had twenty-nine children.

She was the Queen of Bournabat, and ruled her subjects with a kindness by no means unmixed with severity. Her cavasses bastinadoed evil-doers in her presence.

The temperature was that of a fine English summer; at noon about 66° in the shade; at night about 60°.

I showed to Mr. James Whittall Dr. M'Crith's account of his adventures in the mountains.

"If the story interests you," he said, "I can show you some original documents relating to it."

And he gave me three scraps of paper, which I copy.

No. I.

"To Mr. J. Whittall. — We are in the hands of the robbers, near Hadzy Las. They demand 3000*l.* We are five. They say not to send any Turks after us.

(Signed) "JAMES M'CRITH."

No. II.

Κυριε συρ Βιτταλ,

Αν δεν λυπηση τον ιατρον, και δεν στελλη τα χρηματα αυριον το μεσημερον, στελλε ανθρωπον να φερει το κεφαλιτον του, χωρις αλλο. μη ολοκανδατε πως σας γραφωμεν διαφορετικα.

γρουσια 100,000.

ροτισε τι επαθυν οι Τυρκοι. Εφυγον απο ενδο χωρις αρματα. Εθελον να βαζω την επιγραφην του ιατρου αλλα ειναι εις αλλο μερος.

Καπιταν Σιμος και παιδες.

Thus translated by Mr. Whittall: —

"Mr. Sir, Whittall, —

"If you do not pity the Doctor, and if you do not send the money before to-morrow at noon, send a man to take his head and nothing else.

"Do not resent our writing to you thus strangely.

"Piastres 100,000.

"Ask what the Turks have suffered. They fled from hence leaving their arms. I wished to send the signature of the Doctor, but he is in another place.

(Signed) "Capitan SIMOS, and his Children."

No. III.

"Mr. J. Whittall.

"They threaten to kill me if a sum of money is not sent. 40,000 piastres. No Turks to be sent.

(Signed) "JAMES M'CRITH.

"To be sent to (illegible) to-morrow. They order me to write. See what you can collect. My wife can collect something."

"No. 1 was brought by the Jew the day after the capture. No. 2 was sent by Simos after he had defeated the Turkish soldiers. No. 3 reached me on the fourth day. It was in answer to it that we sent the 500*l.*, which was accepted. I was very near," he continued, "being in Dr. M'Crith's place. I walked with one of my boys, at about eight o'clock that Sunday morning, to a village about two miles from Bournabat. We passed through a deserted cemetery overgrown with brushwood. I saw nobody, but heard some

one within the brushwood mention my name. Some of the robbers afterwards confessed that they were lurking there, and had debated whether they should take me, and had decided that it was too early in the day; that they might be pursued and caught in the plain, before they could reach the mountains. When Dr. M'Crith did not return in the evening, we suspected what had happened, and his friends were preparing to march towards the mountains to rescue him. But we were warned that we could not succeed. 'What will you say to Mrs. M'Crith,' said persons acquainted with the habits of the robbers, 'if you have to give her only M'Crith's head?' There was no answering this, and we gave up the attempt to rescue him. But the pasha had firmer nerves, or rather he cared little for Mrs. M'Crith or for Dr. M'Crith, but was in great fear that, if a ransom were paid, its repayment would be demanded of the Porte, and that he should be accused of negligence, or perhaps of collusion, with the robbers. So, instead of the money, he sent some thirty Turkish soldiers to Hadzy Las, the place at which the robbers expected the ransom. They were defeated in the manner described by Dr. M'Crith, and then we were allowed to send the ransom."

We passed a most agreeable day, and had a glorious sunset for our row home.

Monday, November 16th. — I showed Y. the journal which I have been keeping here.

"All that you have reported of me," he said, "is correct. And I think that you have well collected the opinions that prevail in Smyrna respecting the Turks. But I should like

to see more about the Greeks. They are destined to play — indeed they play now — a more important part than the Turks. I admit that they have great faults; that they are false, intriguing, and servile; that they have, in short, many of the bad qualities which might be expected from four hundred years of oppression. The wonder is, that they are not worse. We find that even Englishmen are the worse for twenty or thirty years of residence among us. But their diligence, their public spirit, their ambition, their thirst for knowledge, and their sagacity, are beyond all praise. The contrast between them and the Latins is striking."

"Are there many Latins?" I asked.

"There are 10,000 in Smyrna alone," he answered. "They are chiefly of Italian descent. They have all the faults of the Greeks, and many others, and they have few of their virtues. They are bitterly intolerant, they have little energy, and little desire of improvement. Instead of sending their children, as the Greeks do, to Europe for education, they keep them at home, chiefly under the direction of the Lazarists, learning nothing."

"I have heard," I said, "little about them or about the Armenians."

"The Armenians," he answered, "are more important. They are not numerous but they are rich. They have not the ambition or the intelligence of the Greeks. They will side with the strongest."

"When I read over my journal," I said, "I am struck by the uniform repugnance of all my friends to the Turks. Hatred, contempt, or disgust seem to be the feelings which

they excite among all the Christians who come in contact with them.

"I do not believe," he answered, "that we *can* sympathise with them. I scarcely think that we belong to the same species. The head of a Turk, unless it be the head of a Turk born of a Circassian mother, has much less brain than that of a European, especially as respects the organs of the nobler faculties. His forehead is low, and recedes at almost an acute angle. He cannot reason, there is no logical sequence in his ideas. He has a vivid conception and imagination, but little abstraction. His thoughts do not form themselves, as those of a European do, into words. Remembrances of past pains and pleasures, principally sensual ones, and anticipations of future ones, float through his mind. He meditates much more on the objects which he wishes to attain, than on the means of attaining them; just as the Koran revels in descriptions of the joys of Paradise, but scarcely alludes to the virtues which are to qualify us for entering it.

"I have often listened to the conversation in Turkish coffee-houses. It is such as you might expect from babies of a year old, if they could suddenly be enabled to talk. The women are still more childish. The men are restrained by self-respect; the women have none. I have visited them as a physician, and have been charmed by their grace and softness. Suddenly something done, or omitted to be done, by a slave, rouses the anger of one of these lambs. She pours out against her a torrent of the most indecent slang, in the presence perhaps of her husband and of her daughters.

"Their love is as impetuous and as unrestrained as their hate. The advances always come from them: the stories in the 'Arabian Nights' of the old woman who comes to the handsome young man to announce to him his conquest, and to lead him blindfold to the place of assignation, have their counterparts every night in the Turkish town of Smyrna. While Turkish wives are such as they are now, Turkish husbands cannot be blamed for their jealousy."

"But the Turk," I said, "must have some virtues, or he could not have conquered and retained an empire."

"The Turk of the 15th century," answered Y., "was a different person from the Turk of the 19th.

"He was athletic and vigorous, he lived in exercise and in the open air. He was not the sedentary smoking sensualist that he is now: but I will not deny that even the degenerate Turk has some virtues. He is sober. All classes are sober in eating, the great majority are sober in drinking. He is sober in conduct, he is not easily ruffled or easily excited. He is calm in both good and bad fortune. He is eminently hospitable and charitable. Unhappily his virtues wither under the rays of prosperity. The poor Turk is honest and humane, the Turkish private soldier is brave. The rich Turk is always an oppressor. As soon as the Turkish officer thinks life worth having he takes care of it.

"His great misfortune is, that he does not possess the capacity of indefinite improvement which belongs to the European race. Like the Chinese, the Hindoos, and, in fact, all the Asiatics, there is a degree, and not a high one, of civilisation which he cannot pass, or even long pre-

serve. He reached it 300 years ago, and has receded ever since."

"The Arabs," I said, "and the Jews appear to possess a capacity for advanced civilisation?"

"The Jews and the Arabs," he answered, "ought not to be considered as Asiatics. The Jews were a single family, planted and detained for 400 years in Egypt, which grew into a nation without intercourse with any other. The history of the Arabs is similar. They are derived from the same stock as the Jews, and grew up like them with little foreign intermixture. They have been as effectually separated from the rest of the inhabitants of Asia, by the seas and deserts which insulate their peninsula, as the Jews have been by their peculiar institutions. They are not Asiatics; they are Ishmaelites, as the Jews are Israelites.

"The distinguishing characteristic of the real Asiatic is, intellectual sterility and unfitness for change. One nation, to save itself trouble, declares that its laws shall be immutable. Another institutes caste, and makes all further improvement impossible. Another protects itself against new ideas, by refusing all intercourse with foreigners. An Asiatic had rather copy than try to invent, rather acquiesce than discuss, rather attribute events to destiny than to causes that can be inquired into and explained. His only diplomacy is war; his only internal means of government are poison, the stick, and the bowstring.

"In the Turk these peculiarities are exaggerated. Whatever be his purpose, he uses the means which require the least thought. If he has to create a local government,

he simply hands over to the Pasha all the powers of the Sultan. If he wants money, he takes it wherever he can find it; and if he cannot get it by force, he puts up to auction power, justice, the prosperity, and indeed the subsistence, of his subjects. He averts the dangers of a disputed succession by killing all the nephews of the Sultan, or preventing any from coming into existence. He relies on the rain for washing his streets, on the dogs for keeping them free from offal, on the sun for making passable the tracks which he calls roads, and on the climate for enabling him to live in his timber house without repairing it. For everything else he relies on Allah, and entreats God to do for him what he is too torpid to do for himself. His fatalism is, in fact, indolence in its most exaggerated form. It is an escape, not only from exertion, but from deliberation.

"Our attempts to improve the Turks put me in mind of the old story of the people who tried to wash the negro white. He never was, or will be, or can be anything but a barbarian."

ATHENS.

Tuesday, November 1*st.*—We embarked for Athens, leaving Smyrna with great delight, and the Smyrniotes with great regret.

Wednesday, November 18*th,* 1857. On board the "Telemachus," in the harbour of Syra. — We left Smyrna at three yesterday evening. Our boat, sister to the "Scamander" and the "Leonidas," is, like them, comfortable, steady, and slow.

The first three hours of our passage, in the land-locked Bay of Smyrna, were charming.

We ran close to the southern coast, which is overhung by a chain of mountains rising abruptly from a narrow strip of shore, covered with olives, chestnuts, and planes, and ornamented from time to time by a solitary palm. Their highest pinnacles do not exceed 3000 feet; but, as the whole height is taken in by the eye at once, the effect is much greater than that produced by loftier eminences growing gradually from widely extended roots.

Their colouring is very varied, depending sometimes on their strata, sometimes on their vegetation, and sometimes on their exposure. Yesterday evening, the eastern face of all their promontories and sharp buttresses was in shadow; the western was glowing with lights reflected from forests in which the yellow of autumn began to

mix with the green, from brown herbage and fern, from purple heather, and from naked precipices of red or grey limestone.

We saw few villages, and little traces of cultivation. About five miles from Smyrna we passed under an old Genoese Castle, now used as a fortress and prison. On the shore below it, four or five of Simos's band were found drowned. No one believes that their deaths were accidental.

A little before six the sun set; we rounded the promontory of Can-lu-Burun, and found ourselves in the Ægean.

The mild south wind, which had fanned us in the bay, now became a violent siroc. I went to bed, and did not get up until we were among the Cyclades, in the channel between Tenos and Delos, nearing Syra.

The harbour of Syra is tolerably protected from all winds, except the north-east; but it is rough, there is nothing inviting in the town, so that I have remained all day on board.

Hôtel d'Angleterre, Athens, Thursday, November 19th. — We started at six yesterday evening, and after a rough passage reached the Piræus at five this morning. We landed at eight, found carriages and custom-house officers waiting on the beach, had our baggage examined and loaded in less than half an hour, and reached Athens before ten. The day is dark and stormy; the Acropolis and Lycabettus looked down upon us during the whole road, from a background of black clouds charged with snow, none of which, however, fell in Athens. Hymettus to the east, Parnes and Pentelicus to the north and west, attracted it.

We are lodged in cold splendour, in large bedrooms and

a salon thirty feet square, looking north-west, with a Lilliputian stove.

The scenery of Athens wants nothing but trees and a river. The Cephisus is a brook, and can be traced only by the long strip of olives which it waters. The Ilissus is a rill. Though we are now towards the end of the rainy season, I stepped across it three or four times to-day. Parnes, Hymettus, and Pentelicus, once waving with forests, do not seem to bear a tree. A garden has been planted round the palace, which 100 years hence, if the trees, now as close as those of a nursery garden, are properly thinned, will be beautiful. It is not more than pretty as yet. Every other tree in and near Athens, except one noble palm in a convent garden, was destroyed during the war, and those which have been planted in their room are still saplings.

When Wordsworth visited Athens in 1832, it did not contain half a dozen inhabited houses. Its present population amounts to 36,000 persons, which supposes about 5000 houses. These are scattered irregularly over about a square mile, to the north of the Acropolis. Those nearest to it, which mount about half way up its side, are fortunately the worst. I say *fortunately*, because it is supposed that they cover valuable remains, which cannot be recovered until they have been demolished. The better houses are those of an English watering-place, but lower and more scattered; each good one has its little garden. The calcareous soil, and the dryness of the climate, render the streets clean but dusty. Their comparative smoothness is a delicious contrast to the rocky pointed pavements

which tormented us during the whole of our residence in Turkey.

Saturday, November 28th.—We have now inhabited Athens for ten days, but the weather has been so inclement, that I have not ventured on any excursions beyond walking distances. The thermometer has seldom fallen below 44° out of doors, or below 54° within, and there has been scarcely any rain, but the winds, generally from the north, have been violent. The air out of the house, has been full of dust, and within of smoke; for there are few open fireplaces, none in any sitting room in this inn, and the Greeks have not skill enough to manage a stove. I am told that this is a most unusual season. The Wyses say that they do not recollect so cold a one, that generally the December weather of Athens is charming; and certainly the one calm sunny day which we have had was delightful. As is usually the case in southern countries, the precautions are all against heat. The rooms look north or north-west, and are large and lofty, with numerous doors, and ill fitting casements reaching to the ground.

In summer, when for four months no one ventures out between seven in the morning and seven in the evening, they may be pleasant, they are comfortless now. Nothing but my anxiety to know something of a country and a people which have occupied my thoughts from boyhood would induce me to remain here.

The most interesting ruins in the world are those of Egyptian Thebes and of Athens; I own that I was most struck by those of Thebes.

The vastness and the apparent eternity of Karnak,

Luxor, and the Rhameseion; the profusion of ornament, without diminution of majesty; the power, skill, and courage displayed in the conception and in the execution of works resembling rather those of nature than of man; the solemn grandeur of the desert in which they stand, of the naked yellow wall of mountains which bounds it, and of the mighty river which flows through it; the glowing sunlight which lights them up, and the mysterious associations which surround them, make them dwell on the memory as things apart from any other human creations.

I have seldom seen the Acropolis except darkened by a cloudy sky, and a biting north wind. The mountains among which it rises are much higher, and more varied in outline and disposition than those of Thebes, but they are grey, and reflect the grey sky. The sea is beautifully broken by promontories, bays, and islands, and bounded by the fine coasts of the Isthmus and the Morea, but it is three miles off, and is a far less glorious object than the Nile flowing below your feet at Luxor. I have great reverence for Salamis, and for the Academy, but the real civiliser of mankind was not Greece, but Egypt. It was from Egypt, then, and for many centuries, perhaps for many thousand years, before, a powerful empire, great in arms, in art, and in learning, that Danaus and Cecrops brought civilisation to the barbarians of Attica and Argolis.

But, next to Thebes, the place best worth visiting is Athens. The five points that attract me most are the Pnyx, the Areopagus, the Temple of Theseus, the Temple of Jupiter Olympius, and the Acropolis.

The Bema from which Demosthenes spoke is a rocky

platform about eleven feet square, near the centre of a ledge of rock about ten feet high, which has been artificially scarped, and looks down on a level parallelogram, or rather oval, about two acres in extent, cut out of the declivity of the hill, and supported by a massive, uncemented wall of the earliest Athenian architecture. As the orator stood, he looked down on the Agora, the Areopagus, and the Temple of Theseus; the Propylæa of the Acropolis were on his right, but the rise of the hill on his left intercepted the view of the sea and of Salamis. The oval, or place of assembly, could contain about 10,000 persons.

Immediately above it, on a level with the Bema, is another but smaller level oval, capable of holding about half that number of persons, with another bema, which is high enough to command Salamis and the sea. Dr. Wordsworth believes that this was the bema from which Pericles spoke, for which, according to Plutarch, the Thirty Tyrants substituted the lower one, to prevent the orator from seeing the sea, and being constantly reminded of the maritime and democratic glories of Athens.

Mr. Pittakis, the greatest local authority, agrees with Dr. Wordsworth. The author (I believe Sir Charles Bowen) of Murray's excellent "Hand-book of Greece" disbelieves Plutarch's story. His objection to it is, that the upper platform could not have held a full Athenian assembly. But its area appears, as Mr. Pittakis remarked to me, to have been intentionally diminished, by cutting away the ledge of rock which bounds and supports it. The Pnyx was choked up with earth, which was removed by Lord Aberdeen.

The Areopagus is a rocky eminence, sloping up gradually from the valley which contained the ancient Agora, and ending in a bold precipice, from which an earthquake has detached some vast masses, forming an entrance to a dark cave below it. A steep narrow staircase cut in the rock leads to a small levelled semicircle near the summit looking south, on which, perhaps, twenty persons could sit; at each corner of the semicircle the rock has been cut into a low pedestal. On the stony ledge forming the back of this semicircle sat the judges; on the pedestals or blocks at each corner stood the accuser and the accused.

Up these steps St. Paul was led from the Agora, and from one of these blocks, or perhaps, as he was not treated as a criminal, from the centre of the semicircle, he denounced idolatry in her grandest abode.

Dr. Wordsworth has remarked that Raffaelle's cartoon, in which St. Paul speaks from the base of a temple surrounded by buildings of Roman architecture, is an anachronism. The real scene would have supplied noble backgrounds. The slope of the Areopagus was crowded by statues. The rock is everywhere levelled and scarped to receive them. So were the Agora, and the great street, and the porticoes beyond it; and the Propylæa and the Parthenon were on his right hand.

The gloomy cave below the Areopagus was sacred to the Eumenides. Dr. Wordsworth supposes it to have been the

Καταρρηκτης ὁδος
Χαλκοις βαθροισι γηθεν ἐρριζωμενος,

which Sophocles has made the scene of the death of

Œdipus. It seems, however, too far, nearly a mile and a half, from Colonus.

The Theseum is, perhaps, the best known of Greek temples. The simplicity of its form, and the preservation of the greater part of its constructive parts, though the ornamental ones have nearly all perished, and its conspicuous position on the brow of a small eminence unencumbered by houses, have drawn to it the attention of all writers on Grecian art and on Grecian antiquities. Its dimensions are 105 by 45. Its height from the base of its pillars to the apex of the pediment is 31 feet. These are about the dimensions of an English parish church; they are those of the drawing room of the Athenæum Club. Yet the Temple of Theseus, even apart from its associations, is a grand and imposing building. So much can be done by simplicity and proportion; and so false is it, that beauty of proportion diminishes apparent size.

When the temple was turned into a church a vaulted roof was thrown over the cella. This does not affect the exterior, as it does not rise above the cornice, but its thrust is said to be injuring the walls, which were intended to support only horizontal beams, producing no lateral pressure.

Within are some of the few statues which have been discovered in Greece since its independence. The most interesting is a warrior in low relief, found near Marathon. It might be taken for an Assyrian slab, and shows the source of Grecian art.

The Temple of Jupiter Olympius is supposed by Fer-

gusson to have been the most beautiful Corinthian temple of the ancient world.

In size it is a cathedral, being 354 feet long by 175 wide, which gives an area of 61,950 square feet; about that of Notre Dame, and nearly three times that of the Parthenon. Its 124 columns, of which 15 are still standing, were 55¼ feet high and 6⅓ in diameter at their basis. The one which still lies as it fell five years ago enabled me to examine and admire the beauty of the carving, and the purity and whiteness of the marble. The temple stands on a small eminence, supported at the sides by walls of massive Grecian construction overhanging the Ilissus, and commanding the Acropolis to the west, Salamis, Ægina, and Corinth, to the south.

It resembles our cathedrals, not only in size, but in the slowness of its growth; more than six centuries having elapsed between its commencement by Pisistratus and its completion by Hadrian.

I passed some days in Athens before I actually entered the Acropolis. It was not intended to be seen under a grey sky and in a hurricane. At length came one calm bright day, and I spent it there.

Few buildings could bear to be approached by such a portal as the Propylæa.

The Acropolis was a fortress and a sanctuary. It already contained the Parthenon and a part of the Erechtheum, when the foundations of the Propylæa were laid. The first object was to give them military strength; the second, to adorn that strength with beauty not unworthy of the wonderful temples to which they led.

The original outer defences, which extended perhaps a hundred yards down the hill, have perished. Some comparatively modern outworks, and a marble wall and gate of inferior Grecian architecture, remain. Immediately within them is the marble staircase, seventy feet wide, with an inclined plane in the centre, up which oxen drew the car of the Panathenaic procession. On each side are projecting wings, of plain marble, on the sides towards the valley, but with Doric porticos of three columns each, looking to the staircase. The southern portico is now embedded in a hideous mediæval tower, which deforms the western entrance to the Acropolis. The staircase then passes into a covered colonnade, consisting of six Doric columns in front, and six Ionic behind them. The marble wall which closes it is pierced by five gates, opening into another Doric colonnade, separating the Propylæa from the plane of the Acropolis, with the Parthenon on one side and the Erechtheum on the other.

In some respects these buildings are contrasted. Nothing can be more simple than the outline of the Parthenon; nothing more complicated and irregular than that of the Erechtheum. Both are skeletons. All that remains of them are walls and pillars. The colouring and the sculpture with which they were profusely decorated have gone. Even the marble has substituted a dark ferruginous brown for its natural white. In this respect they are less fortunate than the temple of Pæstum, which both have lost less, and had much less to lose.

I do not think that I was quite so much struck by the Parthenon as by the Propylæa. Perhaps, because I was familiar with it from pictures and from descriptions.

The Propylæa were new to me. Until about twenty years ago, they were embedded in a Turkish battery.

I lingered in the Acropolis until the sun, sinking behind the mountains of Ægina, lighted up the majestic pediment and dark brown pillars of the Parthenon.

In the evening I returned to see the Acropolis by moonlight. It did not gain by the change. The wonderfully beautiful view of the bay and of the mountains of Salamis, Ægina, and Corinth was almost obliterated. In the nearer objects the colour of the marble reflected ill the fainter light. The buildings which gain most by moonlight are those of large size and defective or uninteresting details. Such as the Madeleine, and the Arc de l'Etoile of Paris, and the Coliseum of Rome. Nothing in the Acropolis requires softening. Every wall, column, architrave, and pediment, and it now contains nothing else, grows in beauty and majesty the brighter the sun and the nearer the spectator.

The Acropolis contains many historical memorials. A considerable portion of its northern wall is composed of the pillars and entablature of a Doric temple, probably desecrated by Xerxes, and used by the Athenians, when they rapidly rebuilt their walls after his retreat. In the west pavement of the Erechtheum are the three holes in the rock, cut by a stroke of Neptune's trident.

Below the eastern front, in a natural depression, are unfinished drums of columns, and other half-worked stones, which appear to have been carried up thither, partially cut, and laid aside as defective, and covered with made ground when the surface of the Acropolis was levelled.

The beautiful miniature temple of Nike, on the

northern side of the Propylæa, contains bas-reliefs of Victories, which appear to have covered a wall connecting it with the great marble staircase.

In one, Victory, followed by a figure leading an ox, is rushing to tell her story. In another, she is taking off her sandals, having returned to take up her abode in her own temple.

Sunday, November 20th.—The northerly winds have given Mrs. Senior a cough. She has called in Dr. Macas, a Greek, who appears to treat her exceedingly well. There are several good physicians in Athens. Her cough prevented her from accompanying me this evening to a ball at the palace. We were invited at a quarter before nine. Sir Thomas Wyse took me. We found, in the first of three large rooms, about one hundred and fifty ladies, sitting on one side, and about two hundred men standing on the other. The women were dressed, some in an ordinary European costume, some wore the red velvet cap, long tassel, and short jacket of Greece; and some had their heads and necks wrapped in a large handkerchief, which showed only the face. This is the head-dress of Hydra. Of the men, some were in uniform, some in plain black suits, and some wore the Albanian dress, which the Hellenes have adopted as national: a jacket, either of red and then embroidered with gold, or grey and then embroidered with silver, an open collar, a white petticoat called a fustanelle, plaited like a ruff, reaching from the waist to the knees, and long gaiters, red or blue. Several of the older men looked, what I was told that they had been, robbers. They had risen from that profession to be

partisan soldiers, and had been made aristocrats partly by plunder, and partly by gifts from the crown of the national domains.

At about half-past nine, the king and queen came in. A circle was formed of men, and they walked round it, not together, but with a considerable interval. He is a gentlemanlike man, with quiet, easy manners. He wore the Albanian dress. The queen wore a Parisian dress, with an enormous crinoline or cage. She talked much and gaily, particularly to the Prussian minister. The circle lasted long, perhaps three quarters of an hour. During that time the women kept their seats, and the men stood in the other part of the room, the circle being between them.

At last the queen took Sir Thomas Wyse's hand, the king that of the Russian ambassadress, and walked a polonaise, to which a waltz succeeded, and it being about half-past ten I went away.

This was using the privilege of a foreigner. The natives are bound to remain until the queen retires, generally at about a quarter to three. Greeks trying to escape before that time, have been, I am told, driven back by the sentinels. While we were standing in the circle I heard bitter complaints of this ball-room tyranny. "You are never let off," said one man to me, "in less than six hours. The great balls begin at ten and end at four. These smaller ones end at three, but then they begin at nine."

The rooms are large, well lighted and ventilated; but the penning the women on one side, apart from the men, made the party stiff and dull. I am told that the queen

introduced this practice because it makes it easier for her to go round the circle.

The palace is said to have cost fourteen millions of drachmas — about 500,000*l.*, nearly the annual income of the state. This is as if our queen had spent on palaces sixty-five millions sterling. This expenditure has been made in a country too poor to make a road or to pay a debt. It is a frightful factory looking building, covered with stucco, with a paltry colonnade in the middle, and two vast flat wings on each side. A Bavarian architect perpetrated it.

Monday, November 30th.—I have been reading the Greek constitution of 1843. The following are its principal provisions:—

Article 1. The faith of the orthodox Eastern Church is the dominant religion. All other religions are tolerated; but proselytism and all interference with the dominant religion are prohibited.

2. The Church of Greece is united to the Great Orthodox Greek Church of Constantinople, and to every other orthodox Church. It is independent, and governed by a synod of bishops.

3. Greeks are equal in law. Only citizens of Greece are capable of public employment.

4. No Greek can be prosecuted or imprisoned but by force of law.

5. No one can be arrested, unless *flagrante delicto*, except by virtue of a judicial warrant, stating its grounds, to be shown at the time of arrest.

6. No punishment can be inflicted except by law.

7. All persons may present petitions to the authorities.

8. A man's residence is inviolable. Domiciliary visits can-

not be made, except in the cases and in the manner prescribed by law.

9. A slave touching Greek soil, becomes free.

10. The press is free. No censorship can be created. No deposit can be required from editors or printers. Editors of newspapers must be Greek citizens.

11. Higher education is to be provided by the State. The State will assist the parish schools. Every one may open a school, obeying the laws.

12. No one can be deprived of his property, except for purposes of public utility, in the cases and in manner prescribed by law, and after previous compensation.

13. Neither torture nor total confiscation can be established.

14. Letters are inviolable.

15. The King, Deputies, and Senate form the legislative power.

16. The King, the Deputies, and the Senate respectively may propose laws. Those relating to the budget, public lands, and military forces must originate in the Chamber of Deputies.

17. But any public expenditure for pensions or for private purposes must be proposed by the King.

18. Laws rejected cannot be reintroduced in the same session.

19. Laws must be interpreted by the legislative powers.

21, 22, 24. Executive power belongs to the King, but is exercised by ministers named by him, and responsible. He is irresponsible. He names and dismisses the ministers.

23. No act of the King is valid, unless countersigned by the proper minister, who thereby becomes responsible. In case of a total change of ministers, the new president of the council signs the order.

27. The King is commander-in-chief — makes war, and peace, and treaties of alliance and commerce: he appoints all officers and public servants, unless otherwise provided for by law. He cannot create a new office.

28. The King issues ordinances necessary for the execution of laws, but cannot suspend or dispense with their execution.

30. The King can prorogue, but only for 40 days, and not twice during a session. He can dissolve the deputies, but the order must contain a convocation of electors in two months, and of a parliament in three.

32. The King may pardon all offences except those of his ministers. He can confer the existing orders of knighthood conforming to the law, but cannot create nobles or recognise foreign titles given to Greeks.

35. The civil list is fixed by law, and is unalterable for ten years.

36. The King swears to observe the constitution, and to preserve the integrity of the Greek kingdom.

37. The crown goes to the legitimate descendants of King Otho, by order of primogeniture, in default of them, to his brothers and their issue in succession: but the successor must profess the orthodox Greek religion; and cannot be also King of Bavaria.

38 to 45. In the absence of a successor, the King may nominate one, with the consent of the chambers. If none be nominated the people elect.

47. The chambers meet every year, on the 1st of November. The session cannot last less than two months. A majority of the whole number of members is a quorum. The sittings are public. The ministers are bound to give all explanations required.

53. The budget must be voted, and the accounts of the previous year's expenditure passed every year.

54. Every pension and public gratuity requires a law.

55. No deputy or senator can be prosecuted, or examined as to any opinion or vote given by him, in the exercise of his duties.

56. No deputy or senator can be prosecuted, arrested, or imprisoned, without the consent of his chamber.

59 to 64. The deputies are elected for three years by the

people according to the provisions of the electoral law. They represent not only their constituents, but the nation. They are to be proportioned in number to the population, but cannot be less than 80. A deputy receiving an office of profit cannot sit, unless re-elected.

65. The chamber of deputies names its officers; the deputies receive 250 drachmas (8*l.* 15*s.*) a month during the session.

69. The senators are named by the King for life, the order being countersigned by the president of the council. They cannot be less than 27 or more than half the number of the deputies. They must be 40 years old, and have filled certain considerable offices for certain periods. They receive while sitting 500 drachmas (17*l.* 10*s.*) a month.

77. The senate cannot sit, except as a court of justice, out of the session. Its president is named for three years by the King.

80. No member of the royal family can be minister.

81. Ministers may speak in either chamber, and either chamber may require their presence, but they vote only in the chamber of which they are members.

82. No royal order, written or spoken, affects the responsibility of a minister.

83. Ministers may be impeached by the deputies and are judged by the senate. If convicted they cannot be pardoned except on the request of one of the chambers.

86. Judges are named by the King. Five years from this time, a law shall be passed, appointing a time after which they shall sit for life—except Justices of the peace.

87. No one can be tried by an extraordinary commission or tribunal, or withdrawn from his regular judges.

90. Legal procedure is public.

93. Political offences, and those of the press when relating to public matters, shall be tried by a jury.

98. No foreign troops can be introduced except by law.

99. No military men can be dismissed, except in the events and in the manner prescribed by law.

100. Questions between the government and private persons shall be determined by the ordinary tribunals. Administrative tribunals are abolished, and cannot be recreated.

102. The Council of State shall cease to exist within three months from the promulgation of this Constitution.

105. Laws shall be passed, as soon as possible, on the following subjects:—

A. A provision for the clergy.

B. Church property and public instruction.

C. The management and division of the national property, and the repayment of public loans.

D. The press.

E. The improvement of the taxes, of the administration, and generally of the laws of the kingdom.

F. The creation of courts to judge piracy and baratry.

G. The organisation of a national guard.

H. Military legislation.

I. The encouragement of agriculture, industry, and commerce.

J. The arrangement of civil and military pensions.

In looking through this Constitution, the first quality that strikes me is its moderation. Men fresh from a contest with power, generally take precautions against it, which prevent the working of the machine.

They prohibit ministers from sitting in the chambers. They give to the crown only a suspensive veto. They give to the senate executive functions, such as making war and peace and controlling the appointments of the higher functionaries. These errors, for such I think that they are, are avoided by the Greek constitution. There are some remarkable omissions from it. It does not provide any means of alteration. As every constitution must require alteration, the inference seems to be that it may be altered,

like our own, by a mere act of parliament. It does not contain the electoral law. It declares that a time shall come when the judges shall be irremovable, but does not say when. It leaves to further legislation some of the most important subjects, on very few of which has any legislation taken place.

An electoral law, however, followed in a few months. By that law, dated the 18th of March, 1844, every eparchy (of which there are thirty) elects a member for every 10,000 of its population. The franchise is given to all Greek citizens aged twenty-five having a property (*ιδιοκτησιαν*) in the province in which they reside, or exercising there a profession (*επαγγελμα*) or an independent trade (*επιτηδευμα ανεξαρτητον.*) These are vague descriptions. The law does not state whether the property must be real or may also be personal. According to its words, a man's clothes would be a qualification. But I am told that it must be real property; still a hundredth part of a square yard of ground would satisfy the words of the law. The words profession and independent trade seem to exclude only servants and soldiers and public officers. Practically, the franchise is nearly universal; the voting is by ballot. The qualification of a member is to be thirty years old, to be a native of the province which elects him, or to be a native of Greece, and to have resided in the province for one year; or, if not a native of Greece, to have resided six years in Greece, three of them in the province which elects him; and to possess there immovable property worth 100,000 drachmas—3,543*l.*

It is remarkable that, although the negotiations for the

independence of Greece lasted for four years—though the three powers, England, France, and Russia, which undertook to create that independent state, made detailed provisions respecting its limits, respecting the title of its sovereign, the time at which he should assume the government and the loan, or, as it has turned out, the gift, by which he was to be assisted—though two English foreign ministers, Lord Aberdeen and Lord Palmerston, and two French ambassadors, Polignac and Talleyrand, managed it, yet the most important of all provisions —namely, the form of Government, whether it were to be absolute or constitutional—is never discussed in any protocol; is not mentioned when the three powers offer the crown first to Prince Leopold, and afterwards to Prince Otho; and, if alluded to at all (which I doubt), is alluded to only in the proclamation of the 30th of August, 1832, by which the three powers inform the Greeks that Otho is to be their king, and exhort them to assist him "dans la tâche de donner à l'état une constitution définitive."

An attempt, indeed, was made by the Greek national assembly sitting at Pronia to draw up a constitution, but they were informed by the residents of the three courts that "even the discussion of a constitution would be in direct opposition to the act by which the nation confided to the three courts the right of choosing for it a sovereign."* I can understand this omission as long as the protecting powers were negotiating with Prince Leopold. They may

* Collective Letter of the Three Residents, to Mr. Tricoupi Nauplia, 10th August, 1832.

have thought the liberties of Greece safe in the hands of a man of his wisdom, public spirit, and moderation. But their making no terms with Prince Otho is inexplicable. The consequence was, that the boy whom they selected as the regenerator of a people emerging from two thousand years of slavery, and his Bavarian counsellors and army, assumed on their arrival absolute power, and held it for eleven years, until its exercise had degraded the people and corrupted the monarch. Very different would be the state of Greece if those long years had been employed in fashioning the Greeks to self-government and in teaching the king, and, what seems to be more important, the queen, to submit to the restraints of a constitution.

Perhaps the strangest part of that transaction was the selection as king of a boy of seventeen, of whom nothing, we must hope, was known. If we may infer the difficulty of reigning from the smallness of the number of those who have reigned well, the task is not an easy one. To reign constitutionally is, perhaps, still more difficult than to reign absolutely; it requires not only talents and knowledge, but self-denial. The constitutional king must sometimes appoint ministers whom he disapproves, sometimes assent to measures which he thinks mischievous; often abstain from interfering, though he thinks that his interference would produce immediate good or avert immediate evil. And, of course, a king who has to found a dynasty, and who has to reign over a people unaccustomed to independence, who have been debased by centuries of servitude, has the most difficult of all tasks; so, at least, it seems to me. But the three protecting powers must have thought

the moral and intellectual character of a king utterly unimportant. They must have thought that one person, provided he came of a royal stock, would do just as well as another. They must have thought knowledge and experience valueless, or they would not have chosen a boy who could have neither.

It may be said that their choice was small. But why was their choice small? Why was it to be confined to royal houses? Why did they not do as the Swedes did? Take a man of mature age and administrative experience, who had given proofs of his fitness, in a private station. We do not think royal birth necessary to be Governor-General of India, who is a rather greater man than a king of Greece.

Tuesday, December 1st.— Alpha *, a lawyer and literary man of some eminence, called on me.

I asked him what had been the principal effects of the constitution.

"Until 1848," he answered, "it produced no sensible effect whatever, except that the senate and the deputies cost us 600,000 drachmas a year. But if it had not existed in 1848, we should have followed the lead of France, perhaps have dethroned our king, and certainly have made a constitution much worse than this is. It has saved us, therefore, from great calamities. But as to any other effects, there are none. The Government names the deputies as well as the senate, and no one thinks of opposition, either at the ballot-box or in the chamber. At

* The names taken from the Greek alphabet designate Greeks.

the last election the Government wished to leave to the people to choose for themselves. They answered, 'We do not know whom to choose. For God's sake, give us a list.' Before we had the constitution, all legislation was by ordinance; now it is by a law. But the law, like the ordinance, is proposed by the king, and is passed, as a matter of course, by the chambers; only it takes a little more time. Perhaps, too, there is another advantage in the constitution. It relieves the king from responsibility and from odium. Formerly he was responsible for everything that went ill; now he throws the responsibility on his ministers and on the chambers. 'I am a constitutional King,' he is fond of saying; 'my acts are nullities, unless countersigned. I am a mere decoration of the stage, a mere phantom. If you think that you are ill-governed, let the chambers say so, and I have no doubt that, in their wisdom, they will find a remedy.'"

"Is he popular?" I asked.

"Certainly," he answered; "and he deserves to be so; for, in 1854, he risked his throne for popularity. The Greeks have never acquiesced in the loss of Thessaly and Epirus. With them we should be a compact kingdom of 2,000,000 of people. Without them we are cut off from our fellow-countrymen and friends and relations, and are unable, with our million of inhabitants, to support the expenses of Government. The people expected the success of Russia. At the worst they believed that the struggle would be long and doubtful. They thought that if Greece could once get hold of these provinces, Russia, when the peace came, would keep her in possession of them. All

this, we now see, was miscalculation. We have found that Russia is not a match for France and England, and that at sea she is powerless, and, consequently, that she cannot protect us against a naval power; but at the time we were all carried away."

"Did you join in the movement?" I asked.

"Certainly," he answered; "I subscribed money for the invasion of Thessaly, as everybody did. The king and the queen and the ministers ought to have known better. What is the use of a department of Foreign Affairs, if it cannot estimate the relative force of the different European nations? They ought to have told us, that we were attempting an impossibility. That if we remained neuter we should enjoy a great carrying trade, and establish a claim on the allies. Instead of doing so, they excited the popular passions, they distributed money, they even allowed the people to be told that England and France were favourable to them. This gave them an immediate popularity, which even now, ill as the thing turned out, has not expired. The dream of every Greek is extension of territory. The Synod, our highest ecclesiastical authority, by its oath of office, prays that the kingdom may be enlarged. The people feel that the king and queen risked more than anybody else, and do not stop to inquire whether it was wise or useful to do so."

Wednesday, December 2nd.—I walked to-day with Beta to the Academy, or at least to its supposed site in the Olive forest, watered, indeed created, by the Cephisus. As you approach it, about a mile and a half from the town, are two low eminences. On one of them, probably the

scene of the Œdipus Coloneus, is a marble column, marking the tomb of the antiquarian Müller, who died a victim to excavation in summer. The Greeks profess great respect for his memory, and that they are proud of possessing his tomb. The inscription is now illegible, the column being covered with blue marks. The Greek sportsmen as they return from shooting, generally discharge their guns at it.

We talked of the revolution of 1843.

"It was not," said Beta, "a popular revolution. It was a conspiracy, which succeeded in a way unexpected, perhaps unwished for, by many of the conspirators. The people of Greece at that time, and there has not been much change since, cared little about politics, except foreign politics. But in Athens there was a great dislike of the Bavarians. They had been ill-chosen, were inferior in knowledge and in intelligence to the Greeks; they were the favourites of the court, they occupied the best civil posts, and they were peculiarly hated by the Greek army. They despised our troops as irregular semi-barbarians; we despised them as arrogant pedants, without real military experience. The diplomatists, who unhappily always interfere in our affairs, were dissatified with the king. The Russians wanted to substitute for him a Russian prince, or, at all events, a member of their own church, who would sympathise with them; the English wish to see every country constitutional, and were angry that their own creature should choose to be an absolute monarch. Louis Philippe's government, too, thought that making Greece constitutional would please the French Chamber.

"For some days rumours had been spread that something

was to happen, and at length, on the evening of the 14th of September, a mob assembled before the palace, crying, 'Down with the Bavarians!' but afterwards, at the instigation of some of our literary men and professors, 'A Constitution!' Kalergee, who commanded the cavalry of the garrison of Athens, called out the troops. They were carried away by the general feeling, and began to vociferate against the Bavarians and for a constitution, which they were told would prove a sovereign remedy against foreigners. Kalergee went to the palace, saw the king, who was obstinate and frightened; the queen, who was more frightened but less obstinate; and in two hours brought back the promise of a constitution."

"Is it true," I asked, "that the constitution has made little change?"

"Perfectly true," he answered, "when the king calls himself, as he sometimes does, 'a phantom,' it is a *façon de parler*. He governs as he always did."

"And is it true," I asked, "that no opposition candidate offers himself at the elections, and that no one ventures to oppose the minister in the chambers?"

"That is not true," he answered; "there is always an opposition in the chambers; and candidates start at the elections, professing opposition to ministerial measures."

"And do such candidates ever succeed?" I asked.

"I certainly cannot at this moment recollect an instance," he answered; "the king is popular, the people are ignorant, and have confidence in the ministers whom he appoints. Every successive ministry, and they have been numerous, has had a majority in the Chamber of Deputies.

But I remember a case in which a law proposed by the ministers was successfully opposed in the senate. In fact," he continued, "our constitution is not fit for us. It is taken from that of Belgium, which was given to a people rich, concentrated in large towns, united by roads, canals, and railroads, and accustomed for centuries to manage their own affairs. The Greeks are poor, they are scattered over a territory large in proportion to their number, divided into small districts by chains of mountains intersecting one another in all directions, without a road or a canal; and they have been debased by thousands of years of servitude. The only government fit for such a people, is a king and a council; and it shows our good sense, that we have turned the chambers, which the constitution inflicted on us, into a mere council."

Thursday, December 3rd.— I rode to Eleusis, by the old sacred way. It crosses the Cephisus, traverses the pass of Daphne, and then coasts for about six miles the Bay of Salamis. Along it are square *emplacements*, the remains of tombs; this was the military cemetery of the Athenians. The land seems to have encroached on the sea on one or two points, where the traces of the old way are seen on the edge of rocky promontories, now 100 yards from the shore. Little remains of Eleusis; a broken aqueduct, vestiges of a theatre, some shafts of columns which seem too small to have formed part of the great temple of Ceres, and two walls prolonged into the sea, and forming a small port, and a Roman mosaic in a farm-yard, were all that I saw. The miserable village covers the site of the great temple and theatre; it has never been excavated. The

scenery of the bay is charming. Mountains, tier above tier, rising above Megara to the west, over Corinth to the south-west, and bounded by Cithæron and Parnes to the north and east, close the view on three sides; and due south is the bay of Salamis, with its picturesque island, formed of high sharply-cut mountains, deep bays, and bold promontories.

Friday, December 11th. — I rode to the top of Pentelicus, or rather rode to within 500 feet of the top, for the highest pinnacle is accessible only on foot. The mountain somewhat resembles Snowdon. It rises 3500 feet pyramidically from the plain in successive terraces. The north side, looking towards Marathon, and the south, looking towards Athens, are the steepest. Its underwood consists of lentisk, juniper, holly, arbutus, and myrtle, mixed with heather; among these rise dwarf pines, over which, from time to time, towers a branching stone pine. A grove of stone pines crowning the precipices formed by one of the abandoned marble quarries, is a charming object. At about two-thirds of its height I reached the edge of its eastern ridge, and looked down on the bay and plain of Marathon, almost below my feet. A tumulus, which I could just distinguish with my glass, was pointed out to me by my guide as the tomb of the Athenians.

The bay, about six miles in length, forms a beautiful unbroken curve, bounded at each extremity by low promontories running far into the sea. The northern, and longest, is Cynosura, the dog's tail. This was to the rear of the Persians, The breadth of the plain is about two miles; but much of it is occupied by marshes, or rather

morasses, through which the streams from the hills find their way to the sea, and the sea itself, in rough weather, makes a passage. They looked from the mountain like lakes.

The Persian army must have been drawn up somewhat beyond these marshes, so that they extended behind its right wing, while its centre and left wing occupied the strip of firm ground between them and the sea. Their line looked south-west, and therefore, as the battle was fought in the afternoon, they had the evening sun of Greece in their eyes. How dazzling that is I know from experience, for, even in December, I could scarcely see the road as I rode home. The Athenians, posted among the spurs of Pentelicus, ran down on them. The strip of ground on which the centre and left wing of the Persians was crowded is so narrow, that they must have formed a column of half a mile deep. It is no wonder, therefore, that the Greeks could not break the centre by their charge. But the wings were driven, the right into the marshes, the left into the sea, and then the Greeks, attacking the centre on each flank, broke that too.

The view from the top of Pentelicus is the finest that I know. To the north it is bounded by Parnes and Cithæron, over which peeps the snowy point of Helicon. On every other side is the sea. To the east is the Euripus; beyond it, for fifty miles, the mountains of Eubœa. The coast of Eubœa is cut into deep bays; and the shore, reflecting the sun from its belt of white sand, looked like a setting of silver. The sea, quite calm, was a very deep

blue, and the islands with which it is studded were purple. To the south I saw over the whole of Attica, Salamis, and Ægina, until the view was closed by the mountains which form the northern boundary of Argolis. Though it is the middle of December, and I was 3500 feet above the sea, the temperature was delightful. There was no wind, and the sun was that of an English June.

It took me an hour and twenty minutes to ascend the mountain, but two hours and a half to get down. The quarry, which affords the finest marble, is about 2000 feet high. It was largely worked by the ancient Greeks, but now is almost abandoned for inferior and more accessible strata. The ancients constructed an inclined plane, still marked, where it remains, by the grooves made by their cart wheels leading from it to the foot of the mountain. The moderns have destroyed the greater part of it. As the whole descent is covered by loose broken marble, it is not easy walking. My guide, however, said that it was not worse than many of the tracks which in Greece are called roads. The outside face of the abandoned quarry has acquired the reddish yellow colour of the columns of the Parthenon. The marble probably contains some ferruginous matter, which comes out on long exposure to the air.

Saturday, December 12th. — The glorious weather which has succeeded to the north winds that persecuted us on our arrival, tempted me to return to Pentelicus and to spend the day in the forests of the Panagia convent, situated on one of its spurs. X. Y. Z., Mrs. Senior, and I, drove thither in about a couple of hours, in one of the little carriages of the country, which alone are fit for its roads.

We lunched under some evergreen oaks and poplars by a fountain, one of the sources of the Ilissus, and then wandered among the oaks, pines, and arbutuses, which cover the roots of the mountain. Immediately to the south was a hill, covered with pines, which in a flat country might be called a mountain. On its eastern side we looked over the plain of northern Attica to the islands and bays of Eubœa and Macronisi; on its western side, over Lycabettus and the Acropolis, to Ægina and the Peloponnesus. The foreground was the pine forest, whose bushy tops were sometimes cut by tall cypresses. On every side we could hear the sound of running water. In this exquisite scenery, with a healthy soil and with the two blessings most rare and most prized in Greece, water and shade, there are only four habitations, the monastery and three houses, all begun by the Duchess of Placentia, left by her unfinished, and now untenanted.

"You complain," I said, to X. Y. Z., "of the Athenian climate in summer. I am told that it is impossible to leave the house between sunrise and sunset. Why do you not come hither?"

"Because," she answered, "we could not live here in safety. A couple of years ago, this country was dangerous, even by day. There are no brigands at present on this side Mount Parnes, but on the other side, the plains and mountains of Bœotia and Phocis are never free from them. They come in numbers which no private establishment can resist. A couple of years ago, the house of Mr. Boudouris, a senator, only a mile from Chalcis, was entered by about

thirty of them. He was absent, but his nephew, a physician, occupied his house. One of the band knocked at the door in the evening. A Greek servant never unbars the door, until he has reconnoitred the visitor through the grating. The man said that he came to call in the physician to a dying woman. The door was opened, and he rushed in followed by the others. They seized all the servants and locked them up; they then required the family to bring out their money and valuables. It was done — but they were not satisfied; they believed that more was concealed, and were preparing to torture the women. They lighted fires and were boiling oil, their favourite torture, when they suspected that the town was alarmed and was coming to the rescue. They retreated, carrying with them two of the family, whom they kept for six weeks, and restored on payment of a ransom,— I believe about 1000*l.* A friend of ours has an estate in one of the islands; his house was entered at midday by about forty men, all from Bœotia. They so frightened his daughter that she died in a few weeks. They took everything that was portable, but carried off no prisoners; probably they feared a pursuit. The Duchess of Placentia was seized just before the door of her house, forced to write an order for 500*l.* on her banker at Athens, and kept in arrest until the messenger returned with the money. I was here with a pic-nic party, some months ago; we observed three men with guns, prowling among the brushwood, and reconnoitring us: they probably thought us too numerous, and disappeared. There are plenty of charming situations in the neighbourhood of Athens, but the only safe one is Cephissia, and that is safe

because the king has a house there, and therefore the village is garrisoned.

"The year before last, we were riding to the south of Hymettus. We were reminded that a band was known to be lurking among the roots of the mountain. One of our party volunteered to ride into a cave very near us, which was supposed to be their head-quarters. He found marks of recent occupation, but no inmates. We afterwards ascertained that they had quitted it only the day before."

"Who," I asked, "was the Duchess of Placentia?"

"She was born in Philadelphia," answered X. Y. Z.; "married to one of Napoleon's ministers, separated from him, and passed the last years of her life in Athens. She had a large income, five or six thousand a year, which she spent in building, or rather beginning houses, for she never quite finished them."

We looked at her three houses, about half a mile from each other. They are finely situated; indeed, it would be difficult to find any but fine situations in this neighbourhood. In the upper story of each is a long corridor, which she built for the use of her dogs,—seven or eight great Pyrenean sheep-dogs, who were her usual attendants and guards.

"If," said X. Y. Z., "the king would take one of these houses and station a guard here, a charming suburb would soon rise up; but he and the queen prefer the heat and the bustle of Athens or Cephissia."

Monday, December 14th.—I ascended Hymettus to-day. There is no real road beyond a convent, which is not 200

feet above the plain. The height of the summit is 3506 feet, a few feet higher than Pentelicus.

My guide was Demitri, a Zantiote by birth, who has long lived in Greece. He is an intelligent man, and, I am told, very honest. He has accompanied me in all my longer excursions, and provided good horses. He made a good deal of money as guide; took, in partnership with a Greek, the Hôtel des Etrangers, which, in 1852, when Abou published his "Grèce Contemporaire," was the best in Athens. But Demitri cannot read; he was ruined, while his partner made a fortune, and is gone to spend or to lose it in America. The house is no longer an hotel, which is to be regretted, as it is better situated than the present hotels, which have no sun, and are persecuted by wind and dust.

Demitri thought that we could ride two-thirds of the way, but at only one-third it became more a precipice than a slope, and the bare rocks allowed the horses no foothold. So we dismounted, tied them to a juniper bush, and scrambled up. The southern and western views over the Acropolis, the Piræus, the Bay of Salamis, Ægina, and the Peloponnesus, and the northern over Parnes, and the Bœotian mountains, were of course fine, but when we reached the summit, and looked eastward for the Euripus and Eubœa, all was dense sea fog.

I talked to Demitri about the robbers on Hymettus. "Everybody," he said, "regretted the death of Bibici, who for some years was their chief. He was the man who ransomed the Duchess of Placentia; but he never did harm if he could help it, and instead of robbing the poor, he

often gave them money; he was a favourite in all the villages, and had many friends in Athens. The police hired a man to join him and betray him; Bibici suspected him, and repulsed him once or twice; but the man persevered, and told so plausible a story of the oppression of the government, which, he said, had made it impossible for him to gain an honest livelihood, that Bibici at last admitted him. One day they were alone together — it was in the heat of summer — Bibici fell asleep, and his friend shot him, and took his head to Athens. A good place in the police was given to him, but it was found that he was in league with the robbers; he was turned out, took to the mountain, and at last was beheaded."

Tuesday, December 15th.—I called on A. B., and met Mr. Finlay. We talked of Bibici.

"He laid one or two plots for me," said Finlay, "four or five years ago, when I was living about twelve miles from Athens. My orders to my servants were never to let any one in when I was absent, but one evening I found a man in the kitchen. He said that he came to ask for work. I told him that I did not want him, and sent him away. I suspected that he was loitering about, and kept watch. I went into the garden, when it was dark, and heard two men talking, on the outside of the wall. One of them seemed to be dissuading the other from attacking the house. 'They must be on the watch,' he said; 'English people do not go to bed at this hour, and there is no light.'"

"I supposed," I said, "that a man keeping watch would

have a light. They say that a robber dreads nothing so much as a light and a little dog."

"Those who say that," he answered, "are lucky enough to know nothing about the matter. In this country, when you expect an attack, you extinguish all light. *You* know your house, the robber does not; *you* know where to wait for him. A man with a knife, standing behind his door, may kill half a dozen, one after another, as they try to enter. The first that you strike falls, and the others fall over him. On this occasion the robbers went off."

"I thought," I said, "that they came in bands of thirty or forty, whom you could not have resisted."

"Bibici's band," he answered, "was a small one, only four. His protectors at court, at that time, would not have tolerated his moving about, like the robbers in Bœotia and Phocis, with a large body of followers, openly defying the government; it would have created too much scandal. When he was killed, his band was broken up, and one of them, the man who came to my house, entered the King's Guard. I met him the other day, and took a little walk with him. 'I might have shot you,' he said, 'when you turned me out of your house.' 'You would have been hanged,' I answered; 'I have too many friends. I never feared your killing me.' 'We used to see you,' he replied, 'riding along the ridges of the hills, and never going down into the valleys. We said to one another, "He is an old soldier; he knows where he is safe."' "

"Perhaps," said A. B., "you are not aware that in Greece the robber is a political element. Some of our principal persons have belonged to this profession. Through

them a communication has been kept up with the chiefs, and they have been used as they were wanted. Sometimes a Demos was to be punished. If a Minister of the Interior was to be made unpopular, a hint was given that a few large robberies might be usefully employed. During the occupation, when the court wished to make it appear that the allies could not govern better than they did themselves, bands were encouraged to come almost into Athens. They seized, at mid-day, fifteen or twenty Greeks close to the town, took them to the mountains, and extracted heavy ransoms from them. At last they took a French officer from the Piræus, and carried him to the mountains. M. Mercier, the French Minister, was sitting with Sir Thomas Wyse when the French Consul came from the Piræus to tell the story. He was escorted by a dozen dragoons. The two envoys got on horseback, and rode to the Minister of the Interior—he was absent; then to another minister, absent too; then to a third—he too was absent. They were all at the Foreign Minister's, holding a council. The envoys rode thither. In the meantime they had clattered through almost all the town, with their dragoons, and the people began to suspect that they had something great in hand. The ministers had heard of them, and fancied that they came to announce King Otho's dethronement. They promised redress, and it ended in their paying to the robbers, out of the public treasury, 2000*l.* for the ransom of the officer. What made the thing amusing was, that it was generally believed that it was they themselves who, a week before, had suggested the robbery. They were then out of office, and were trying to oust the existing ministry,

and for that purpose, it is said, wished to discredit them by showing how ill the public were protected. The change of ministry took place sooner than they expected, and the scandal, which they had intended for their predecessors, fell on themselves."

"Was Bibici," I said, "the amiable robber whom Demetri described?"

"He was better than most of them are," answered Finlay; "he murdered and he tortured, but not wantonly."

Wednesday, December 16th.—I went with C. D. to call on E. F. I mentioned to him Beta's description of the revolution as a conspiracy.

"If it was a conspiracy," said E. F., "it was a conspiracy of the whole population of Athens; the misgovernment had reached a point at which it had become absolutely intolerable."

"It was not," said C. D., "so much the amount of misgovernment as the nature of that misgovernment that was intolerable. All imperfectly civilised people hate foreigners; but, among the Greeks this passion is peculiarly strong; it is one of the principal difficulties of a foreign settler. No Greek likes to work for him, or to buy from him, or to sell to him, at the market price. The Greeks felt not only that they were horribly misgoverned, but that they were misgoverned by Germans, a race who, like the English, are usually distasteful to their subjects when of other races. The general hatred of Bavarians was concentrated on the court. Neither Otho nor his queen enjoyed the respect or the affection of the Greeks; they had no tastes in common with the people, no art, no literature;

they were supposed to despise them, and to use them merely as the means of getting money, and a palace, and a garden, and a farm. In such a state of the public mind, every one felt that an insurrection was imminent; even the king foresaw it, and proposed to create, in fact, I believe, created a court-martial, to try, sentence, and shoot all revolutionists expeditiously.

"He went further, and sent some gendarmes to arrest General Macriyani, an officer suspected of liberal opinions. Macriyani resisted, fired on the gendarmes, killed one, and wounded others. This was in the evening of the 14th of September, 1843.

"The instant he heard what was going on, Kalergee assembled the officers of the garrison, and told them that the time was now come to get rid of the Bavarians. The people, hearing the shots and the repulse of the gendarmes, had assembled before the palace, and the constitutional party — that is to say, the intelligent portion of the community — suggested to them to demand a constitution. When Kalergee led his troops from the garrison, this was the cry which he heard; it was a good popular cry, and he allowed his men to join in it.

"The king was alarmed by the assemblage, and proposed to disperse it by force, and for that purpose sent an aide-de-camp to order up the artillery; they came, but joined in the cry, and pointed their guns on the palace.

"The king now appeared at a window; Kalergee went under it. The king asked the meaning of the assemblage.

"'The people,' answered Kalergee, 'require a constitution.'

"'Go back,' said the king, 'to your barracks. I will consult my ministers, the council of state, and the ambassadors, and inform you of my determination.'

"'We do not move,' said Kalergee, 'until the council of state has assembled, has stated to your majesty the wishes of the nation, and has received your answer.'

"In the meantime," said E. F., "Kalergee had sent a summons to all the members of the council of state. They met at about half an hour after midnight. None, I believe, were absent. One man came from the Piræus."

"How many were they?" I asked.

"About thirty," he answered. "Among them were some who wished merely to take the place of the Bavarians, and to become the favourites of an absolute monarch. A second party wished only to substitute an orthodox despot for a Roman Catholic, a Russian for a German. The constitutionalist party was the strongest, both in number and in ability. The Russian party was obstinate; their tactics were to force the council to require from Otho concessions which he could not make, and, on his refusal, to declare the throne vacant.

"After a sitting of some hours, the council decided on a proclamation, to be signed by the king, promising a constitution, and, for that purpose, a constituent assembly, and an ordinance changing the ministers. A deputation was sent to the palace with these documents.

"During all this time Kalergee was with the troops before the palace, for the purpose of preventing the king from receiving support or advice from without. He allowed no one to leave the palace or to enter it.

"The news of what was passing had summoned the corps diplomatique. The English, French, Russian, Austrian and Prussian ministers drove up. The three first — all, in fact, favourable to the movement — readily acquiesced in Kalergee's answer, 'that, until the matters were arranged between the king and the council, no one could be admitted.' The Austrian and Prussian insisted on their right of access, but, having to deal with a firm man, they also were forced to drive home. The king kept the deputation waiting for two hours; but at length, convinced that he had no alternative except abdication, to which the queen was specially averse, he signed the proclamation and the ordinance; and thus, without a gun having been fired, ended the revolution."

"What sort of an assembly did you get?" I asked.

"A good one," answered C. D.; "the only good one that we have had since the king's accession, and the only one that has been really chosen by the people; it gave us an excellent constitution."

"How can a constitution," I said, "be called excellent if it does not work? The proof of the pudding is in the eating."

"It does not work," replied C. D., "because the king has resolved that it shall not work. At first he was cowed, and let Maurocordato, his prime minister, our best man, have his own way; but in three months he began to intrigue against it. No young constitution can succeed if the king or the president is resolved to defeat it. It is not the people of the Continent that are unfit for constitutions, but the kings. In Norway, in Sweden, in Holland, in Belgium,

in Piedmont, countries very dissimilar, constitutions work well, because in each of these countries the king has been faithful. In Spain, in France, in Tuscany, in Naples, in Austria, and in Greece they have failed, because the sovereign has tried to make them fail. Unfortunately and unwisely, Maurocordato, as soon as he detected the king's falsehood, resigned, leaving unfinished nearly all the laws which were promised by the constitution, and were to have been its complement. The king found in his immense patronage, in his large civil list, in the absence of an aristocracy of either birth or wealth, in the ignorance and poverty of the lower classes, and in their inability to combine in a country in which there are no roads or towns, and in the ignorance, poverty, and servility of the upper classes, means to obtain indirectly as much power as he had ever exercised directly. In general, corruption and intimidation are enough to prevent any opposition; when they are insufficient, force is employed. The king and the queen have had their own way; they have been able to squander or to accumulate, for their own use, more than a tenth of the revenue of the country; they have been able to discredit, by turns, every public man, and to reduce ministry after ministry and chamber after chamber into mere puppets; they have been able to ruin every one who has opposed them."

"It is true," said E. F., "that the principal advantage which the Greeks have been allowed to gain by the constitution has been the sending away the Bavarians; and I am not sure that those who have taken their place have done much better. In fact, if a country is to be governed despotically, it is much better that it should be done

avowedly than fraudulently. Armansperg and Maurer were far better administrators and legislators than any of their successors have been. I am inclined, however, to hope that the court is beginning to perceive that its policy has been a mistake. I hear that the queen sometimes laments the slowness of the progress of the country, and throws out a doubt whether the Chamber of Deputies might not do better if the people had more to do with its selection. I shall not be surprised if, at the next election, the interference of the court is less violent.

"It is not fair, however," he continued, "to throw the whole blame upon the court, the diplomats are entitled to their share of it. It is the misfortune of these weak kingdoms that the foreign ministers, instead of attending to the affairs of the country which they represent, are always interfering in those of the country to which they are sent. While Maurocordato was minister, Sir Edward Lyons thought that the king could do no wrong. When Colletti took his place, Lyons did all that he could to irritate his vanity and to defeat his measures. Piscatory thereupon supported him, and said, in the French House of Peers, 'Nous gouvernons la Grèce; et nous la gouvernons dans l'intérêt de la France. L'Angleterre est irritée, mais c'est égal.' On which the chamber applauded. Lyons, as an Englishman, had been in favour of honestly carrying out the constitution. Piscatory, therefore, supported Colletti and the king in evading it. The other ministers, the Russian, the Austrian, the Bavarian, the Prussian, and even the Belgian, joined in opposition to it. It is no wonder that the king and the queen, who had never seen the working of a consti-

tutional government, who while yet under twenty-one, had received absolute power, and had enjoyed it for eight years, should have followed the advice of the representatives of the great sovereigns, and should have endeavoured to recover by intrigue, by corruption, and, if necessary, by violence, the authority of which they had been deprived by force."

Thursday, December 17th.—I took a long walk with G. H. He has been inquiring for a year and a half into the state of the finances, and is shocked and astonished at the result.

"The system of the finances," he said, "both the law and the administration of the law, are enough to account for the poverty and barbarism of the country."

"Will you give me," I said, "some details?"

"Readily," he answered; "we will take the land tax. It consists of a tenth of the produce, which is exacted from every one, and of a further portion, varying from a tenth to a fifteenth, which is exacted as rent from the occupiers of national lands. I will not trouble you with the details of collection from vineyards, olives, silk, and green crops; they are complicated, and I will say of them only that they render any such cultivation, except under the most favourable circumstances, such as the neighbourhood of a town, or of a port of export, unprofitable. I will confine myself to the cerealia.

"These taxes are farmed. In the first place, no one is allowed to reap without the farmer's permission. As lands are taxed differently according to their tenure, the farmer, by himself or by deputy, must be present at the harvest, lest the produce of the highly taxed field should

be transferred to the lightly taxed one. He fixes the day of reaping, therefore, according to his own convenience, often with little regard to the ripeness of the grain. Secondly, the grain, when reaped, must be carried to the public threshing floor of the district, which by law ought not to be more than ten miles from any part of it. The law adds very naïvely: 'The farmer is not entitled to force the cultivator to take his produce by a bad road if there be a better one.' But as all the roads, or rather tracks, of Greece are bad, there is seldom much choice. The whole produce, therefore, straw and all, is transported on the backs of donkeys or ponies, for wheels are not used in Greece, at an average of at least five miles, often much further, for there are not threshing floors even within ten miles of the limits of many districts.

"There it has to wait until the whole produce of the district has been collected. It is piled in stacks round the threshing floor; the cultivator or his family watching and defending, sometimes for weeks, his peculiar stack against the attacks of man and beast. At last when the whole produce is collected, the farmer grants permission to thrash it. Generally this permission is withheld until the cultivators have clubbed to bribe him into granting it. In Greece all power is considered as a source of profit. It is computed that the farmers of the land-tax get, at an average, about 15 per cent. instead of 10 per cent., by means of the price which they force the cultivators to pay for permission to reap, permission to thrash, and permission to carry away that portion of the crop which is not taken by the government, lost in travelling, or

stolen. Like the custom-house officers of Italy, the farmers invent and aggravate difficulties and vexations, in order to be bought off. The thrashing is done by horses, the winnowing by the wives and children of the cultivators. A year or two ago an attempt was made to employ a winnowing machine; the farmer of the district prohibited its use; it might lead, he said, to fraud.

"The grain, when thrashed and winnowed, is piled in heaps, a heap for each cultivator, and there it must remain until the farmer has measured it and taken his tenth. If he is busy, or if he is not sufficiently bribed, he may not do this for weeks. In the meantime the owner of each heap lives and sleeps by its side, to watch over it. At length it is measured, the tenth is taken to the government magazines, and the cultivator may carry away the remainder of his grain and his straw.

"Three whole months at an average are thus employed; for three months the whole agricultural population is kept from home, living in the open air, in idleness, and in discomfort; the whole crop of the country is carried backwards and forwards, over rocks and mountains, by tracks which cannot be called roads, merely in order to enable the government to collect its tithe. If the spirit of the Greeks had not been broken by thousands of years of slavery, such treatment would produce an insurrection every year. And all my informers tell me that the oppression endured by the cultivators of other produce is still greater. I am inclined to think this true, as I find that, with the exception of currants, all such cultivation is diminishing."

"Broken," I said, "as the spirit of the Greeks may be,

it seems strange that a people who, without arms or money, rose against the whole power of the Ottoman Empire, should submit to the tyranny of a petty despot, whose only means of coercion are an army of 10,000 men. No insurrection is necessary; they have a chamber of deputies holding the purse, they have universal suffrage, and vote by ballot. With such powers, if they are misgoverned, it must be their own fault."

"They have these powers in theory," he answered, "but not in practice. One fatal want, that of municipal liberty, renders their whole constitution powerless. The local authorities are the nomarchs, the eparchs, and the demarchs. The first preside over a nomos or county, the second over an eparchæa or hundred, the third over a demos or parish. The two first are named by the king. The demarchs are not named by him, but are selected by him out of three names, elected by a number varying according to the population of the demos, of the highest taxed inhabitants. The practical result is, that the demarch is as really nominated by the king as the nomarch or eparch. Every Greek is an accountant to the crown; and every Greek is in debt to the crown. Every Greek wishes for a place; every Greek wishes for a bit of the vast tracts of national land. Every Greek is at law with some other Greek. The electors of the demos are told who are the persons whom the king wishes to see elected. If his wishes be thwarted, woe to the local electors. They are called on for their arrears; they get no places; they get no public land; they get no justice from the tribunals; they are outlaws. In a poor country, where the highest classes are

the poorest, because they have most appearances to keep up, a man persecuted by the government is ruined.

"The consequence is, as I said before, that the demarch, who is in fact master of his demos, who collects and disposes of its revenues, and manages all its concerns, and particularly its elections, is a creature of the king's. He makes out the list of voters; he presides at the voting; he and his council have charge of the urns containing the voting papers during the eight days, and during the nights between those eight days, that the election lasts. It is notorious that, during those nights, the urns are opened; if there be any fear that they do not contain the right name, proper voting papers are inserted in them. Sometimes these voting papers with the names of the right candidates are inserted in the urns before the polling begins. There were cases on the very last election in which this was done so clumsily that the urns were found to contain voting papers more than the whole number of persons entitled to vote. Obnoxious persons have been prohibited from being candidates. The consequence is, that the best people, the persons most capable of exercising well political power, take no part in politics. They are not candidates; they do not vote; they leave the king's shadow of a chamber and puppets of ministers, to misgovern unrestrained.

"One of the worst results," he continued, "of this absence of municipal freedom, is the waste of the municipal funds. There never was a country in which local expenditure was more wanted than it is in Greece. Except in the immediate neighbourhood of Athens, there are not one hundred miles of road; and of these one hundred

miles, two portions, amounting to a tenth of the whole, lead, one only to the queen's bathing-place in the Bay of Phalerus, the other only to her farm. Another portion, perhaps the most important portion, the road across the Isthmus of Corinth, was made by the Austrian Lloyd. Between one valley and another prices vary 100 or 200 per cent., because the transport of corn across a ridge of mountains doubles its price. It is cheaper to bring wheat to Athens from Bessarabia than from Thebes. Three-fourths of the land is uncultivated, because the thin population has enough to eat, and cannot send the surplus to market. The brigandage which renders large portions of Northern Greece uninhabitable is mainly owing to the want of roads. The brigand cannot be followed on horseback, and on foot he defies pursuit. Want of drainage is the cause of the fevers which destroy more than half the children, and ruin the constitutions of many of the adults. Roads and drainage ought to be provided by the demoi. I have sometimes heard of their having raised money for these purposes, but I never heard of its being applied, except in one demos in Eubœa. In that case, as soon as the road was made, the government sent down to the demos an inspector of the road, and ordered the demos to pay to him a salary of sixty drachmas a month. This was a warning against further road-making. What becomes of the local funds is *arcanum imperii*. No budget or account of them is published. The secret is buried in the breasts of the demarchs and the king."

Monday, December 21*st.* — I rode through the pass of Daphne to the Bay of Eleusis, then turned southward and

followed the coast under Mount Ægaleos to the Piræus. The coast along which I rode was that on which Xerxes encamped while his fleet fought the battle of Salamis. I must have passed close to the spot on which the throne, from which he witnessed it, was erected. Nothing could be more beautiful than the Bay of Eleusis and the Straits of Salamis. The sun was as brilliant as our best sun in June, and the sea was glassy.

The bold rocks and mountains of Salamis were reflected in it so clearly that their strata and their vegetation could be distinguished. Even the houses of Eleusis, six miles off, were painted in long white strips on the water. The Strait, scarcely two miles in length, and seldom more than half a mile in breadth, was a small field of battle for 1000 ships on one side, and 300 on the other. I can easily believe that the Persians were thrown into confusion and disorder by their own numbers.

Mrs. Senior and Miss Wyse drove to Eleusis. They started at one, and did not return until past six. They described their moonlight drive as charming, and came home quite warm. Yet they had been five hours in an open carriage on the shortest day. Such is the winter climate of Athens, in good weather.

Wednesday, December 23rd. — I rode to Phyle, through the long defile which leads from Attica to Bœotia. For the first five miles our road crossed the Attic plain. About a mile beyond the olive woods of the Cephisus, we passed the queen's farm, where she is laying out a small park, which in time will be pretty.

Some foundations of walls, formed of large quarried stones, uncemented, are all that remains of a considerable

town, perhaps, Acharnæ, which supplied a tenth of the Athenian infantry in the Peloponnesian war. Further on, on a small plain at the foot of the pass, is the village of Cassia, covering a large space, but now generally in ruins. Out of about 200 houses, not above twenty seemed to be occupied. Some women, most scantily dressed, were washing at the fountain. One girl wore a head-dress so peculiar that I begged her to let me examine it. It consisted of a fez half covered by rows of silver coins. "This," said my guide, "is her dowry. She always wears it, for the double purpose of keeping it safe, and exhibiting herself as a young lady of fortune."

After leaving Cassia, the pass became steeper, and wound round through the roots and round the promontories of the two great mountains, Cithæron and Parnes. They are so naked in their exterior that I was not prepared to find the gorges of the interior covered with forests of stone pine. Their beautiful green gave an almost velvety appearance to the grandly-scooped combs which rose above us.

Bare precipitous promontories, one of which forms a fine object, even as seen thirteen miles off from Athens, from time to time crossed our track, and forced us to climb ascents, steep enough to require holding on by the mane. At length we came in sight of Phyle, a conical hill rising in the centre of the pass. It was long, however, before we reached its foot. The air was fresh without being cold, though we saw some ice; and the grass, when not reached by the sun, was covered with hoar frost. On three sides Phyle rises precipitously from steep gorges; on the ac-

cessible side, the hill has been scarped, and built up with a wall of huge uncemented stones, thirteen feet thick and about thirty high, flanked by towers, one round, the other square. The plateau on the top contains about three-fourths of an acre. We do not hear of its ever having been taken; and in Greek warfare, if properly garrisoned, it must have been impregnable. But there are no remains of cisterns; little rain falls in this country, and the nearest water is a stream in a valley nearly half a mile off, separated from Phyle by a steep ridge. When Phyle was seized by Thrasybulus and his seventy companions, the thirty tyrants at first attacked it and were repulsed. We are told that they then blockaded it. But they cannot have invested it, as Thrasybulus received reinforcements, which raised his garrison to 700 men. Probably the enemy only stationed a force between the fort and the stream. This expedient must have succeeded in a few days, and Thrasybulus, therefore, had no resource except a sally. He surprised the blockaders, and drove them off, but he did not venture to remain at Phyle for more than five days longer. On the sixth he quitted his fortress for the open town of Piræus.

We found a detachment of soldiers on the top. It seems that the day before yesterday a band of robbers plundered and ill-treated some persons near Megara. On the same evening Mrs. Senior and Miss Wyse were at Eleusis, about eleven miles from Megara, and returned by moonlight.

The government is now anxious to keep the neighbourhood of Athens safe. Phyle, surrounded by mountains and

forests which are traversable by tracks known only to the shepherds, and commanding the central pass between Bœotia and Attica, has always been a favourite haunt of banditti. When we first saw from below a head peeping over the wall, my guide said, between earnest and joke, that it must be a klepht.

Thursday, December 24th. — I spent a couple of hours with Kappa. We talked of brigandage — a subject on which, as he told me, he has thought much.

"The first thing," he said, "to be done, is to get rid of the irregular troops. They cost less than the regular army, they know better the habits of the brigands, and they give to some of our Palicari, who have influence at court, means of providing for adherents, whose characters render it impossible to quarter them on the public in any other way. The government therefore find them a convenient force. But they sympathise with the brigands; they are often in league with them. I believe that they encourage more brigandage than they repress.

"I should next try to get the assistance of the local authorities. This was done in Acarnania, when Maurocordato was minister in 1843. But that was a time of enthusiasm. We had just got the constitution. The inhabitants were prevailed on to rise *en masse* and extirpate the brigands. Such efforts cannot be often repeated. We have a law by which the inhabitants of a demos are responsible if they harbour brigands. But our demoi are so large in proportion to their population, that this law is often unexecuted. A demos sometimes contains 3000 or 4000 persons, living in nine or ten

hamlets, and scattered over a whole district. They have no knowledge of one another, no common feelings or interests, and it is impossible to require one hamlet to be responsible for what has occurred in another ten miles off. I would subdivide the demoi into small districts, or sub-demoi, each consisting of a single village, with its own sub-demarch; and require each sub-demos to choose and pay a man, whose duty it should be to watch for brigands, and to call in the troops to suppress them, and I would make the sub-demoi responsible for any neglect.

"This, of course, would require money, and I would obtain it by a better management of the national lands. The peasants *now* make use of those which adjoin their villages, and pay for them, but the money being paid as a bribe, not as a debt, is not accounted for. The local authorities embezzle it. I would let the lands to the villagers, enforce payment, and employ the money in paying a village police. And I would render the village responsible for harbouring, or even neglecting to denounce and drive out the brigands.

"I would then try to stop the sources from which brigands are recruited.

"These are, first, the Turkish frontier. We have a treaty by which each government promises to give up to the other persons who have committed acts of brigandage, but it is unexecuted. Bands lurk within our frontier, and plunder in Thessaly and Epirus; others come from thence to plunder us. I would execute it faithfully, and require its execution by Turkey. This is a matter in which the protecting powers would assist us.

"Another source of brigands are the shepherds, estimated at 30,000, who wander over the country. They are always connected with the brigands, often turn brigands themselves. I would localise them, require them to belong to some demos, register them, and prohibit their wandering. If necessary, a portion of the national lands might be given to them. They cost us by their migratory plundering life much more than the utmost rent of the land which would be required for their settlement.

"Another source of brigandage is the conscription. It is notorious that there never was an instance of the son of a demarch or of a municipal councillor, indeed of any public officer, or of any person nearly connected with any public officer, drawing the lot of service. There is a natural, indeed an universal suspicion, that it is unfairly managed. Partly because they prefer the free life of a brigand to that of a soldier, but more frequently, because they think themselves unjustly selected, our conscripts desert in great numbers, and their only recourse is to cross the frontier, and seek safety and a livelihood in Turkey, or to turn brigands. Often they do both. This can be cured to-morrow, if the government will merely take care that the ballot for soldiers is honestly managed.

"My last remedy is a better administration of justice. Our tribunals hold their courts of justice in the capital of the Eparchæa, often fifteen or twelve miles from its limits. If a man has been injured, it costs him a day's walk to apply to the nearest justice; another day is lost in sending the summons to the defendant; another in the defendant's journey to the tribunal. The plaintiff and

defendant, or the accuser and the accused, may have to wait a week or two before their cause is heard. To obtain legal redress for an injury of five drachmas, may cost thirty. The person injured, or who thinks himself injured, prefers taking the law into his own hands. If a fowl has been stolen from him, he steals a goose from the supposed thief. The thief retaliates by taking from him a lamb. He takes a sheep, and so a civil war of injuries goes on, until one of the two parties is ruined, and turns klepht. I would force the local judges to make circuits round and round their demoi. Justice ought to be brought to every man's door, at least once or twice in every month."

"Among your remedies, you have not mentioned road-making," I said.

"Not," he answered, "because I undervalue it. Roads are the first step towards civilisation. A country which, like Greece, is without them, is essentially barbarous; but I do not see the bearing of road-making on brigandage. Ours are not highway robbers, they would neither attack nor retreat by the roads."

"Of course, they would not," I answered; "but the police and the troops might use the roads. *Now*, if a band shows itself fifty miles from Athens, it takes two days before a messenger can bring the news to Athens, and two days more before you can send troops to disperse it. In the meantime it has plundered that district, and is plundering another. If you had a road you might hear of the outrage in a few hours, and in a few hours more send a force to repress it. Is it true," I continued, "that many of the brigands have protectors about the court?"

"I will not say," he answered, "that they *have* pro-

tectors, but it is certain that they once had. But the worst sort of encouragement which they ever received was in 1854. The government, in its anxiety to get volunteers to serve in its expedition against Thessaly, let loose from the prisons six hundred of the worst ruffians whom they contained; in several cases, the prisoners and their guards crossed the frontier together. Those were the people who burned the Greek villages in Turkey, whose inhabitants would not join them; they were the wholesale robbers of sheep and cattle, who turned what was to have been a political invasion into a plundering foray; they were the highwaymen who rendered the roads unsafe within a mile of Athens, and I have no doubt that numbers of them are still at large in Greece, or perhaps lurking behind the Turkish frontier, and form the bands which still infest Northern Greece."

Friday, Christmas Day. — I walked in the olive groves with Gamma. He asked me what impressions five weeks in Greece had made on me.

"The contrast," I said, "between Athens and Constantinople is striking; but I doubt whether, if I were to go into the interior, I should find much difference between Greece and Turkey. There is the same absence of roads, the same thinness of population, the same want of cultivation. Cassia and Eleusis are as miserable as anything in Turkey; their inhabitants are not better dressed than the Turks; and I am told that, if I were to go to Megara, or to Corinth, or to Thebes, I might fancy myself still in Asia Minor."

"Greece and Turkey," he answered, "are now, perhaps, on about the same level; but Greece is going uphill, and

Turkey is going downhill. Five-and-twenty years ago Greece was a desert, and Turkey was richer and more populous than she is now. At this instant, perhaps, they are on a par; but ten years hence Greece will be much richer than she is now, and Turkey much poorer."

"I shall not believe in your progress," I answered, "until you have roads."

"It is true," he replied, "that roads are a test and a cause of civilisation, and that the government has been culpably negligent of them; but we are beginning to make them. To-day Mr. Feraldi's offer to make the Piræus railway was accepted."

"I am glad to hear it," I said; "I wish you had begun a little sooner; I should be able to see something of the interior. The handbook tells me that there is a road to Thebes, but I find that it is impassable. All roads seem to end thirteen miles from Athens."

"I do not advise you," he answered, "at this season to attempt the interior. Athens and its neighbourhood, in fact, contain almost all that is worth seeing. There is no architecture comparable to ours; there is no maritime scenery more beautiful, and there is little mountain scenery finer than that of Pentelicus, Cithæron, and Parnes. If, indeed, you could speak the language, you might learn much of the state of the people by entering their houses and talking to them. But the only person who could talk to you would be your guide; you would see only the exterior. You would find more or less fleas in one khan than in another, better or worse pavements, more or less miserable cabins, and come back knowing no more about the country than you know now.

"Our great misfortune," he continued, "is one which we have inherited from Turkey—the absence of an aristocracy. The Turks, who conquered Greece in the fifteenth century, were unscrupulous even for barbarians. They used men just as man uses the lower animals, and destroyed them *en masse* whenever it suited their convenience. One of their principles was to leave in a conquered country no native power or influence. They put to death in Greece all those whose birth, or wealth, or character gave them any pre-eminence. At the same time, and this is a merit for which they have not had due credit, they destroyed the serfdom which they found prevalent; they reduced the whole Christian population to one level. It was their policy, however, to support the Church, as its head, the Patriarch of Constantinople, was their creature. They were forced also to employ Greeks in collecting the revenue, which they managed by making a portion of the inhabitants of each district responsible for the payment of the whole of its contribution, and authorising them to apportion it among the others, and to enforce its payment. These persons acquired the name of primates, and corresponded, except that their office was not hereditary, to your zemindars in India. In Northern Greece they armed a portion of the Greek population as a local police, under the name of armatoles.

"The officers or captains of these armatoles, whom we have called palicari, the bishops, and the primates, were the native aristocracy of Greece when the revolutionary war broke out. They were few, they were little superior in knowledge or cultivation to the rest of their fellow-countrymen, and they had not the prestige of birth. Some rich

Wallachians, Moldavians, and Fanariots, joined us during the war, and their superior education and wealth gave them some eminence, but they were looked on by the Greeks as foreigners. The Ypsilantes were Moldavians, the Soutzos, Maurocordatos, Argyropulos, and Mourousis, are Fanariotes. King Otho found us without a real aristocracy, and we have not acquired one. We are essentially democratic; the clause in the constitution, which forbids conferring hereditary honours, was carried by acclamation. The consequence, I fear, is that we are unfit for constitutional monarchy. There are no persons in the country who have made politics a study, or, indeed, who could afford to do so. There are no persons whom the public voice points out as fit to be deputies or ministers. The king is forced to choose the least unfit that he can, and to be his own prime minister. He rises at four in the morning, works hard all day, and cannot do half what ought to be done. We have no parliamentary opposition. We have no parties with party opinions and party watchwords. Our public men sometimes split into factions, but those factions are united by personal likes or dislikes, not by any common principle of action, except the wish of each person to get on."

"How comes it, then," I said, "that your ministers are so frequently changed?"

"Sometimes," he answered, "they prove incompetent; very often they quarrel; sometimes the foreign diplomatists force the king to turn them out. We are weak and poor. You use, and perhaps abuse, your power, as our creditors. We perhaps abuse our privilege of weakness.

We behave ill, and have to appease you by sacrificing to you a ministry."

Mr. Soutzo, professor of political economy, and his wife called on us. We talked of the progress of the country.

"It is quite as great as the most sanguine Greek could have hoped it to be," said Soutzo. "During the twenty-five years that we have been a nation, the population has increased one-third; the cultivation has increased still more; and our fleet now consists of five thousand vessels."

"I wish," I said, "that your roads had increased in proportion."

"The sea," he answered, "is our principal road; but we have passed a law by which every man is bound to labour by himself, or by proxy, for a certain time on the roads, the maximum being twelve days in the year, the minimum six. If you return to us in a couple of years you will, I trust, find a railway to the Piræus, and a diligence to Thebes."

Madame Soutzo is a very pleasing woman; she was born a Soutzo; her father was a Fanariot, and Hospodar of Moldavia in 1821.

We talked to her of Constantinople.

"Though I was born there," she said, "I do not recollect it. I was only a year old when my father was forced to fly. You must recollect his palace at Bujucdereh, which has often been described to me with its terraced gardens of stone pines. He laid them out and planted them. He was one of the first who joined in the revolution. My mother and I had to fly at an hour's notice. We saved only our clothes. My mother gave a casket of

diamonds, worth a million of francs, to a person whom she thought her friend. It has never been recovered. She, a princess, almost a vice-queen, had to mend her own clothes. We lost everything, so did my husband's father, who was Hospodar of Wallachia. But we regret nothing, neither our conduct nor our fortune."

"Have you ever revisited Constantinople?" I asked.

"No," she answered, "and I never will while it is Turkish. But I should be miserable if I did not expect to see it again."

I called on I. K. I mentioned to him my last conversation with Gamma.

"It is true," he said, "that the Greeks have no hereditary aristocracy; but I am not sure that they are essentially democratic. No nation on the continent is fonder of ribands and crosses, native and foreign. No society is more anxious for court favour and court distinctions than that of Athens. Royal frowns and smiles rank high among the means by which it is kept in subjection."

"Is it true," I said, "that the king works hard at his business?"

"That also is true," he answered; "and it is true that he does not do half what ought to be done; but it is not true that his work is forced upon him. It is not true that he could not find ministers through whom he might govern constitutionally. He has indeed tried all that he can to prevent the existence of such men. He has always tried to avoid what we call a ministry, that is, a body of men with common opinions and common objects. He wishes each minister to attend to his own department, and to

ignore every other. He has always fomented dissensions in his own cabinet. He endeavours to place in it men of opposite opinions. If any member of it excites his jealousy by acquiring reputation, or the confidence of the public, he tries to seduce him, or to drive him, into some unpopular line of conduct, and, if that fails, turns him out. Mauro-cordato would pass in England as a sensible, well-informed man. Here he is a star of the first magnitude. The king was forced to accept him after the revolution, but in three months began to conspire against him. The only strong part of the king's character is his will. He tolerates no opposition to his own views either in the cabinet or in the chamber. All laws proposed by the ministry are proposed in the king's name. Instead of treating this as a mere form, like the queen's speech with us, he thinks that his dignity is injured if anything bearing his name is objected to, and punishes criticism by doing all the harm that he can to the critic, and to all the critic's relations and friends, and even visitors."

"What is the salary of a minister?" I asked.

"Ten thousand drachms," he answered, "about 350*l.* a year. But as the wife and daughters are required to appear at court, and the queen chooses that the toilettes shall be Parisian and frequently changed, the extra expenses eat up much more than the salary. This, however, suits the king. He wishes his ministers to be poor and dependent, that they may submit to be treated as mere clerks. Indeed he does not always treat them as head clerks, for he frequently gives orders to the inferiors in their departments without consulting the heads."

"But how does he get men," I said, "to accept an office which is laborious and ill-paid, in which a man is not only unable to do what he thinks right, but may be responsible for measures as to which he has not been consulted?"

"He does not get first-rate men," answered I. K., "or second-rate men, and third-rate men may always be got everywhere for any purpose whatever. But it is not the salary that tempts a man to become a minister. It is the patronage, the jobbing, the hope of a Greek order, or, what is more prized, of a Russian or a German one, the precedence of the wife at court, the title of Excellence; these are the royal baits, and they are tempting enough to hook the sort of fish to whom they are thrown."

"You have not," I said, "shown how he could get better."

"I have shown," he said, "that, acting as he does, he must get bad ones. I am inclined to think, that in order to get good ones it would be enough to wish to get them, to trust them, and to allow them to initiate and carry out the policy which they and the chambers think best; in short, to treat them as ministers. But the salary is one on which no married man can live: this narrows the choice. The number of ministers, seven, is too large. At 350*l.* a piece, they cost 2450*l.* a year. I would diminish the number to five, and raise the salary to 1000*l.* a year. This would be an additional expense of 2550*l.* a year; not a large sum, even for Greece; the king could afford to pay it himself out of his 35,000*l.* a year of civil list. And for 1000*l.* a year and good treatment, he could command the best talents in Greece. He is not restricted, like our queen, to members of one of the chambers; the ministers

need not be members. 'Virtute officii' they can speak in each chamber. Indeed, as the 140 seats are all government rotten boroughs, he can put into the chamber any minister whom he likes. He need not fear their being in a minority in either house; 'virtute officii' the ministry has always a majority, and if once a seat in the ministry was made a fit object of ambition, men would train themselves for it. No one will accuse the Greeks of want of intelligence or of want of aptitude for political life. Gamma says that they could not afford it. But no training is less expensive. It can be carried on among other employments; the laws of Greece are comparatively simple, for they are embodied in codes recently made; some knowledge of them and of political economy is all that is required for a Greek statesman."

"Is the press free?" I asked.

"It is free," he answered, "as respects private libel; but a couple of years ago a law was passed for the punishment of all attacks on the king or on his authority. Any criticism of any act of the government may be held to come within words so vague as these. As there is no 'habeas corpus' law, a man may be detained in prison for an indefinite time before he is tried; and as the clause in the Constitution directing the judges to be rendered irremovable has not been obeyed, the bench is filled with docile instruments of the royal will. From these premises you may infer what is the amount of freedom enjoyed by the political press.

"Among the mischiefs," he added, "of this tyranny, one is, that, as it is exercised under constitutional forms,

its acts look at a distance like those of the nation. If the chambers and the king passed a law giving the succession to a Russian Grand Duke, the people in England would be told that such was the wish of the nation, speaking by its legal organs. *We* on the spot know that the chambers are the organs, not of the nation, but of the court, and that an act of the Greek parliament is merely a royal proclamation. King Otho has a better right than Napoleon had to say, 'L'état c'est moi.' He names all the local authorities; through them he names the deputies; he has named the senate, and governs it by the threat of doubling its members. He is commander-in-chief of the army; he virtually nominates the bishops, who have absolute control over the clergy; he appoints and removes the judges at pleasure; in short he has contrived to make his constitutional kingdom the most perfect example that Europe contains of a centralised despotism."

"Do you agree," I asked, "with Mr. Soutzo, 'that the progress of the country, during the last twenty-five years, has been as great as could have been hoped?'"

"That the improvement," he answered, "has been positively great is certain. But you must recollect what was the point of departure. Greece has been laid waste by six years of such war as is scarcely seen in civilised countries. Ibrahim's scheme was to extirpate the whole population, and to supply their place with Albanian Mussulmen; this was what produced and justified our interference. I have no doubt that the population has increased by one-third, but a great part of that increase was by immigration of Greeks from the islands and from Thessaly, who had taken

part against the Turks during the war. I have no doubt that there has been an enormous increase of the vineyards and olive orchards of the Morea, for at Ibrahim's departure there were none; but I much doubt whether Greece even now is as populous and as rich as it was under the Turkish rule. I travelled in Greece before its emancipation. I went over a great part of the same ground last year. The roads seemed to me much worse than they were forty years ago; the cultivation has rather gone back than improved. Patras, Athens, and Syra have made a great start, but Missolonghi is a heap of ruins; and the villages in general are worse than they were. The safety of the country has deteriorated. I never thought of taking an escort at that time. Now, as soon as you leave Attica, which the court keeps garrisoned for its own sake, Northern Greece is dangerous. Some people were robbed the other day while visiting the Acropolis of Corinth; the Greek Government said that it was their own fault; that the Austrian Lloyd kept the high road between Patras and the isthmus safe, and that the travellers ought not to have diverged from it."

"The administration of justice," I said, "is probably better."

"In some respects," he answered, "it is; Greece possesses a civil and criminal code, borrowed mainly from France. This is a great improvement on Turkish law; but there is as much corruption and intimidation as there ever was. The court, whenever it likes, dictates the sentence of the tribunals; Colletti used simply to send word to them what to do. In the provinces no one ventures

to oppose a man in power, an *ισχυρος*, as they call him, a demarch, or a proedros, or any one, in short, who has any influence. The Turks have great respect for property, the Greeks have none. If an *ισχυρος* wants a man's field, he takes it, and desires the owner to go and take another from the national lands. This is one of the reasons why we have no roads; there are laws for making them, but no one ventures to enforce them. If roads are made, no one repairs them; the Greeks, indeed, repair nothing. It is with the utmost difficulty that I can get my landlord to keep my house weather-tight.

"It is melancholy," he continued, "to think what Greece is, and what, under a tolerable government, she might have been. The king came with absolute power; he has no aristocracy, no old habits, no prejudices to embarrass him. He had a most docile, and a most intelligent population; and he had a treasury filled by the allies to overflowing. But he treated his population just as they had been treated by the Turks, — as a mere sponge, out of which money was to be squeezed. He did nothing for them, he did not advise them, or even encourage them to do anything for themselves. He treated them as an appanage to Bavaria, as a country given over to him as a younger son's provision."

"Soutzo," I said, "tells me that a law had been passed by which the whole population is to contribute, at the minimum, a week's labour every year to the roads; in two years, he says, there will be a diligence to Thebes."

"Such a law," he answered, "has been passed, and perhaps it is the twenty-first to the same effect, but not one of

them has been executed, or has been attempted to be executed, or was ever intended to be executed. They are like the Hatt-i-Humáyoon, they are made in order to be shown to the foreign ministers."

"My Greek friends," I said, "are sore at the interference of the *corps diplomatique*."

"They have no right," he answered, "to complain of the English embassy. The only wish of England is that Greece should be prosperous; the only advice that the embassy gives is, that she should be well governed. France and Russia are more selfish; Russia has the great advantage over her rivals of having a definite policy; she wishes to make Greece a dependency of Russia; and for that purpose to weaken her, and to place on her throne a Russian prince. Her action began even during the war of independence; her creature, Capo d'Istrias, wished merely to be the Russian Hospodar of the Morea. All Otho's misgovernment delights her, and hence her ascendency in his councils. I do not think that France knows what she wants; she wishes for influence, with no clear views as to the purposes to which she is to direct it. Before 1854, she thought us her most formidable rivals, and set to work to counteract us. As the object of all our endeavours was the improvement of Greece, her freedom, and her prosperity, France, by her blind opposition to us, became necessarily the supporter of tyranny, and the enemy of progress. Piscatory was the unscrupulous opponent of Maurocordato, the best statesman that Greece ever had, and the unscrupulous supporter of Colletti, one of the worst men and one of the worst ministers that ever oppressed her. It was under the

patronage of France, that Otho virtually destroyed the constitution. All this perfectly suited Russia; it weakened Greece, and at the same time it bred a coldness between England and France. When the war came, France saw the mischief that she had done. She saw that she had taken Greece out of the hands of a friend, and given her over to an enemy. M. Mercier was instructed to act with Sir Thomas Wyse, and the antagonism between the two legations has ceased. The British policy at present ought to be that of non-interference. England looks on, with deep disapprobation at the king's misgovernment, and records it, but does not attempt single-handed, as she would be, to disturb it."

Saturday, December 26th. — I spent the morning with Mr. Pittakis in the Acropolis.

We talked of the manner in which the drums forming the columns are united.

In the centre of each is a square aperture, about four inches broad, and six deep. In this was inserted a block of cedar wood, with a round aperture in the centre, into which a bolt of cedar was driven, so as to make the square block perfectly air tight. A circle of about eighteen inches in diameter round this block is rough, or rather rudely planed. The remainder of the surface of each drum is polished to the smoothness of a mirror. The two polished drums, exactly on the same plane, so cohere as to form one substance. He showed me columns of which portions had been broken by cannon-shot, at the junction of two drums; the interior appeared to form one block; the junction was imperceptible. He believes that the central space was left

rough, and the cedar block and bolt inserted, in order to give elasticity to the column. One of them, which has lost its architrave, bends, he says, in a storm, like a tree, but perfectly recovers itself. In Hadrian's time, this process had been lost, or was thought too laborious. The drums of the columns of the temple of Jupiter Olympius are less accurately polished, and are united by iron bolts in the inside.

The walls of the Parthenon are uncemented, and are formed of blocks, polished on their interior surface with equal care, and united by iron bolts, each surrounded, I suppose to prevent its rusting, by lead.

He pointed out parts of the cornice still retaining the colours, green and blue, with which they were painted.

I hope that the French school in Athens contains some architects who will import into France the practice of uniting the drums of which their columns are composed. A French column, one of those, for instance, of the Madeleine, looks like a pile of cheeses.

Sunday, December 27th.— I climbed with L. M. the steep rock of Lycabettus. The view, like everything in the basin of Athens, is fine, but not equal to that from the Acropolis.

We talked of Mr. Finlay's claims.

"The Greek Government," said L. M., "presumed on its weakness. It insulted and injured British subjects in the conviction that, as we could not feel our honour interested in repelling the aggressions of such a power, and could not go to war with a government of which we were the protectors, we should be contented with withdrawing our ambassador,

— a sort of revenge which would be extremely agreeable to the court, as it would remove an inconvenient witness of its proceedings. Indeed the king had considered what parts of the constitution ought to be got rid of, as soon as he had succeeded in forcing England to suspend diplomatic relations with Greece."

"What was the source," I asked, "of Otho's enmity?"

"Every despot," he answered, "hates England: then we had supported Armansberg against Ruydhart, and Maurocordato against Colletti. The attacks on Otho in the London papers were, with the ignorance of English habits which we find among foreigners, attributed to Lord Palmerston. Whatever were the motives, certain it is that the court of Athens hated and still hates us with an almost childish intensity.

"Poor Finlay became the victim. He had served Greece as a volunteer, he had written in her favour; he had established himself in Athens; he deserved their gratitude and kindness. But unluckily he was in Naboth's situation. He was owner of a piece of land in a fine position, protected by this mountain to the north, and sloping southward towards the sea. He intended to build there. The king thought fit to build his palace close to it, and to take Finlay's ground and enclose it in his garden. This was in 1836, before the constitution. Mr. Finlay asked to be paid for it. The Greek Government answered, that the land not having been taken for any purpose of public utility, they had no funds out of which to pay for it, and that Mr. Finlay might resume possession of it. He attempted to do so, and was warned off by the sentinels. The ground was included in the garden, and now forms

part of it; it is just under the windows of the private apartments.

"There was no redress against an absolute sovereign, but Finlay was told that if he would ask for payment as a favour, the royal generosity would be extended to him. He of course refused to do this, and prosecuted his claim as a right." Sir Edward Lyons urged it on the Greek Government from 1838 to 1849, with no result, except an offer on the part of the government to allow Mr. Finlay's claim to be decided by an umpire, to be named by itself. In 1849 Sir Thomas Wyse inherited the negotiation. He brought it at last to an arbitration. The arbitrators were appointed. By the law of Greece, their power expired in three months. The Greek government neglected to proceed before them; they would not even allow the land to be measured. The three months expired, and the claim was as far from settlement as it had been when the king seized the land in 1837. In fact, with perverse obstinacy he had made up his mind not to pay for it.

"At length, in January 1850, Admiral Parker and his squadron anchored in the Piræus. Nothing could have been less expected by the Greek Government, or less welcome. They tried mediation, and when that failed, submitted. Mr. Finlay, who acted in the whole matter with high-minded forbearance and delicacy, would have accepted the value of his land at the time when it was seized. Sir Thomas Wyse said that he ought to have also legal interest, twelve per cent. per annum, from that time, and so it was settled. But as Finlay's papers showed only the boundaries of the land, and not its superficies in yards, and the king pertinaciously refused to measure it himself, or to

allow Finlay to do so, a measurement was assumed, by which Finlay, I fear, was a considerable loser. So that the king succeeded to a certain degree in cheating him. He has ever since been honoured with the royal displeasure, which extends to all his friends, and even to all his acquaintances. No Greek visits him, except by stealth."

We looked over the city stretching to the north and west of the Acropolis.

"The stupidity," said L. M., "of the Bavarians was marvellous. Wherever it was possible to go wrong, they did so. Athens was destroyed; they had to rebuild it. The whole country round the Acropolis was theirs, it had belonged to Turks. There are two dominant winds, the north, from the steppes of Russia and the Black Sea, and the sea-breeze from the south. They built their city on the north, of the Acropolis; exposed in winter to the north wind, and shut out in summer, by the Acropolis, from the sea-breeze. Colyttus and Diomeia, the worst part of ancient Athens, because they are the worst situated, they chose for their new town; while, on the other side of the Acropolis, there were gentle eminences and wide valleys sloping down to the sea, screened by the Acropolis from the north. These were the principal sites of the cities of Theseus and Hadrian. They are now naked fields.

"Again, ancient Athens, like Rome, was elaborately drained. No attempt has been made to trace and to make use of the ancient sewers; the new town is generally without any.

"Another of their blunders was in the coinage. They found none. If they had adopted the franc, they would

have had the use of all the French, Belgian, and Sardinian money. Rothschild offered to remit the loan to them in coin according to the French weight and standard. Instead of that, having found some ancient drachmas, they thought fit to invent a money of their own, in imitation of the drachmas, worth 8½*d.*, and differing from every existing coinage. They coined this money without a seigniorage. It consequently became the most convenient way of sending bullion out of the country. Not a piece of it now remains. We have no Greek coinage excepting copper, and are forced to pay in zwanzigers, francs, dollars, napoleons, sovereigns, and shillings, prices calculated in drachmas and leptas. Every transaction in life requires a rule of three sum, in which, if you are dealing with a Greek, you are cheated.

"Again, Athens is ill provided with water. Pentelicus would give us an abundance of the finest water in the world. Individuals and companies have been offering for the last twenty years to supply it. But the government thinks that the enterprise would be so profitable, that it will not allow anybody else to undertake it. It is too idle to do so itself, and we are therefore without water.

"The town covers an undulating slope. After the houses are built, they begin to level the streets. Some houses are above the right level, some below it. Some turn their fronts to the street, some their corners. As they are ill built, and never repaired, the town threatens to be a modern ruin. Many parts of it are ruinous already. If Athens was not interesting from the recollections of what it was, and the hopes of what it may be, it would be

an intolerable residence. A little good taste and good sense would make it, what we know that it once was, a delightful one."

"Could it ever," I said, "be made agreeable in summer?"

"If it were built," he answered, "where it ought to be, it would be much better in summer than it now is. But capitals are not intended to be inhabited in summer. No one who can avoid it spends the summer in Paris, or Rome, or Madrid, or Vienna, or Constantinople. There are the sites of charming summer retreats all round Athens. The valleys and gorges of the interior of Mount Parnes, which is 4500 feet high, have their forests and streams, and the finest air and summer climate in the world. We cannot inhabit them, because they are unsafe. All the blessings of nature are ruined by the detestableness of the government."

"Do you see any prospect," I said, "of its improvement?"

"Not the least," he answered: "there is no cohesion among the people; no motive will urge them to any combined effort."

"Yet," I said, "their war of independence was a combined effort; so was the revolution in 1843."

"As for 1843," he answered, "that was done, not by the people of Greece, but by the garrison and the mob of Athens. If the army had not been injured and humiliated by the favour shown to Germans, the mob would have done nothing. With respect to the war of independence, I was wrong in saying that there is no motive that will urge

them to combined action: there are two, the love of their religion, and the love of independence of autonomy. The Turkish domination outraged both these feelings; and now, if Otho were to attack their church, or if Russia were to attempt to absorb them, I believe that they would endeavour to resist. But no internal misgovernment will provoke even opposition. The peasants have always been misgoverned; they do not attribute the oppressions of the revenue farmers, or the absence of roads or of security to the government. They say merely that their nomarch, or eparch, or demarch, or farmer, is a tyrant, or a thief, or a fool; and that, if the king knew of their sufferings, he would remedy them. The educated persons, though they know the source of their evils, will take no means to cure them; they will not even use the means which the constitution gives them.

"Greeks talk very freely. They are fond, as you must have experienced, of denouncing the abuses of the government. The obvious answer is, 'Why do not you say this 'in your chamber? Why do you not move for papers, 'and preface your motion by a description of the abuses 'which those papers will show? Why do not you bring 'in bills to remedy them? You might not pass them; 'even papers might be refused to you; but the discussion 'would excite attention, and the press would diffuse it 'over the whole country.' Not one of them will ever do anything which may displease the king. Their defect is not so much want of courage as want of confidence in one another. Political men are like soldiers. The bravest soldier will scarcely advance unless he expects to be sup-

ported; and it must be a bold public man who will oppose persons in power, if he cannot rely on his own friends.

"The English mission," he continued, "is a post rather of observation than of action. Scarcely anything is to be done, but much is to be seen. The influence of Greece, over the persons in Europe and Asia connected with her by language and by religion, is enormous. Several Greek newspapers are published in Athens; they have little sale here, but a large one in Asia Minor and Turkey, and even in England. They are written for a foreign public, which knows little of Greece, and hence the audacity of their mendaciousness. The object of the government now is to represent the king as all popular. He celebrates next month the twenty-fifth anniversary of his accession. There will be an immense waste of public money in fêtes and presents; and I have no doubt that the newspapers will describe his reception as enthusiastic, whatever be its real coldness. Large sums are continually sent to him or bequeathed by Greeks established abroad. If any attempt is made to break up Turkey before she falls to pieces spontaneously, the blow will probably come from Greece. At all events, Greece will be a party to it, and the British minister in Athens will be able to give our government fair warning."

"You think," I said, "that Turkey is falling to pieces?"

"I think," he answered, "that in Asia Minor, Roumelia, and Bulgaria, the Turks are losing and the Greeks are gaining in population, wealth, and spirit. The natural course of events in those countries must deprive the Turks

of power and give it to the Greeks, unless some third state is allowed to seize it."

Monday, December 28th. — Delta called on me. The blue book of 1854 was on my table. I asked him if there were any opposition in the chamber.

"Certainly not," he answered. "The senators are the king's nominees; and though they sit for life, they are controlled by his power of adding to their numbers. As for the Chamber of Deputies, the chamber of 1843, the first that was elected, and the only one that has been honestly elected, contained a party, about forty-one in number, who supported Maurocordato, and, on his resignation, opposed his successor Colletti. Colletti resolved to remove them. The Constitution declares that each chamber is the judge of the validity of the election of its own members. Having the command of a perfectly servile and unscrupulous majority, he made it declare all the forty-one elections invalid."

"How long," I asked, "had the chamber sat?"

"Ten months," he answered; "during which time not a whisper against any of those elections had been raised. Since that time, sometimes by fraud, sometimes by corruption, and sometimes by violence, the election of any but the servile adherents to the court has been prevented.

"In future, however, that is, while the public mind is in its present state, the king may let the electors have their own way. From the most unpopular, he has become the most popular sovereign in Europe. We are ready to admit that the conduct of the Greeks in 1854 was unwise; that they ought not to have expected the success of Russia;

that the attempt to steal Epirus and Thessaly from Turkey was wrong — was, if you like to call it so, a crime; but we feel that the king and queen risked their crowns in our cause. The king may be bad as King of Greece, but we worship him as the centre of Greek nationality. The instant that the blue book of 1854 was published, the instant that we found that the king and the queen, as described in this despatch of Sir Thomas Wyse's (he showed me that of March 17th, 1854), avowed that they had received a divine commission to protect the Greek race against Mahomedan oppression, and would execute it in spite of every danger, that instant all real opposition to him ceased. We care much more about foreign than about domestic politics; we can bear to have no self-government, no roads, no security, if we see that we are on our way to the Greek empire. All those are temporary evils; they are like the hardships of a traveller, which he despises if he knows that he is making progress in his journey. 1854 utterly extinguished the English party."

"You must admit," I said, "that the occupation was unavoidable; that we could not allow you to attack our allies, the Turks."

"We admit all that," he answered, "and we admit that the conduct of your troops and sailors was admirable; but what destroyed our sympathy with you was your blue book. It contains calumnies which no Greek can forgive. Look at this letter of the 15th of April, 1854, in which Mr. Wyse and Baron Rouen state 'that the government has 'given orders to the police to allow all persons suspected 'of sympathy with the Western powers to be beaten to 'death.' If you could prove that the king had given such

an order, you ought to have dethroned him; if you could not prove it, as you could not, for it was not true, you ought not to have insulted us by publishing it. Throughout that book you maintain that the anti-Turkish movement was royal rather than national. The occupation enabled Mr. Wyse to select a cabinet of his own. How came it that, out of seven members, five were avowedly sympathisers with the movement? If he could have found seven respectable men who had not joined in it, he would have taken them. But he could not. Why? Because the movement was national."

"I am told," I said, "that although the constitution gives the initiative of laws to the chambers, yet that in fact no laws are proposed, except by the ministers."

"That is true," he answered.

"And I am told," I added, "that as the laws are introduced in the king's name, he requires them to be passed without amendment."

"That also is true," he replied. "I am far from defending him, as a constitutional sovereign: still less as a parliamentary one. He maintains, for instance, that, as the constitution gives to him the nomination of ministers, no one has a right to interfere with his choice. 'If the 'chambers,' he says, 'disapprove what I do, let them stop 'the supplies. That is their right by the constitution; 'and my right is thereupon to dissolve them.' This is a threat which he can safely use, as he knows that he can nominate their successors."

"The fact, however," I said, "is, that his ministers have always had a majority."

"Always," he answered. "As I said before, by violence, by fraud, or by corruption, the electors have always been led, or forced, to return the royal nominees; and those nominees have given every ministry a majority. I do not think the king a wise man, but he certainly has been a successful one, probably more successful than if he had been wiser. He has managed very ill for us, but very well for himself. He has obtained our sympathy, and need not care about our esteem.

"What is wanted," he continued, "to give life and interest to the sittings of the chambers is an opposition."

"An opposition," I said, "would be useless, unless it were understood that when the opposition becomes a majority the new ministers are to be taken from its ranks."

"Of course," he answered. "But such are the king's opinions that to have been a member of a successful opposition, instead of a claim to office, would be an exclusion from it. He treats every opponent of his minister for the time being as a personal enemy. He is never angry, at least he never shows his anger; you may say what you like to him, but he never forgets and never forgives. During the first twenty years of his reign, there was some excuse for his jealousy of power.—The Greeks had rebelled against the Turks; they had assassinated their president, Capo d'Istrias. They were described to him as a lawless people. The experiment of their submitting to a king was made in his person. The Bavarians represented every opposition to his wishes as an act of rebellion. He had no experience, and not much intelligence,

and he believed them. But the support which he gave to the invasion of Thessaly, your occupation of Attica, and the indiscriminate abuse of him and of the country in your blue books, by making him popular, have made him omnipotent. Even his Bavarian relations would perhaps now consent to his allowing us a little self-government."

"His conduct to Mr. Finlay," I said; "his attempting first to cheat him out of his land, and then his persecution of him for having asserted his rights, show his real character."

"I admit," said Delta, "that in the whole of that business we were in the wrong. Unfortunately for you, and perhaps for us, Mr. Wyse, on Admiral Parker's arrival, instead of sending home the true story by a special steamer, and he had seven or eight, waited for the regular Marseilles packet. The other ministers, all hostile to England, had four days' start. They used it to poison the European mind. They represented the entrance of the fleet as an attempt to steal from Greece Cervi and Sapienza, and the claims as mere means used to pick a quarrel. Whereas, the claims were such as you could not let drop, and we had obstinately refused to settle them. I have nothing to say as to the extent of Pacifico's claim, but it was just in principle; and Finlay's was both just and moderate. As for Cervi and Sapienza, I think that you have no real right to them, and that seems to be the opinion of your government, for you have not prosecuted your claim. But there was something plausible in the pretensions set up to them by the Ionians. You, as their protectors, could scarcely refuse to urge it; and we, with culpable disrespect,

or, at least, negligence, let eleven years pass without giving you any answer."

Delta accompanied me to the door of N. O., with whom I was engaged to walk. We attempted to take the line of the Phaleric wall, towards the sea, but were driven back by the violence of the wind and forced to take refuge on the south side of the Acropolis. I mentioned to him my conversation with Delta.

"It is true," he said, "that in Athens, and generally in the town-population of Greece, the king's conduct in 1854 gained him popularity. That population, however, is not more than 200,000 out of 1,100,000. The bulk of the inhabitants are agricultural or pastoral: among them there is hatred of the Turks, and religious bigotry, but not the political ambition which Delta imputes to the whole nation. Among the sensible portion of the people, who, I admit, are a very small minority, the king's conduct did not do him much harm, for that was impossible, but it showed strongly his incapacity for real government. If, indeed, we suppose that he knew the hopelessness of the attempt to resist England and France, and played his dangerous game merely as a means of getting popularity, it may have been a bold and clever piece of selfish policy. But I do not impute to him such knowledge. I do not believe that he is capable of estimating the relative force of the Russians and the allies; I believe that he shared the general opinion of the court, that the Russians would be successful. And if the Greek invasion had been better managed—if it had not been conducted by men who used it merely as a means of plunder, and who treated the

Christians who would not join them with worse than Turkish insolence and cruelty—it certainly might have operated as a strong diversion. Even as it was, it occupied an army of thirty or forty thousand Turks."

"I suppose," I said, "that his choice of instruments was limited. Respectable men would not join an expedition which violated international law, and, therefore, exposed them to be hanged, nor would they take the command of undisciplined bands, many of them just let loose from the prisons. As the invasion was a conspiracy rather than a war, he could not employ on it the regular army."

"It was not merely," said N. O., "that the troops employed were bad; the whole machinery by which the movement was organised was bad. The persons employed were the king's favourite instruments — the municipal authorities. He has, as I suppose that you have often heard, by a skilful selection, where he can legally nominate, as in the case of the nomarchs, eparchs, and judges and justices of the peace, and by fraud or by force, by corruption or by intimidation, where the people have to elect, filled all the local offices with creatures of his own, whom their fellow-citizens, if they had any real liberty, would not leave in power for a day. These royal sbirri organised and directed the invasion, and their object was not its success, but their own profit. A large part, perhaps half, of the funds entrusted to them they embezzled; they sent the invaders over the border ill armed and with scarcely any provisions, to rob instead of to fight. The Turkish fortresses along the frontier were weakly garrisoned, but the invaders, many of whom had been banditti,

and almost all became so, did not venture to attack them. They exasperated the Christian population, and left behind them feelings which will make it difficult to repair the wrong done in 1830, and to give Thessaly and Epirus to Greece.

"I may add that I am not sure that the king would have done much better even if he had been able to employ the regular army. The regular army of Greece is perhaps the worst in Europe. The men are conscripts, taken from their homes, as they think, unjustly,—for the dishonesty and partiality with which the ballot is abused by the local authorities are notorious,—ill fed and ill clothed, and ill trained. The officers are ignorant, promoted by favouritism, and, in numbers, out of all proportion to the men. The army is one of the king's instruments of political corruption. He refuses to publish any list of it; indeed, any list whatever, of the persons in the pay of the government. The army and the civil officials absorb all the national revenue except the portion of it which the king takes for himself, and, also, all the local revenues. This is the reason why we have no roads or bridges. The government of Greece is one enormous job."

"Is it necessary," I asked, "to resort to a conscription in order to raise so small an army?"

"It is not small relatively," he answered; "it consists of 11,000 men, or one per cent. on the whole population, which is as great a proportion of it as an army of 300,000 men would be in England. But this is nearly three times as many as are wanted; an army of 4,000 men would be enough to garrison the three or four fortresses of Greece, and, if they were well treated, they could

be raised from volunteers. This was proposed under the regency, but it was objected to, on the ground that the Greeks of the kingdom of Greece are not a military nation; that the volunteers would come chiefly from abroad; and that the army would thus be an army of mercenaries."

"It does not seem to me," I said, "that Greece is much the better off for having a native army; she could scarcely enjoy less liberty if the king's army consisted of foreign mercenaries."

"The difference," he answered, "might have been that, in that case, she might have been enslaved by force instead of by corruption. *Now*, everybody that is thought worth buying is bought. This suits the Greeks of the towns: they like the corruption by which every man profits, or hopes to profit. As for those of the country, ignorant and poor and scattered, they count for nothing. It is on them that the conscription falls. It is they who turn brigands in order to escape from it."

"You say," I replied, "that an army of 4,000 men would be enough; but I am told that 11,000 are not enough to repress brigandage."

"The regular army," he answered, "is of no use against brigands, excepting in the plain of Attica, where there are roads. In the provinces, where the only communications are rough tracks, scarcely passable on foot, the brigands defy the soldiers. The only forces employed against them are the irregulars and the local police."

"Who are the irregulars?" I asked.

"They are the remains," he answered, "of the Arma-

toles, a force who fed, armed, and clothed themselves, and were employed by the Turks to assist in collecting the revenue, and to guard the country. There are about 2,000 of them still maintained on the same footing, and employed principally along the Turkish frontier. What the number of the local police may be, no one knows. They are appointed and paid by the demarchs; and everything relating to the demoi is a state secret. They hate the brigands, as they are the principal sufferers from them. You heard of the robbers who were last week at Megara. We find that they cut off the ears of four peasants belonging to a village which had given information against them. The government tries to conceal these violences, but they get known, and excite the hatred of the peasantry, as well as their fears."

"You do not agree then," I said, "with Kappa that the brigands ought to be put down by the soldiers?"

"Kappa," he answered, "knows nothing about the matter. He has not lived, as I have, in the country. The pursuers of brigands, must live like brigands, must climb mountains, sleep in caves, and know every corner of the district, in which they act; must find out where the brigands get their water, where they buy their food, where they sell their spoil, and where they are to be surprised. I was forced to know all this when I lived near ——. If I had had at my command a small body of men acquainted with the country, I could have caught the brigands, or have driven them away. The regular army is quite unfit for such duties, and in fact, is not employed in them."

"You described the Greeks," I said, "as an unmilitary nation; yet in the war of independence, they seem to have displayed great military virtues."

"They displayed," he answered, "great moral courage. They resolved to drive out the Turks or to die. They also sometimes stood to be killed when they might have run away. But they wanted vigour, impetuosity, what the French call *élan*. Those who stood to be killed might have killed their enemies if they had charged them. They always preferred waiting to be attacked. In the disastrous battle of the Piræus, at the close of the war, when an army of 10,000 Greeks was broken and scattered by a charge of 700 Turkish horse, the Greeks who were marching from the Piræus to relieve the Acropolis, instead of attacking the Turkish army, stopped half way, and began to dig an entrenchment. The Turks leapt their horses over it, frightened them into confusion, killed 1500 of them, and dispersed the rest. They never could stand the Turks in the field. They cut them off in defiles and skirmishes."

"And yet," I said, "you think that if the Christian powers had not interfered, further than to prevent the invasion of the Morea by the Egyptian army, and had so left the Greeks and Turks to fight it out, the Greeks would have established their independence."

"I think so," he answered. "But you must recollect the state of Turkey in 1825. Her principal military force consisted of the Janissaries, ill-disciplined and rebellious. Russia was threatening her on the north. Egypt was more than a match for her on the south. She was ap-

parently crumbling to pieces. I do not think that Greece could resist Turkey *now*. Her courage and enthusiasm have died away. She is in the collapse produced by disappointed hope. She has established her independence, and finds that it has produced a more inquisitive and grinding taxation, the conscription, the loss of the municipal self-government, which suited her, and to which she was attached, and the substitution for it of centralisation effected by means of corruption, and intimidation. The Albanians and Bulgarians have lost their sympathy with her."

"Are they content," I asked, "to remain Turkish?"

"By no means," he answered. "They wish to set up for themselves. Albania will certainly do so. It never was really conquered; and I doubt whether it ever will be. You may have observed," he continued, "that the Greeks never call themselves Europeans. They talk of Europe as a country different from their own, as well as from Turkey. And in character they are half Asiatic. They do not like the Occidentals. They cannot understand our honesty, either private or political. They want our perseverance. They finish nothing, they repair nothing. They want our mutual confidence. Every Greek distrusts every other Greek, and with reason."

"What," I asked, "ought to be our policy towards Greece?"

"Precisely what it is," he answered. "We cannot approve of what is going on, but we cannot alter it, except by a revolution, which might do more harm than good: we

ought not affectedly to conceal, or affectedly to proclaim our disapprobation; but we ought to let it be inferred that, if ever the necessity of interference should come, our assistance will be given to the liberal party. This is the *rôle* assumed by Sir Thomas Wyse, and no one could act it more gently, or more firmly."

We passed, on our return, under the observatory.

"That," said N. O., "is a specimen of our administration. It was built with a legacy left by a Greek, established abroad. The government was to provide instruments. It has not done so; but it has appointed an astronomical observer, and a gendarme to protect him. The observer asked a friend of mine, Mr. Psilos, a senator, to obtain an addition to his salary, of ten drachmas a month. 'On what grounds?' asked Mr. Psilos? 'What 'you have seems enough while you are doing nothing.' 'The ground of my claim,' answered the observer, 'is that 'ten drachmas more a month would raise my salary to that 'of the gendarme whom you have appointed to guard 'me.' Each salary was a job, but probably the gendarme had the better interest, and therefore the higher salary."

Wednesday, December 30th.—I called on P. Q. at his house on the Piræus. We talked of the Greek prisons.

"They are horrible," said P. Q., "as was to be expected. A prisoner is in so unnatural a state, that he requires the utmost care and kindness; but he is so helpless, so incapable of making his complaints heard, that even in the best governments he is sometimes neglected by those who have the charge of him, and oppressed both by them and

by his fellow-prisoners. Under this government neglect and oppression are the rule, not the exception. There is no classification. I have seen in the same prison men convicted of the worst crimes, men untried, and men detained merely because they were in arrear as to their taxation. Where, for want of prison room, a private house has been used, I have seen them indiscriminately in irons, on the pretence that they could not be kept safely, if unchained. If you were to repeat this to the minister of the interior, he would tell you 'that it cannot be so, because it is illegal:' but I have seen it. Perhaps no prisoners are so wretched as those imprisoned as debtors to the government; for they are not entitled to food."

"How then do they live?" I asked.

"The Greeks are charitable," he answered; "their friends assist them, and they beg from their fellow-prisoners."

"Does the government," I asked, "imprison those who are in arrear in respect of their taxes? I should have thought that it would have merely taken their property."

"They may have concealed their property," he answered, "or they may have been guarantees for some debtor to the government, or they may have infringed some of the vexatious restraints on the use of their land. I have known a man imprisoned for stealing his own grapes, that is for plucking them before he had the permission of the farmer of the tithe of grapes. The government does not wish to make the imprisonment of its debtors a slight

punishment. It is a valuable weapon, since it can make a debtor almost of any one that it chooses."

"How long," I asked, "may a man under accusation be kept in prison before he is tried?"

"A year," he answered, "two years, any length of time. A Maltese, of the Piræus, was accused last year of robbery. There was little ground for suspicion. I believe that he was innocent. After he had been some weeks in prison, his friends begged the British Consul to interfere and to get him tried or released. The Consul applied in his favour, perhaps once a fortnight, for nine whole months The answer always was, "He is low on the list of those for trial. As soon as his turn comes he will be tried." At last one morning, they turned him out of the prison, without trial or apology. I have known robbers kept for years before trial, and, after conviction, for months before execution. Then a whole batch has been beheaded when their crimes had been forgotten, and the only perceptible effect of their execution was an attempt, by the populace, to stone the executioner."

"How do you account for these delays?" I asked.

"Ignorance, carelessness, and frequent change of ministers," he answered, "will account for anything. The robbers, in general, have friends at the court. They may be turned, too, to better purposes. In 1854 many hundreds of them were released from the prisons, and sent to invade Thessaly. A Maltese, confined in the prison of Chalcis, wrote to me. 'All his fellow-prisoners,' he said, 'had been let out; he hoped that I would intercede for him, He was as ready as the rest to go and fight the Turks.' A little

while ago, I found among the odo-phulakes, or local police, a robber chief, for whose apprehension warrants were still out. Men were at the very time in prison on the charge of having supplied him with food."

"What is the real history," I asked, "of these Megara robbers? I hear different stories."

"It is difficult," he answered, "to get at the truth of such stories. The government, at present, is ashamed of the prevalence of brigandage, and tries to conceal it. Not one robbery in ten is mentioned in the papers. When one becomes known, the government circulates different versions of it, in order to puzzle inquirers. In this case, I happen to know the truth. Seven men, three of them chiefs, and four subordinates, entered a sheep-fold on the mountain side above Megara. Two shepherds were there. They made one of them kill a sheep and roast it for them, and sent the other to Megara to buy wine. He gave notice to the authorities, but returned with the wine. The odo-phulakes set out to seize them. These men hate the robbers, but are afraid of them. They are anxious not to kill any of them, lest they should incur a blood-feud. One of them, as they approached the robbers, fired; he said by accident—I believe that it was a signal. The robbers ran off, so precipitately, that they left their arms. Two nights after, they returned in greater force, attacked the village to which the two shepherds belonged, cut off the ears of four men, and beat the rest. The government is wickedly careless of the safety of the peasantry. It punishes them severely if they do not give information as to robbers, and when they do, leaves them exposed to their vengeance.

"The appearance," he continued, "of a band so near to us as Megara is a disagreeable symptom. It looks like an experiment. There has been a change in the ministry. The robbers may wish to feel the pulse of the new government, and to see whether it will exert itself against them. If this outrage is not punished, we may have them again in Attica."

"If the people," I said, "are not protected by the government, they ought to take care of themselves, and form associations for mutual defence."

"The government will not permit them," he answered; "there is nothing of which it is so jealous as it is of associations. It considers them as insults. It professes to do for the public good everything that ought to be done; and it fears that they may be turned to other purposes. It wishes all its subjects to be insulated, unconnected, and defenceless."

"Do you think," I said, "that Otho's throne is menaced by any real dangers?"

"By no immediate ones," he answered; "the mercantile navy, which employs or feeds perhaps a fourth of the population, is doing well. There have been good crops, and at the same time, high prices. The country is prosperous, and therefore quiet. If difficulties were to come, a check, for instance, to commerce, or two or three bad seasons, there might be dangerous disaffection, as there was in 1854. Bad seasons, and the interruption of Greek trade, had then produced discontent, which, if it had not found a safety-valve in the invasion of Turkey, might have turned against the throne. The King and Queen, by joining in

the anti-Turkish movement, managed not only to divert attention from their own misgovernment, but also to acquire popularity. But when the invasion failed, they were again in danger. The ruffians whom they had encouraged, and armed, and embodied, were quite ready to turn against them. Athens was a tempting plunder, and I think it probable that it would have been pillaged, and perhaps the whole country revolutionised, if the allies had not been here.

"What makes the court unpopular," he added, "is not so much its misgovernment, as its Bavarianism. The misgovernment affects chiefly the rural population — the want of roads, the want of security, the oppressions of the farmers of the revenue, the unfairness of the conscription, the waste of the local funds, fall principally on them. The maritime population almost escapes these evils; and the towns have some compensation for the jobbing and corruption of the government by being the places in which the revenue is thus misspent. The master passions of the Greeks are vanity and conceit. They look down on the knowledge, and the intelligence, and the civilisation of Europeans. You may conceive their disgust at the foreign prejudices and predilections of the court. Everything, they say, is modelled on French or on German originals. The army consists of 11,000 men, because 1 per cent. on the population is the German proportion. The Bavarian colours are taken for the national flag of Greece. The codes were made by Germans, who had learned jurisprudence in France, They were written in German, translated into Greek, and published, the German original on one side, the Greek translation on the other. It was once,

indeed, proposed to import bodily into Greece the Code Napoleon; and even now the Code Napoleon is one of the matters in which every law student must pass his examination, and is the subject of a special professorship in the university. This accounts for the predominance in the Greek legislation of Roman law, and of Roman and French centralisation, nuisances from which the Greeks were free under the Turks.

"The new municipal system is hateful to them, not only as having destroyed their liberties, both local and national, but as copied from that of Bavaria. And they complain that the bad parts of the Bavarian character, its dulness, slowness, formality, and obstinacy, are all that are exhibited to them; that its honesty, frankness, kindliness, and sympathy are wanting."

"One merit," I said, "your government has, it has vigorously promoted education."

"It *has* done so," he answered; "of all its functions this is perhaps the one which it has best performed. It is calculated that in a well-educated country about one person in seven attends school. In Greece, out of a population of one million one hundred thousand, fifty-eight thousand attend the schools. But of these fifty-eight thousand, fifty-three thousand are boys, and only seven thousand are girls. The attendance of boys, therefore, is about one in every ten persons; that of girls about one in every seventy-eight, or a tenth of what it ought to be. The women of Greece are almost uneducated. The principal defect of the system is, that there is nothing intermediate between the primary schools, which teach only

reading, writing, and a smattering of arithmetic, and the secondary ones, in which ancient Greek, Latin, and the modern languages are taught. The son of my grocer is a pupil in the Hellenic school of the Piræus. He is learning ancient Greek in all its dialects, Latin, French, and German."

"What is he to be?" I asked.

"*I* believe," answered P. Q., "that he is destined to be a grocer. *He* thinks that he is to be a minister. Such, indeed, is the expectation of most Greeks. If you were to stop the first person that you met in the street, and inform him that the king had appointed him Prime Minister, his first feeling would be wonder that he had not been appointed before."

I asked him if the Piræus was increasing.

"Its growth," he answered, "is stopped now; but it has increased enormously during the last three or four years. As soon as a Greek has saved a little money he wishes to build."

"And what has stopped it?" I asked.

"The government," he answered, "wants workmen to build the theatre at Athens, and, therefore, refuses permission to build at the Piræus."

"Is permission necessary?" I asked.

"Certainly," he answered; "permission is necessary for everything. No Greek is supposed to know how to manage his own affairs."

Sunday, January 3rd.—I walked with R. S. towards the Piræus. We passed, at some distance on our left, the scene of the disastrous battle of the 6th of May, 1827, in which

10,000 Greeks, attempting to relieve a Greek garrison in the Acropolis, were defeated by 700 Turkish horse.

"That battle," I said, "is not favourable to General Church's skill, or to the courage of the Greeks."

"General Church," answered R. S., "had just been appointed generalissimo. The Greek garrison exaggerated their distress. Church, knowing little of his men, whom he had not long commanded, and doubting, with great reason, their fighting qualities, was anxious to avoid an action; but his officers urged one, with a violence which you would scarcely believe, unless you had seen the letters, as I have done. As for the troops, few of them had bayonets. Their muskets, very long, and with scarcely a butt-end, and therefore top heavy, were intended to be fired from a rest. Their whole scheme of fighting was to push the muzzle of their musket through a loop-hole, or over a bank, or through the stones of a loose wall. They never attacked, except when in overwhelming numbers, or at some other great advantage. On this occasion, the three thousand ill-armed men who were detached to walk from the sea to the Acropolis, were no match for the seven hundred excellent cavalry, who rushed on them in the plain. The seven thousand Greeks who stood quietly, and saw them cut to pieces, and then ran off to the Isthmus, were more to blame.

Church's merits are his campaigns in the end of 1827, in 1828, and in 1829. He had few troops, he was opposed by Reschid Pasha, with a considerable force, and he was betrayed by Capo d'Istrias when president. Both Capo d'Istrias and Church saw that the

great powers would soon intervene, and end the contest, on the principle of *uti possidetis*. Church's object was to obtain for his adopted country as large a territory as possible. Capo d'Istrias wished to confine free Greece to the Morea, to make it a small principality, of which he might hope to be hereditary Hospodar, under Russian protection. He starved Church's troops, gave them neither money nor supplies. Church expended all his fortune, 10,000*l.*, in buying supplies for them; he kept them together by his high moral qualities, his courage, justice, and endurance, and was, on the whole, successful in his campaigns. Greece owes to him the greater part of her Roumelian territory."

"Does she owe to him also," I said, "his 10,000*l.*?"

"Yes," answered R. S.; "and much more for arrears of pay and allowances. But Greeks never pay, except on compulsion. General Church is disinterested; he does not press them; and probably the only fortune which he will leave will be his house in Athens and a large claim on the government, which will not produce enough to pay for the expense of trying to enforce it."

We came to a place where a stream of water had been carried across the road, from one garden to another.

"This," said R. S., "is a sample of the conduct of the Greeks. These two gardens belong to the same person. His well is in one; he wishes to irrigate from it the other. If he had carried his water across the road through a culvert, he would have done no harm. But it would have given him a little trouble. So he has dug this open trench and spoiled the road."

"The government," I said, "ought to interfere."

"The government," he answered, "sets the example. It is planting trees in some of the principal thoroughfares in Athens. Large holes are dug; no light or fence is placed to warn passengers at night. The rubbish is thrown across the road or the footpath. Carelessness of public convenience, carelessness of the mischief which you may do to others, characterises their whole conduct, public and private."

"They have been described to me," I said, "as a charitable people."

"I do not think," he answered, "that they deserve that praise. Perhaps the absence of individual charity, that is, of alms or assistance, given by one person to another, may be accounted for by the thinness of the population. Nobody is rich, but nobody is destitute. But what strikes a stranger is the absence of religious associations for charitable purposes. Wherever the Latin Church is dominant, you see Sisters of Charity, Dominicans, Lazarists, Jesuits, and similar fraternities, bound by their profession to tend the sick, to hear confessions, to educate and to instruct. In the Greek Church there are no such institutions. The monks spend their time in farm labour (and very bad labourers they are) and in prayer. Their piety and their industry are purely selfish. When the Sisters of Mercy came with the allies, the Greeks could not understand them. 'What could be the motive,' they asked, 'which induced respectable women to devote themselves to a life of hardship and fatigue?'"

"From what class," I asked, "are the clergy taken?"

"From the lowest," he answered; "they have neither education nor manners, nor, consequently, influence except among the humblest classes. Many of them work in the fields, or at mechanical trades. The religion which they teach is a religion of observances. Its great duties are to feast, that is, to be idle, and to fast. The fasts extend over almost half the year, and they are rigid. Everything animal, such as milk, butter, and eggs, is prohibited. The higher classes pay little attention to them; but the lower observe them strictly. Some robbers detected the prisoners, whom they were detaining for ransom, eating meat on Friday. They were so scandalised, that they beat them soundly."

"Where," I asked, "shall I find the tenets of the Greek church?"

"In no one book," he answered. "The doctrines of the Greek Church seem to have petrified in the fifth century. Since that time they have not been altered or added to. The Greeks are attached to them rather politically than religiously. They believe the peculiarities of their faith and of their discipline to be the safeguards of their nationality. They never think of inquiring how far the one is true, and the other is useful. They are proud of them as Hellenic; that is to say, as a part of the characteristics which render them immeasurably superior to every other nation. They would look on any change in either of them as a degradation."

The sky was dark. Black clouds, sharply defined, were rolling from Parnes and Pentelicus towards the sea. Others hung like festoons on the mountains of Salamis and

Egina. The wind, which had passed over the snowy plains of Thrace, was icy. We sheltered ourselves among the olive woods of the Cephisus. As we returned, the setting sun suddenly shone through a rent in the clouds, and lighted up the Acropolis and the Theseum with the bright golden colouring, which sometimes illuminates the close of a stormy day.

The Theseum, with its dark brown columns glowing in the yellow light, looked grand as well as beautiful.

"The Theseum," said R. S., "excites my admiration as much as the Parthenon. As far as we know, it was the first building in which the perfection of the Doric style was reached. The Parthenon is only an enlarged Theseum: and I am not sure that the creation of so much grandeur with such small materials, and on so low an elevation, does not show still higher art than was required to render majestic the Parthenon, a temple five times as large as the Theseum, and placed on the Acropolis. The sculptures of the Theseum were in higher relief than those of the Parthenon, and from that cause, and because they are nearer to the ground, have suffered still more; but enough remains to show that they were very fine, perhaps as fine as any that are known to us."

Tuesday, January 5th.—We spent the evening at Mr. Hill's. He was sent to Athens before 1830 by the American Missionary Society. Dr. Wordsworth visited Athens at that time, and slept in Mr. Hill's house, then the only one standing. About that time Mr. and Mrs. Hill opened the first school for girls that had existed in Greece. It now educates 450 girls; it is really gratuitous, the trifling pay-

ment that is exacted not being sufficient to pay for books and stationery.

A Miss Baldwin, also an American, has established a school for boarders. She and the Hills live together, and one large house contains the two families, the apartments of the boarders, and the schoolrooms for the day scholars.

This school is the parent of female instruction in Greece. It is industrial as well as literary, and has educated the cooks and housemaids, as well as the ladies of Athens.

Wednesday, January 6th. — I walked with Epsilon. He spoke, as every Greek does, with great admiration of Grote's History.

"I wish," he said, "that Mr. Grote would visit us. Our ancient and our modern history reflect light on one another. We have our old intelligence, our old mutability, our old vanity, our old venality, our old rashness, and, above all, our old individuality; that is to say, the tendency to circumscribe our sympathies, our affections, and our exertions within the narrowest possible limits. Many Greeks think only of themselves, many only of their families; those whose range is wider care about their town; no one cares about the public; we want even party spirit."

"And yet," I said, "I hear much of your patriotism, of your sacrifices in 1854 to enlarge your frontier, of the large sums given by Greeks for public purposes."

"Those sums," he answered, "were given by foreign Greeks, by men who, having lived in countries in which they were aliens, have clung to the native Greeks as the only people with whom they could sympathise. As for our political patriotism that is vanity; we all wish Greece to

be great and powerful; we identify our own power and influence with hers; we wish the nation to which we belong to be great; but we do not care about her being happy or well governed, still less does an Athenian care about the misgovernment of the Morea. We are so far patriotic that every Greek wishes to do some signal service to Greece, provided that it be known that he did it; he would be secretly grieved if the same service were done by any one else."

"Among your ancient characteristics," I said, "what has become of your love of freedom?"

"The love of freedom," he answered, "of our ancestors did not preserve them from τυραννις. I almost doubt whether τυραννις was not their usual, and ισονομια their exceptional, state. We are now under a τυραννος, but the comparative mildness of modern manners shows itself in the difference in the means by which the ancient and the modern τυραννος acquired despotic power, and also in the manner in which it has been exercised by them respectively. The ancient τυραννος got possession of a guard, that is, a body of disclipined troops, and kept down his countrymen by force; our τυραννος has seized the national and municipal revenues, and keeps them down by corruption; one killed or exiled, the other buys; the object pursued by both is the same, the engrossing all power in the hands of the master.

There is something ludicrous, if it were not melancholy, in the tricks that he plays, in order to appear, as well as to be, the centre, the originator, and the completer of everything. We have been for some years deepening the channel between Chalcis and the Mainland

from seven feet to seventeen. The work was finished about five weeks ago; but it is not yet opened for navigation. The king wishes to be present at the opening; he set out for that purpose three weeks ago. By land the way is about fifty miles, but like our other roads it is only a mule track, and is infested by brigands; so he attempted to go by sea, and was driven back by bad weather. As soon as the weather is fine, and he is at leisure, he will repeat the attempt. In the meantime the channel remains closed; it will be our principal communication with Northern Greece and Thessaly. We are paying three times as much for coal as we should pay if it were open.

He owes his power to our venality and to our individuality; to the ease with which the majority are bribed, and to the absence of concert among the uncorrupt minority. Unhappily he wants the talent and vigour of the ancient τυραννοι. They were necessarily able men, for they had to seize their crowns: his was given to him. They were necessarily practical men: excepting in the arts of corruption, he is quite unpractical; he is satisfied with giving orders, and never sees that they are executed. I dare say that he believes that Greece is covered with a network of roads, for he has ordered it to be done. He spends days and days dwelling on the details of a law, but when once it has passed, never inquires as to its execution.

What he hates most is a precedent; he thinks that it diminishes his power: he wishes every question to be considered as a new one, to be decided on its own merits, irrespectively of what has been done before on similar occasions. He denies, indeed, that similar occasions have

ever occurred; he is fond of repeating, that every question has its own peculiarity, and has not sense enough to see that, though the accessories may be different, the principle may be identical. This was his motive for resisting Finlay's claims. He was ready to pay for the land as an act of grace, and to give more than was claimed, if he himself was allowed arbitrarily to fix what he should give. Nor did he care much about being forced to pay the sum fixed by the British Government. What annoyed him was that Finlay claimed payment as a right, and according to a fixed principle. The king was afraid, that if he submitted in Finlay's case, it would become a precedent, and would decide, perhaps, a hundred other claims made by other proprietors whom he had dispossessed. And I must admit that this absence of precedent does really increase his power. No one's rights are perfectly assured, no one's claims are perfectly desperate. The royal caprice can always find an excuse for defeating the justest expectations, or for gratifying the most unwarranted pretensions.

"When I say," he continued, "that the king's omnipotence rests on corruption, I do not mean that it is not in some measure supported by force. Hope is his favourite instrument; it suits the mildness of his character. But he can employ fear; at least, he allows it to be employed. I have known many elections in which the polling places were beset by hordes of armed ruffians, who prevented the voters for the candidate who was displeasing to the court from approaching the urns. I have known many in which the urns were filled with voting papers thrown in by the government before the electors were allowed to throw in

theirs. I have known some in which the fishermen were refused permission to fish, until they had voted for the government candidate."

"Is permission necessary," I asked, "before a man can fish?"

"Not by law," he answered, "but a demarch can make permission necessary for everything. What remedy has a poor fisherman if the demarch sends a boat after him, and brings him back on a charge, perhaps, of smuggling? Is he to complain to the eparch, by whose instructions the demarch has probably acted? We have adopted wholesale the French laws, which form one of the cleverest systems of despotism that ever was invented, and among them we have taken what is, in fact, the key-stone of absolute power, the rule, that no officer of the government can be prosecuted without the consent of the government. In the face of such a law, resistance is hopeless."

"I have frequently," I said, "heard the denial of justice and the conscription enumerated among the causes of brigandage?"

"Without doubt," said Epsilon, "they *are* among its causes. When a man has been wronged, nature bids him console himself by obtaining revenge; in well-governed countries the law gives it to him; when it refuses, he takes the matter into his own hands, and if he cannot punish the actual offender, punishes society at large. A young man living on his little property, with his young wife and child, is drawn for the conscription. He finds that no name connected with the office-bearers of his village is ever drawn; he suspects, probably with truth, that twenty papers,

all bearing his name, have been thrown into the urn; he refuses to serve, and flies to his friends in the mountains. They keep him, perhaps, for six months, but at last they are tired. What is he to do? If he returns to his village he is punished and ruined; ruined, indeed, he already is. He revenges himself by turning klepht."

"Is the conscription," I asked, "necessary to keep up your small army?"

"Is our army necessary?" he answered.

"I am told," I replied, "that you require an army of 3000 or 4000 men to garrison your fortresses."

"What is the use," he replied, "of our fortresses? They are not armed; we are letting them go to ruin; and we are very right. It is not worth our while to keep an army, for their sakes. Against foreign enemies we are protected by the great powers, and against the great powers all resistance on our part would be childish. All the regular force that we want is 3000 gendarmes. If it be necessary to our honour to have an army, we may have one on the Swiss model: a militia called out for a fortnight or a month in the year. For such purposes no conscription is necessary, for the gendarmes would be volunteers; and every one might be required to serve in the militia. But the army and the conscription came to us from France; I should be stoned as an Anglomane if I were to propose to abolish them. The French and the Frenchified nations can no more conceive society without soldiers and a conscription, than our ancestors could one without slaves."

"Is the king," I said, "fond of the army?"

"Not in the German fashion," he answered; "he does

not amuse himself by playing at soldiers. But he values it as a means of patronage. A few years ago I hoped that we might reduce its absurd amount, but 1854 came and turned us mad. Thessaly and Epirus are fruits which, if we are quiet, must fall into our mouths. We tried to pluck them. The bulk of the nation cannot see that our failure was inevitable. They think that the next time we may succeed, and that we shall do so if we have an army that can beat the Turks. With this absurd hope, they are willing not merely to keep up, but to increase our army which already is too large for our population and for our finances.

"I may appear," he continued, "to speak with some bitterness of the king. I believe that his intellectual and moral defects, his slowness of apprehension, his narrowness of views, his poverty of invention, his jealousy, his vanity, his indecision, his love of minute details, and his incapacity to estimate the relative importance of objects, have been the great causes which have retarded, and still retard the improvement of the country. Nevertheless, I feel, in common with all other Greeks, that we owe to him a great debt of gratitude. First, for having boldly and frankly thrown himself into the movement of 1854, knowing well, that he was risking his crown. Secondly, for having, not by his actions, but by his position, saved us from the consequences of the failure of that movement. Our conduct was so inconvenient to the allied powers, and your blue books had represented it as so much worse than it really was, that if we had not possessed a king connected by marriage or consanguinity with most of the

reigning families of Europe, we might have been struck out of the list of independent nations. Between our own faults, and your exaggeration of them, we are despised, hated, and feared. Despised for what we are, hated and feared for what we hope to be. If we had not a representative in the royal corporation which occupies the thrones of Europe, you would tread us out."

Thursday, January 7th. — I called on S. T. R., and found him reading my Dardanelles journal.

"My experience in the East," he said, "leads me to take a view different from that of Mr. Calvert, as to the influence of European colonists in these countries. The experiment perhaps could not be more favourably made than it has been by my friend Z. He has a splendid estate, ample capital, agricultural knowledge, is full of energy, has the courage of an Englishman, and the temper of an angel. Yet, on the 10th of December last, after spending twenty years and 7000*l.* in Greek farming, he writes me thus: — 'The more I see of the people, the better I get acquainted with their character, the more hopeless does it appear to me, that any great advance will be made by them in our lifetime. Even if the heads of the state had good intentions, how can they get them executed by such agents as the bulk of the government officials? The demoi, with the demarchs, have been made a part of the Government centralisation, and are only an additional burthen. It is sad to see the change for the worse that has taken place since I have been in this country.'

"Z.," I said, "was the man who was plundered a couple of years ago."

"He was," said S. T. R.; "the letters which he wrote to me at the time, are curious pictures of the internal state of Greece."

I asked him to let me see them, and he gave me a bundle, from which I have made the following extracts.

Z. to S. T. R.

"This day's events have almost turned my hair grey. We have been for upwards of four hours in the hands of a band of robbers, who surprised this house and village; and what we have had to suffer, expecting every moment to see the children tortured or killed, you may imagine. It was fortunate that I had a large sum of money in the house, or my poor children would have been orphans. Every moment I was threatened with being scalded, or slashed with their yataghans, and one of our peasants was cut severely before our eyes. Another had his head cut open, and a third was tortured with boiling oil. The poor girl who waits on the children narrowly escaped, but the money and rich booty saved us. They spent four hours breaking open every drawer, and knocking everything to pieces. I have lost about 2000 dollars in cash. All our linen which they did not carry off they tore to pieces. They broke up the furniture, and smashed the looking glasses, and the panes of glass in the windows. Every house in the village has been plundered, and all the hard earnings of years are gone, leaving many families wretched.

"Can you imagine the scene, with these yelling monsters, cursing and destroying everything? Why do we work and

toil in this unhappy country, on which God's curse seems to rest? I was finding a peaceful and honourable occupation; many hundreds were living happily, and prospering by my undertakings, and this is the upshot. Thank God that we have escaped with our lives. Though poor —— I fear may never recover the shock.

"What is this government about? Honest men are prohibited from having arms; so my wood-cutters were unarmed. I had twenty wood-cutters in the forest, and there were many peasants in the fields, and some builders in the village, but numbers could do nothing without arms. The wood-cutters came down with their hatchets, but were driven back by the fire of the brigands. One had a ball through his capote, another had the handle of his axe broken in his hand. What weighs more on my spirits is the helplessness of our situation, and the consequent ruin of my prospects, just as I hoped to reap some reward for many years of exertion. Add to this my anxiety for ——. You may fancy that I am weary, dispirited, and grinding over and over the same ideas in my dizzy brain. I cannot go away. I have a contract to fulfil, and the failure would entail a forfeit which, after my losses, and the ruin of our peasantry, would absolutely ruin me."

Miss Z. (thirteen years old) to S. T. R.

"I am so nervous and miserable that it is a relief to say a word to you. If you knew what we suffered for four hours and more! Do not you think that it is no longer

safe to live in this wretched country? Pray, if you do, advise Papa to leave. The peasants keep saying that, having once been robbed, there is no danger of robbers coming here again for a long time. I think that Papa believes so. I wish that I could. I feel quite sick at times with fear. One must see these (I know no name bad enough for them) to understand what one suffers in their clutches.

"Dear Mr. S. T. R., do not advise Papa to put his children in safety and stay himself. For me to live in safety, with the thought of him constantly in danger, is impossible. I will stay. If ever I can feel that we are all safe together, out of this place, how happy I shall be. I think I never shall be easy here again. I hate the house when I am alone in it for a minute. They have taken all that we had. If they come again, and find nothing, they will murder us. What agony their threats gave us you may imagine. You know the Greek robbers. I cannot write any more; I have blundered in this most woefully."*

Z. to S. T. R.

"The more I learn, the more clearly I see that we have been sacrificed and betrayed by the authorities.

"The attack took place on Monday. On the preceding Thursday the nomarch was informed that robbers had landed on the island. Yet no means were taken to prevent their retreat, or to examine the coast to find the boats

* She died a few months after of the shock.

in which they had crossed. Eight boatmen, with their boats, were missing all the time.

"The nomarch of the gendarmes, though informed of the descent of the band of brigands on the northern part of the island, took no measures whatever; the robbers re-embarked, after crossing the mountains and committing the robbery, within a few hundred yards of the spot where a gendarme and a frontier guard, with two local guards (ενδοφυλακες), were stationed. By the testimony of the peasants whom the brigands compelled to accompany the mules laden with our plunder, the brigands fired off two pistols, as a signal to the boats. They seem to have stayed there for a considerable time, as the next day husks of almonds and a thimble, and a pair of scissors, stolen from a peasantess, were found on the spot.

"My peasants, who followed in pursuit, reached the place at daylight, and found the guards there, who said that they had passed the night there, and heard or seen nothing. Either they were traitors, or they had hidden themselves from cowardice.

"Our demarch is a deputy residing in Athens. He has left here a creature of the party in power as his substitute, — an unlettered peasant who cannot write, — and allows a secretary half his pay to do the business of the demarchy. He has a seal with his name engraved, and gives it to his secretary, who keeps it, and affixes the name by smearing it with ink. They had heard of the danger, but say that they were too busy to write to me. That I have been only plundered; that I have not been scalded with boiling oil, as happened to one of my peasants, is probably owing

to the brigands being satisfied with the considerable booty which they found in my house. Had I been, as it often happens, without a large sum of money, my escape from torture and a cruel lingering death would have been nearly hopeless, and my children might now have been orphans."

Z. to L. M. N.

"There are the strongest grounds of suspicion that some of the servants of the government are accomplices. This is not the first time that brigands are known to have been led by the same men towards this village; last summer they were met in the mountain pass, about a league off, by some soldiers, with whom they skirmished, and a robber was killed. One of the robbers of that band is now in the employment of the government, and was the chief of the guard at the station near which the robbers embarked. We know that the robbers fired two pistols, as a signal for the boats, and the guards profess to have heard or seen nothing. The same blindness affected the guards for four days, during which they could not detect a boat landing on the coast within their beat.

"How can we look to the government for protection when men known to be connected with brigandage and amnestied robbers are its agents in situations of trust? Among the soldiers now employed as an armed police, men who are continually passing and repassing through the villages, and being quartered on the inhabitants, there are many who openly boast to the peasantry of their exploits as brigands. Since our misfortune several of these police guards have

replied to the poor people bewailing their losses, 'Oh! 'you may be thankful that you escaped torture and death. 'When *I* was with a band of robbers we burned and tor- 'tured women, and shot down all who made the slightest 'resistance.' Such men have now an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the best hiding places in the woods, and with the families supposed to have money; and when, as is probable, they resume their old trade, we may thank the government for having made them more dangerous.

"The plunder of —— is not an isolated case in my neighbourhood. Within the last two years three of the surrounding villages have been plundered. In one of them, two poor women were tortured to a degree which makes one sick with horror. One of them was burned to death by ——, who is now amnestied and living in affluence in ——.

"To our sufferings from the brigands must be added those inflicted by the gendarmes and armed police, who are supposed to be our protectors. The villagers are required not only to give free quarters to those who pass and repass on the public service, but also to provide them gratuitously with horses to carry them to the next station or, in fact, wherever it may please these men to take them. The peasant is master neither of his house nor of his property. He is threatened, and frequently beaten, when he does not supply these unwelcome guests with what is demanded by them, and must kill the fowls that are laying, and buy wine to satisfy them. I have seen horses taken from the threshing-floor, and the owner

obliged to leave his harvest exposed to the chances of theft and of weather, while he fulfilled this forced service. These acts may be illegal, but they are of daily occurrence. The peasant suffers if he resists. What can show more strongly the general disorganisation of society to which this country seems to be hopelessly drifting?"

Z. to L. M. N.

"The Juge d'Instruction has been active in collecting evidence; but no proceedings have been taken for punishing any person connected with the business. The paredros, who was too busy to warn me of my danger, is kept in office, though the nomarch assures me that he urged his dismissal. He has probably friends in —— and ——, both deputies, sufficiently influential to arrest the course of justice. The Juge d'Instruction has written to me to say, that he is persecuted by X. Y. Z., who is endeavouring to have him turned out of office for his activity. Have you heard at Athens of the sacking of —— by a band of about thirty or forty brigands, on Saturday afternoon last?"

"I never heard," I said to S. T. R., when I had finished these letters, "of a state of things like this, even in Turkey."

"I will not say," he answered, "what may be the case in the remoter districts; but I do not believe that the Turks would suffer it to exist within fifty miles of Constantinople."

"What is the story," I asked, "about the sacking of ——?"

"It was effected," he answered, "by a stratagem, which did honour to the invention of the brigands. One man, in the uniform of a gendarme, and two others, wearing the fez embroidered with the crown of the irregular troops, entered the village, dragging with them a brigand covered with blood. They sent for the paredros and the priests, and accused the villagers of harbouring brigands. They had found, they said, this man in the neighbourhood, with two or three others, who had escaped. This man they had wounded and taken. While the villagers were exculpating themselves, others of the band gradually drew round; they ascertained that there were no armed men in the village, and, in fact, that all the able-bodied men were at a distance in the fields. So they locked up in the church the paredros and priests, and then went round and took all that was portable in every house. Their booty was about 80,000 drachmas, 2800*l*. No notice of this event was taken by the newspapers; you may sometimes hear it alluded to in the chambers."

He returned to my journal.

"It may be a question," he said, "whether the Christian subjects of King Otho or the Mussulman subjects of the Sultan are the worst governed. But I have little doubt that along the sea-coast of Turkey, and generally where foreign consuls and the higher Greek clergy reside, the Greek rayahs are better governed than either of the other classes. A Greek rayah is sure of a protector, unless the case against him is very flagrant. He can speak for himself,

and a consul or a bishop will bring his claims or his wrongs before a Russian, or a French, or an English ambassador. A Turk can apply only to a cadi, or a pasha, who is in league with his oppressor. Ever since the foundation of the empire all Ottoman officials have been disconnected from the Mussulman population. No son of a Turkish proprietor ever had a chance of obtaining office at Constantinople. Officials rose by menial service to the Sultan or to the principal viziers and pashas. Lately sons of officials at Constantinople have been promoted, but provincial Turks have no chance.

"I believe, too, that the Turks are now worse governed than they ever were before. Their feudal and local institutions were swept away by the system of centralisation perfected by Sultan Mahmoud. That centralisation seems to be producing the same effects in the Ottoman Empire which is produced in the Roman. It seems to be depopulating Asia Minor as Roman corruption and exaction depopulated Western Europe. Dominant races and stationary races appear by a law of nature to decrease in numbers. The Spartans who were 9000, the Roman citizens who, under Caracalla, were perhaps 30,000,000, both died out. The Turks are both dominant and stationary. They are deteriorating in wealth, in numbers, in all military and in all civil virtues. The complaint constantly repeated in your journal of the increase of corruption is a mortal symptom.

"At the same time I give little confidence to the prophecies of your friends as to the speedy fall of the Ottoman power. I do not deny that the Sultan's empire may be

pulled about his ears by force or by fraud in ten years. But I also thinkit possible that he may rule Turks, Arabs, Greeks, Armenians, Bulgarians, Albanians, Syrians, Yezids, and Curds for several generations. The vitality of bad governments is very great. Still less do I admit that the fall of the Ottoman is necessarily the rise of the Christian. They forget that that fall will relieve the Mussulmans from greater oppression than that endured by the Christians. They forget that their countrymen, or rather their co-religionists, from Philadelphia to Cæsarea, have in general ceased to speak Greek; that even their priests speak only Turkish; they do not see that the agricultural population and the fighting nomades will instantly seize three fourths of Asia Minor.

"If I were to prescribe for Turkey," he added, "it would not be immigration. Immigration can scarcely be successful in a country in which the agricultural population is raising as much agricultural produce as it wants to consume or can profitably sell. No foreigners can live with such penury, and pay such enormous taxes, regular and irregular, as the agricultural population now at work. The successful landed speculations of foreigners prove only that, in a country in which the native capitalist makes twenty per cent. per annum, a foreigner under favourable circumstances can get, as a landlord, from twelve to fifteen per cent. But this is rather a mercantile than a colonial speculation. It tells nothing as to the probable fate of English agricultural immigrants, who would bring little beyond the price of the land and their own labour. If I were the Sultan or the Sultan's adviser, I would try to

afford to the existing agricultural population of the empire what they have never yet had, legal safety. Their idle habits arise partly from insecurity, and partly, as respects the Turks, from their former status, as feudal soldiers, as well as cultivators. I think that it would be possible to make the law supreme even in Turkey. But I fear that the present tendency is in the opposite direction."

I went in the evening to a ball at the palace. It was given in the queen's apartments on the second floor. About three hundred persons were present, and there seemed to be much less etiquette than at the great ball.

Between the dances the queen came up to me, and talked very agreeably for about a quarter of an hour; chiefly of the country, of Phyle, of its position, and of its fort, which contained, she said, the only round tower in Attica. After she left me the king came to me, and talked much longer. I think for half an hour. He said it was delightful to reign over a country with such a *passé*, and such an *avenir;* that the Greeks were the most docile people on the Continent; that the opposition to authority, and the desire to screen criminals which are found among many southern populations, were unknown to them; that if a crime were committed the whole population was anxious to detect and to seize the offender; that they were also eminently intelligent; that a Greek, whatever were his antecedents, never seemed embarrassed in the highest society; that art seemed natural to them.

"An Athenian boy," he said, "fourteen or fifteen years old has been sent to the Academy of Sculpture at Munich.

He carries off every year all the highest prizes. All this embroidery (he pointed to his own Albanian jacket and to some others) is worked by country women almost without instructions, yet you see how delicate and fanciful are the patterns."

After the king left me M. Soutzo joined me. We talked of the inconvenience produced by the want of a Greek coinage.

"We committed," said Soutzo, "three capital errors: first, we took for our unit the drachma, a coin corresponding with no other existing coin; secondly, we took no seignorage, so that our coin was not more valuable than bullion; and thirdly, we established a double standard. The first of these blunders was our own, the second we took from you, the third from France."

"Now you know your errors," I said, "I hope that you will avoid them, and take the French franc as your only standard."

"We are waiting," he answered, "to see what France will do. She is doubting whether she shall make gold or silver her sole standard, or keep both."

I asked A. B. C. to tell me the names of some of the visitors. "Who are those two men," I said, "in rich Albanian dresses?"

"The tall man," he said, "is Hadji Petros. He belongs to a Moldavian colony which has been settled for centuries on the banks of the Achelous. His family are civilians, muleteers probably, or tax collectors. He was an armatole under the Turks, joined the Greeks, was made governor of Lamia when the king was courting the Pali-

caris, and is chiefly notorious as having lived for some time with the lady who was once Lady Ellenborough."

"And who is the other?" I asked.

"It is Theodore Grivas," he answered. "He also is one of our revolutionary heroes. His family is Acarnanian. He belonged to the Turkish armatoles, joined the Greek cause in 1822, was a bold insubordinate partisan during the war, made his fortune out of the loans, out of jobs of all sorts, and by purchases of lands from the Turks, and has a large property near Vonitza, opposite to Santa Maura. He passes a part of the year there as a feudal chief, or rather like one of the Scotch or Irish chieftains of the sixteenth century. He pays no taxes, or only such taxes as he thinks fit. The farmers of the land revenue know that it would be dangerous to interfere with a man who has some hundreds of armed retainers, who is a member of the Chamber of Deputies, and who always votes with the king."

"Is that the General Grivas," I asked, "who is mentioned in the blue book of 1854, as having invaded Epirus with three or four thousand followers?"

"Certainly he is," answered A. B. C.; "and if he had been properly supported, he would have taken Janina. But the court were afraid of him. A man of his bold, and utterly unscrupulous character, if he had succeeded in Epirus, and had become master of a large amount of plunder, and of some thousands of lawless men, might have recrossed the frontier, and have become dangerous at home."

"The danger was pointed out to the king, who answered, 'that he was aware of it, as he had already had experience of the character and projects of General Grivas.' The

king's conduct was characteristic. Grivas was praised to the skies by the government papers; but no supplies were sent to him. Grivas, unable to attack Janina, turned eastward to the neighbouring Christian town of Messoro, robbed it of all its money, burnt part of the town, returned to Greece full of resentment, and showed himself at court, scowling on the king, and acting the part of an injured patriot."

"On what terms is he now," I asked, "with the king?"

"Exceedingly good ones," answered A. B. C.; "there is a tacit, or perhaps an express agreement between them that he shall support in every respect the royal policy and pay no taxes. He and Hadji Petros," continued A. B. C., "and some others of the reclaimed robbers of the frontier, are connected with the court by a relation which cannot be avowed. They are kept in reserve for the next invasion of Turkey. The court have learnt nothing from experience, or rather they have learned from experience that they can violate audaciously every principle of public and of private morality, and when their attempts fail, be rewarded by popularity."

"They have learned," I said, "that Russia is not a match for England and France."

"I am not sure," he answered, "that they have learned even that. At all events, they are looking forward to the rupture of the Anglo-Franc alliance, and they hope that as soon as that happens, they shall be able to renew their piratical war with better success. In such an attempt, the old Palicaris will be their instruments; the king would regret, therefore, to hear that they had subsided into mere

country gentlemen and currant growers. He wishes them still to have their armed retainers: this is one of the causes which contributes to the continuance of brigandage on the border. The Court wishes to keep some embers of it alive, as a pretext for maintaining an irregular, ambiguous, local force, which now professes to endeavour to extirpate the brigands; but if war should come, will fraternise with them. For the same reason the Palicaris, like Grivas, desire the prevalence of a certain degree of brigandage, which, without being a reproach to them, shall show that they still are wanted. Under the influence of all these motives, the repression of brigandage is never honest or thorough-going."

"Did Z.," I said, "obtain any redress or compensation for his sufferings?"

"None," answered A. B. C. "The affair was brought before the government; it was proved that the robbery was caused by the culpable negligence, if not connivance, of their own officials. It was urged that if they chose to turn the local administration into an electioneering instrument, they, not the innocent country proprietors, ought to bear the losses which are the necessary consequence of such a system. But such arguments are preaching to the deaf; they have neither a sense of justice nor a feeling of shame; they will yield to a British fleet, but to nothing else."

I mentioned my conversation with the king.

"His description," said A. B. C., "of his subjects is correct as far as it goes; the quickness with which an uneducated Greek acquires or puts on the ease and *aplomb* which only long practice in good society gives to an European, is

wonderful. It is not, however, wholly the result of intelligence; something must be attributed to conceit; the world is still, according to his notions, divided into Greeks and Barbarians. His consciousness of superiority saves him from *mauvaise honte*. When the king talked of 'the highest society,' he meant, of course, his own. I have no doubt that every Greek in the room looks down on his Bavarian king and his Oldenburg queen. He feels at ease and unembarrassed in their society, for the same reasons which make an English sailor at ease in the court of a South Sea island chief."

The queen danced long with Mr. Boudouris, the president of the Chamber of Deputies, who seemed to be in high favour. I was introduced to him, and he talked a good deal to me in the course of the evening.

"My principal duty," he said, "as president, is that of your whipper-in. It is to make a house. The deputies are 140; 71 is a quorum. Not more than 80 of them reside in Athens. Some are ill, some are idle. It is with the utmost difficulty that I can collect a quorum or keep them together."

I pointed out to him one or two officers, whose breasts were covered with orders.

"Those," he said, "are the king's aide-de-camps. They accompanied him in his travels in Germany and they got crosses and stars, in every little court."

"I rather wonder," I said, "that when you were making your constitution you did not prohibit Greeks from accepting foreign orders."

"Any one, who proposed such a clause," he answered,

"would have been branded as an Anglomane. It would have deprived us of a great means of influence; if we refused to accept the orders of foreigners, we could scarcely offer ours to them; now our order of St. Sauveur is prized abroad. The foreign ministers at our court begin their intrigues for the cross as soon as they arrive. We keep them in good order by delaying it until they are going. Every Admiral who puts into the Piræus, asks for one: many of the members of the Institute of Paris have our cross. Do you know why the French Admiral was a couple of days later than you in reaching Bessica Bay, in 1853? It was because he landed at the Piræus, and went to Athens to get the cross. Our order is a valuable patronage which costs us nothing."

"Has not," I asked, "the profusion with which it has been scattered destroyed its value?"

"Not abroad," he answered, "as far as one can judge from the eagerness to obtain it. At home it is no distinction: but a man who has been at all before the public is ashamed if he has not got it. The *non-décorés* are not numerous enough to form a public opinion, and to boast of their independence."

Friday, January 8th. — Zeta called on me. He is a literary man of some reputation, and is said to be in the Russian interest. He asked me, as Greeks frequently do, what appeared to me to be the reforms most wanted in the country.

I answered, roads, and a reform of the collection of the land revenue.

"They are both," he said, "most barbarous; but what

can we do? To make roads in a country of mountains requires great skill and great expenditure. We have neither experience nor money. The land revenue is the principal support of the government. We cannot tamper with it. The great business of every occupier and proprietor is to cheat the state. We cannot relax our precautions against fraud, troublesome and oppressive as they sometimes are."

"If want of money," I answered, "is your excuse for a system which keeps stationary the wealth and the population of Greece, you might try to remedy it by diminishing your expenditure. Your military expenses eat up half your revenue. What does Greece want with a fleet and an army? The protecting powers have taken your defence on themselves."

"Probably you think," he answered, "that we ought gratefully to accept their services, and contentedly play the part of a protected nation, with no foreign policy of its own. We repudiate it. We choose to be free agents. You laugh at our little army; but for our purposes a very small army is sufficient. The war which we shall next make, the war which we attempted to make in 1854, is a war not of conquest but of liberation. Our brothers in Thessaly and Epirus will give us the rank and file; all that we need supply are the cadres; this is the reason for which our army is apparently so over-officered. In 1854, if you had not interfered, or if Russia, instead of accepting the field of battle offered to her by her enemies, had marched on the Balkan, and held out a hand to us, Thessaly, Epirus, and Macedonia would have been freed from the

Turkish yoke. It is highly improbable that so many chances will turn against us next time."

"And when," I said, "is the next time to come?"

"The instant," he answered, "that you relax your pressure. Nothing less than the weight of England and France can keep us down. Do not think," he continued, "that we consider this corner of Greece as our country, or Athens as our capital, or the Parthenon as our national temple. The Parthenon belongs to an age and to a religion with which we have no sympathy. Our country is the vast territory of which Greek is the language, and the faith of the orthodox Greek church is the religion. Our capital is Constantinople; our national temple is Santa Sophia, for nine hundred years the glory of Christendom. As long as that temple, that capital, and that territory are profaned and oppressed by Mussulmans, Greece would be disgraced if she were tranquil."

"Constantinople," I said, "may cease to be Mussulman; but does it follow that it would be Greek? Is it certain that the new empire of which it will be the capital will be a Greek empire?"

"I think it certain," he answered. "Two religions and two languages predominate in Roumelia and Bulgaria,—the Greek and the Turkish. Our sovereign cannot be Turkish; he must, therefore, be Greek. He may not be so in the first generation. A German and a Catholic may be put there; but his children must speak Greek and belong to the Greek church."

"And would you consent," I asked, "to let your nationality be merged in this new Greek empire?"

"Certainly," he answered. "What care we for this Bavarian dynasty? Let the Greek language be spoken, and the Greek faith professed by the ruler of Constantinople, and we are ready to annex ourselves to his empire. Such an annexation would be a conquest on our part, not a submission. Whatever be the stock from which the new emperor is taken, French, Russian, or English, his empire will be governed by Greeks."

"Does your ambition stop at the Danube?" I asked.

"Why should it stop there?" he answered. "A nation is in a healthy state only so long as it is growing. I trust that when we begin to grow, we shall continue to do so for many centuries."

Saturday, January 9th.—I walked with D. E. F. in the olive woods of the Cephisus.

"Thirty-five years ago," he said, "before Attica had been wasted during the war of independence, these woods reached across the plain until they met the pine forests, of which you see the remains at the beginning of the Pass of Daphne, and which still cover the interior gorges of Mount Parnes, and then clothed the whole of the mountain."

"It must be among these pine forests," I said, "or rather on the site of these forests, that we ought to look for the scene of the 'Midsummer Night's Dream.' The olive woods have no thickets; the lovers could not have lost one another. Bottom could not have been caught alone, and transformed among them. Titania would have found no place for a bower. The pine forests had open glades, and underwood festooned with creepers. All the events of that night might have occurred in them."

"Shakespeare's notions," said D. E. F., "of Athenian topography, if he thought about it at all, must have been vague. He probably supposed that the forest of Athens resembled the forest of Mary le Bonne. His Athens was the feudal Athens of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. His Theseus is Guy de la Roche or Walter de Brienne. Attica was then far richer, far more civilised, than it is now, indeed, than it has been since its French dukes were expelled. Montaner, who visited Athens at the beginning of the fourteenth century, describes it as one of the richest cities of Europe. The court of the dukes was splendid; its nobles spoke as good French as the Parisians. The waters of Pentelicus and Hymettus, which now run to waste, were collected and distributed by cisterns and aqueducts, and fertilised what is now an arid plain, traversed only by wandering shepherds. The destruction of that dynasty by the Catalan Grand Company was the beginning of a decline, which has been retarded only in our time."

"You think," I said, "that the decline of Attica has been retarded rather than arrested?"

"In Athens itself," he answered, "it has been arrested. When a village becomes the seat of a court, it must increase in wealth and population.

"I wish to think that Attica and the other provinces are more prosperous than they were before the war of independence. But the improvement is not obvious. The debtor and creditor sides of the account are nearly balanced. There is more education; there is less municipal liberty.

There is less violence and more corruption. The roads are worse; the insecurity is greater. The taxation is more regular, but more exacting; it has made many kinds of cultivation unprofitable. When I was farming at ——, I broke up a considerable tract of fresh land and grew potatoes. I had, as is usually the case under such circumstances, an enormous first crop. Athens was then supplied with potatoes from Trieste irregularly, as they were sent by sailing vessels. The tithe farmer took his opportunity when the price in the bazaar of Athens was unusually high, and required me to compound for my tithe at that price. I remonstrated that my crop had to be carried on horseback sixteen miles by mountain tracks, at an expense of at least 200 per cent.; so that, even assuming that exceptional price to be the fair one, two-thirds of it must be deducted for carriage. He insisted; the law, perhaps, was not on his side, but I knew full well that the decision would be, so I refused to compound, and said that he should take his tithe in kind, and allowed him, as, indeed, I was forced to do, to fix the time. He chose it when every horse was employed in treading out the harvest, when I should have had to pay a dollar for the use of a horse which could not carry above a dozen stone, worth about three shillings. I owned to him that I was beaten. He behaved very well, and let me off by requiring only the composition which he had originally exacted, and which I had refused to pay; and he repaid me by a piece of advice, which I followed, 'Never to grow any bulky commodity until the law was altered.'"

"Has it been altered?" I asked.

"Certainly not," he answered. "Under such a government as this, its iniquity is a recommendation.

"In one point," he added, "and it is one of the tests of civilisation, Greece is as barbarous as Turkey. The law is not supreme. The government assumes an ultra-legal power of controlling it. Mrs. Leaves, the widow of the late chaplain, has a garden, part of which is wanted for a new street. By the constitution she cannot be dispossessed until *after* full compensation has been paid. The price has been agreed on, but the local authorities wish to take it now, and to pay for it when it is convenient to them. They sent to her last week an order requiring her to pull down her wall, and give up the ground within three days; at the end of which period, they should do it themselves. In England she would have dared them, and if they had persisted, she would have brought an action against them, and recovered exemplary damages. But in Greece, no action can be brought against a government officer without the consent of the Government. So she went to the palace and stated her case to the Grand Maîtresse. The Grand Maîtresse told it to the queen, the queen mentioned it to the king. He directed the Minister of the Interior to order the local authorities not to take Mrs. Leaves' land until they had paid for it. The king told this story to a friend of mine in great triumph, and evidently thought that it showed the excellence of his administration."

We passed on our way to the Cephisus a large estate, well cultivated, with farm houses, young olive plantations, and vineyards. It now belongs to the queen. A few years

ago it belonged to the nation. It is true that she has reclaimed it; all the improvements were made by her. But the land is hers merely because she has chosen to take it. The government steals in return. The land used for the roads near Athens was generally seized without compensation. The tendency both of the government and of the people is to treat the person, who calls himself the owner of land, as a mere tenant of the state, allowed to cultivate in order to effect the great purpose of cultivation, the production of tithe.

Sunday, January 10th. — I called on G. H. S.

"I wish," he said, "that our embassy would take a more active part in the affairs of Greece. Since Maurocordato's last resignation, it has stood aloof, has criticised what has been going on, has expressed disapprobation, but has suggested nothing."

"Is it our business," I answered, "to suggest?"

"Of course not," he answered, "when you are dealing with old and strong countries, which must be supposed to know what they want, and to do what they like. I do not wish Lord Woodhouse to give good advice to the Czar. But this young country is ignorant and weak. It wishes to be advised and supported, and all the advice it gets from the continental missions is bad and selfish."

"Montherot," I said, "seems to me liberal and well disposed."

"He is only just arrived," said G. H. S. "See what he will become when he wishes for a cross. His predecessors were as bad as it was possible to be. They supported the king, indeed they urged him on, in all his misconduct

towards us and towards his own people. They cared nothing how their advice might influence the welfare of the king or of his subjects. All that they wanted was to get a triumph over Wyse, which they could boast of in Paris."

"I do not see," I said, "what we can usefully suggest as long as the king refuses to be constitutional, and the people are afraid to oppose him."

"The king's character," he answered, "*is* the real difficulty; but I think that I see the symptoms of a change. I am inclined to hope that both he and the queen are becoming more constitutional. One thing you may depend on; they are neither of them Russian. They know that Russia has tried to dethrone them—that she does all that she can by her commercial regulations to injure Greece, in order to make them unpopular. The people are Russian, not because they sympathise with the Russians, but because they think that they can make tools of them. Having unbounded confidence in Greek cleverness and in Russian stupidity, they expect to use the Russians, in order to get Thessaly, Epirus, Macedonia, perhaps Constantinople, and then to throw them over."

From G. H. S. I went to N. O. P., and we walked on the sheltered side of the Acropolis. I mentioned to him my conversation with G. H. S.

"I do not believe a word," he said, "as to the constitutional tendencies of either the king or the queen. How could they have acquired such feelings? They never lived in a constitutional country, they never heard the word constitution mentioned, except as an object of terror or of con-

tempt. It is a pity that Wyse was not here in 1843. Lyons is an able man and a liberal man. Much of what is best in the constitution was suggested by him. But he has not the superstitious reverence for law which belongs to English civilians. He did not scruple taking a short cut to some desirable object through legal obstacles. This was *pessimi exempli* in such a country as this, which is only beginning the apprenticeship of legal administration,—an apprenticeship so difficult that, excepting England, and the countries that have derived their institutions from England, there is scarcely a nation which constantly and consistently acts on the principle of the supremacy of law. In some countries the sovereign, in others the mob, and in almost all the police, is constantly committing little *coups d'état*. Even in the largest and the most populous portion of the Queen's dominions, British India, there is a power above the law."

"That must necessarily be the case," I said, "when the same person, or the same body of persons, possesses both legislative and administrative supremacy. The governor in council can scarcely be said to act illegally, if he only takes the precaution of always making a new law when he wishes to do anything inconsistent with the existing law."

"The great, the irreparable misfortune of Greece," said N. O. P., "was the loss of Prince Leopold. His mere candidature was an important service to her. It gave her a frontier, not, indeed, such as it ought to be, but far better than that which the three powers intended for her. Had he accepted the crown, the Greeks would have been well

governed, and, therefore, prosperous at home, and would not have been forced to seek, in aggrandisement abroad, a consolation for their internal misery."

There are no hedges in Greece. The only fences are walls, sometimes of stone, but more frequently of mud. I remarked that I scarcely ever saw one that was not partially ruinous.

"They stand," he answered, "if they are well made. But nothing is well made in Greece, because there is no division of labour. Every body does everything for himself. The peasant and his family spin their own wool, make their own carts, build their own hovels, grow their own wheat, breed their own stock, cut out and stitch together their own clothes, pay their taxes in kind, and perhaps never buy or sell during a year. This is one of the results of the want of means of communication. A man's village is his only market; and if he were to addict himself to one sort of production, hoping to exchange his superfluity with his neighbours, he would find neither a demand for what he offered, nor a supply of what he wanted. It is remarkable," he continued, "that though Greek labour is bad, it is dear; dear I mean, not relatively, but positively. A bad Greek mason is as highly paid as a good London one. This is owing to the small supply of day labour. Most of the Greeks are proprietors. All of them are idle and proud. They must be bribed by high wages, in order to induce them to work for wages."

N. O. P.'s last remark has been exemplified to us inconveniently during the last fortnight. Christmas day, in the Greek style, falling in one week, and New Year's Day

in the next, and one or two fêtes besides, we have had the greatest difficulty in getting our clothes washed. As for getting anything else done, it has been impossible.

Wednesday, January 13th.—This is the Greek New Year's Day. A great ball was given at the Palace. I went at about nine, and found the rooms, which are very large, full. The variety of costume was amusing. The diplomatic, military, and official uniforms might have been seen in Europe, but mixed with them were the Albanian jackets and fustanelles, the furred cloaks of the clergy, and the vast trowsers of the deputies from the islands and the Morea. I was introduced to Mr. Rangaby, the minister of foreign affairs. He asked me "what were the improvements of which Greece seemed to me to be most in want?" I said roads; that if I could appoint a prime minister for Greece, it should be one of the Macadam family.

"It is true," he answered, "that the absence of roads is a barbarism which we have inherited from the Turks. In this country, intersected by torrents, bridges are wanted every two or three miles. The government by law ought to make the bridges, the demoi the roads. The government has totally neglected its duty. The demoi have sometimes performed theirs, but their roads, having become useless from the want of bridges, have gone to ruin. But we are now seriously at work. We have passed a law, requiring every man to contribute from six to twelve days' work on the roads every year, and the minister of the interior promises us bridges. As we know nothing of roads, we have sent to France for a road-maker.

The Ponts-et-Chaussées have given us M. Galiani. We pay him three times as much as we pay to any of our ministers. But he says that he can do nothing with Greek workmen. So some cantonniers are to be sent from France to help them. In the mean time he is repairing the Piræus road."

"He is repairing it," I answered, "by throwing on it a bed, about a foot thick, of unbroken shingle taken from the beach, which will never bind, through which it is difficult to force the wheels of a carriage. I fear that you have made a bad beginning. Another subject of complaint," I continued, "is the collection of your land revenue."

"The collection of it in kind," he answered, "is a serious evil, but we cannot substitute a money payment until we have a cadaster — a general valuation of all the lands in the country."

"At least," I said, "you might require the farmers of the revenue to send and take their tithe, instead of requiring all the grain of every district to be sent to the areas at an enormous expense of labour and time."

"I fear," he answered, "that to require the farmer of the land revenue to send for his tithe would involve so much expense, and so thorough a change of system, that I despair of its being attempted. We must wait for a cadaster, and then take payment in money."

After M. Rangaby left me I was joined by Theta, a member of the Chamber of Deputies. I mentioned the general complaint that the country is not governed constitutionally; that the deputies, the municipal officers, in

short, all the functionaries of the country, are the nominees of the crown.

"That is too broad a statement," he answered; "but I admit that the royal influence is too predominant. But you must recollect how we got this constitution; it was not promised by the king, it was not required by the three powers who created us; it was the offspring of a street riot, got up by one party in order to get rid of the Bavarians, and by another in order to get rid of a Latin king. Maurocordato, its first minister, violated the electoral law in the very first election. In defiance of its provisions he sat for the university, though not a professor, and had Kalergee elected for Athens by means of the votes of the soldiers, although their votes were illegal, and though he commanded the garrison and therefore was ineligible. When Maurocordato, without consulting any of his colleagues, suddenly withdrew, his successor, Colletti, roused in the king's mind fears of another revolution, and induced him to rely for support on such men as Grivas and Grisiotti. You may suppose what was the advice that he received. It was Colletti who introduced the practice of sending to the local authorities lists of the government candidates, and orders to use every means to secure their election — orders which were largely interpreted."

"Is it true," I asked, "that the voting papers have frequently been falsified in the urns?"

"It *is* true," he answered. "And what perhaps is worse, the chamber has supported elections so obtained. At the very last general election, the year before last, there were ten members whose elections were known to be invalid.

The presence in the chamber of men notoriously elected by violence or fraud, discredits the whole body. My earnest wish, and that, I believe, of the majority of the chamber, is that the elections should be free. But I am not such a purist as to deny the right of the government to communicate to the electors its opinion as to the relative merit of the candidates. On some occasions, at the last election, this was not done. The electors remonstrated. 'We are ignorant people,' they said, 'we wish to vote for the best men; tell us who they are.'

"The king's intentions," he continued, "are excellent. But he is timid, he is scrupulous; he always sees better the objections to a measure than its advantages, and it is difficult to persuade him to take any step which may produce any evil whatsoever. Now, as no political measure is purely beneficial, as some evil is always mixed with its good, he is not easily induced to approve of anything. When a decision has been extorted from him, sometimes after his minister has quitted him he thinks the matter over again, or talks it over with the queen or with his secretary, or with one of the foreign ministers, and relapses into doubt, so that the task of convincing him must be recommenced. And it is recommenced to a disadvantage, for the previous discussion has exhausted him, and an interval of inertness follows."

Thursday, January 14th. — This is probably our last day in Athens. If the weather, now unfavourable, improves, we shall start to-morrow by the Messageries' boat for Marseilles.

We have spent in Athens eight weeks instructively and amusingly. We have been unlucky, I am told, in our

weather. During the first three weeks, and the three last, we were tormented by furious north winds. The fortnight between was calm, warm, and delicious, and such as that fortnight, I am assured, is the ordinary winter weather of Athens. Next to Egypt, the climate is the driest that I know; rain fell only four times, and then only for an hour or two. The society consists of the *corps diplomatique*, a few English residents, and a considerable number of Greek families. The last do not receive much in the evening, but I found them generally at home in the mornings.

One agreeable woman, a Madame Stornarie, whose acquaintance we made on our arrival, was lost to us soon after by a cause which illustrates the state of Greece. She went, above seven weeks ago, to pay a visit of a few days at Chalcis. A steamer sent thither on government business carried her. Since that time no steamer or large vessel has gone thither; the navigation round Cape Sunium is hazardous in winter for small boats. The road by land, seldom quite free from brigands, has been dangerous during the whole time that we have been in this place. It seems probable that she will be forced to spend the winter at Chalcis, though she is only forty-five miles from her own house in Athens, and is most anxious to get back. Similar difficulties prevented my going to Eubœa.

Friday, January 15th, 11 A.M. — It is calm here, but the weather in the Ægean is supposed to have been bad, for the "Indus," the steamer from Constantinople to Marseilles, which is to carry us, has not yet arrived. She was due at six this morning.

I paid a visit to Mr. Black, who married the Maid of

Athens. She was out; but I saw her daughter, who has fine Greek features, and a profusion of black hair. I have no doubt that her mother deserved her reputation for beauty.

I walked with Mr. Neale, our consul, round Munychium, and looked at the remains of the walls, with which it was surrounded by Themistocles. They show no symptoms of the hurry with which they are said to have been erected. The stones are large and carefully quarried. On a ledge of rocks, at the eastern point of Munychium, are the remains of a column about six and a half feet in diameter; the base, which is Doric, and a few of the drums, are standing. Others lie on the rocks around. Below it is a double grave cut in the rock; the lower part of it is generally covered by the sea. This is supposed to have been the tomb to which the bones or ashes of Themistocles were removed from Magnesia.

We are now sitting in the grand room of the Piræus hotel, waiting for the steamer, and warming ourselves by a pan of charcoal, called a mangal.

5 P.M. — The boat has come in, delayed by a stormy passage from Constantinople, and in a few minutes we embark for Marseilles.

THE END.

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